VOL. 271 NO. 6 JUNE 1993

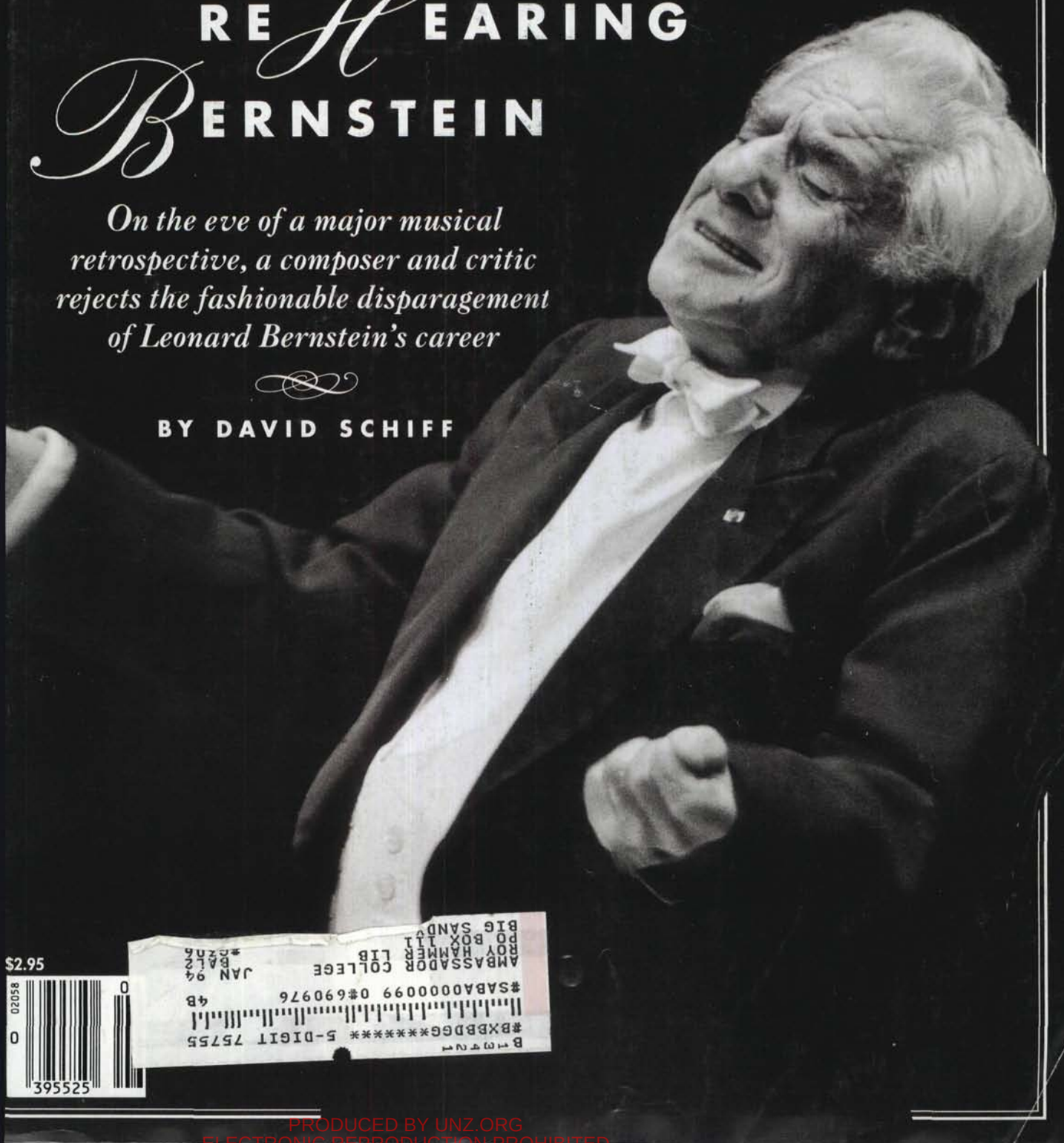
The Atlantic

VOODOO POLITICS IN HAITI / AKIO MORITA ON THE WORLD ECONOMY

RE*H*EARING *B*ERNSTEIN

On the eve of a major musical retrospective, a composer and critic rejects the fashionable disparagement of Leonard Bernstein's career

BY DAVID SCHIFF



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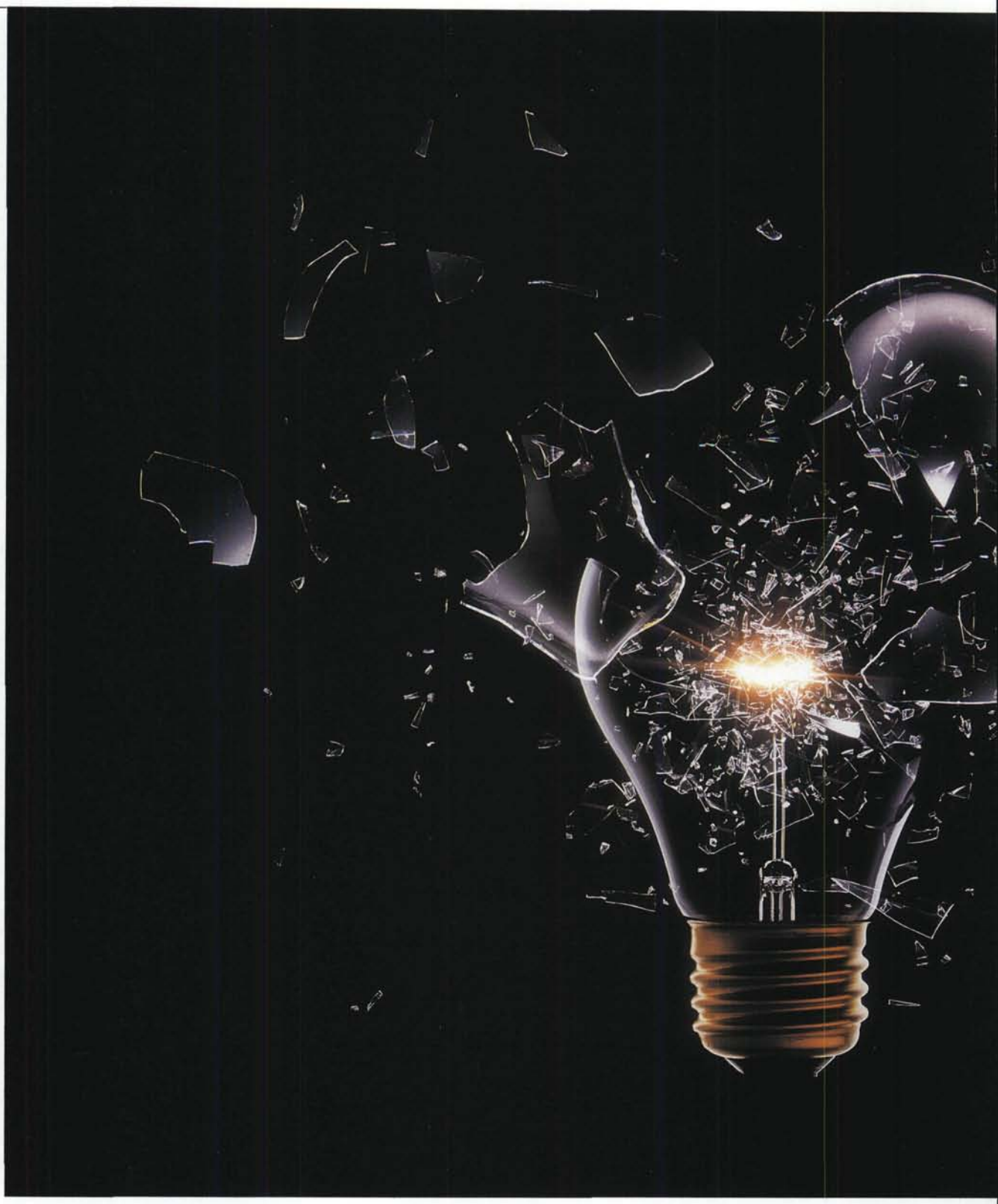

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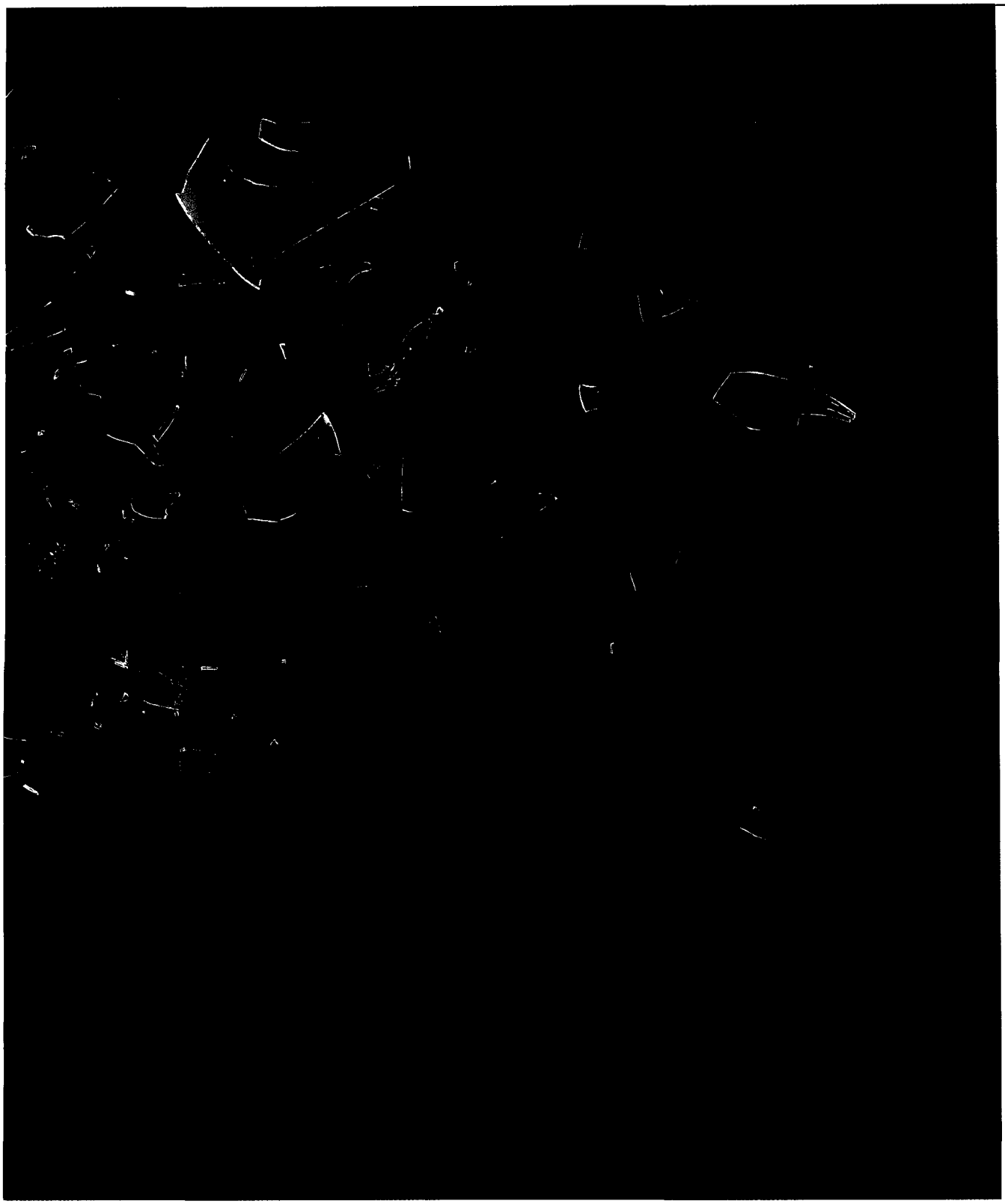

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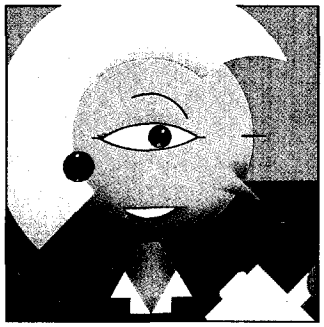

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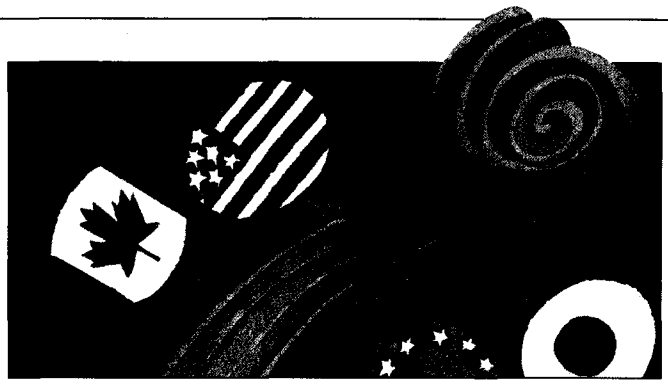

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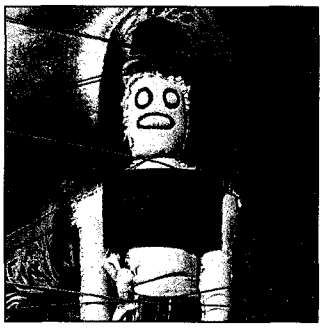

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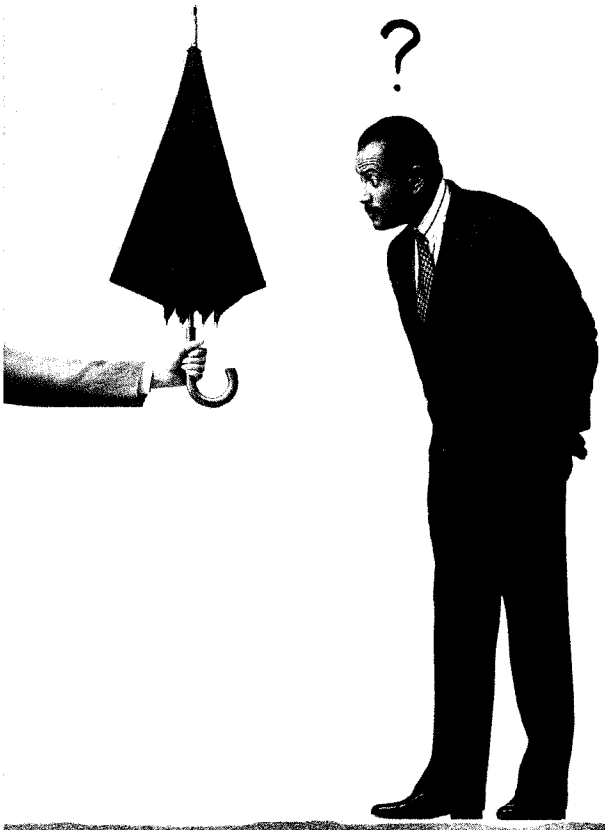

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745 BOYLSTON STREET

AKIO MORITA, the chairman of Sony and the author of "Toward a New World Economic Order" in this issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*, is probably the best-known Japanese citizen in the world. In his article here he acknowledges, in the context of a broader argument, that foreign critics of Japan's business system have been right.

Some background: Morita was long viewed by Japan's corporate establishment as an upstart with suspiciously cosmopolitan tastes. His new company, Sony, was so small and feeble-seeming in the 1950s that the Japanese government did not initially trust it to handle Japanese rights to the transistor. Sony and Morita himself were for years more successful and better loved outside Japan than inside.

ABE FRAJNDLICH/SYGMA

Three years ago Morita's international image changed dramatically. He had collaborated with the flamboyant littérateur-politician Shintaro Ishihara on the book *The Japan That Can Say No*, which said that Japan should talk back more forcefully to the United States. Japan's corporate and political establishment now seemed to view Morita as more mainstream and conventional, more on "Japan's side" in the world's battle of ideas. Like many bestsellers in Japan, the book was a transcript of conversation and off-the-cuff remarks by prominent speakers, and Ishihara had many inflammatory things to say about the United States and its people. Morita did not distance himself from Ishihara's comments until a bootleg English translation of the book began circulating in Washington. The timing could not have been worse: Sony had just acquired Columbia Pictures, sparking debate about Japan's role in the United States.

Morita's image changed again last year, when he touched off controversy in Japan with an article in the prestigious monthly *Bungei Shunju*, arguing that the rules of operation for business in Japan were so different from the rules elsewhere, and the barriers to competition so enormous, that foreign companies simply could not survive there. Early this year Morita again made waves, with a proposal that Japan fundamentally rethink its role in the world economic order. In our pages Morita now extends his arguments and applies them to North America and Europe.

Japanese intellectuals have for years assumed that their discussions would stay within Japan, since so few outsiders could listen in. This article is a step toward including the rest of the world in Japan's most heated debates. —THE EDITORS

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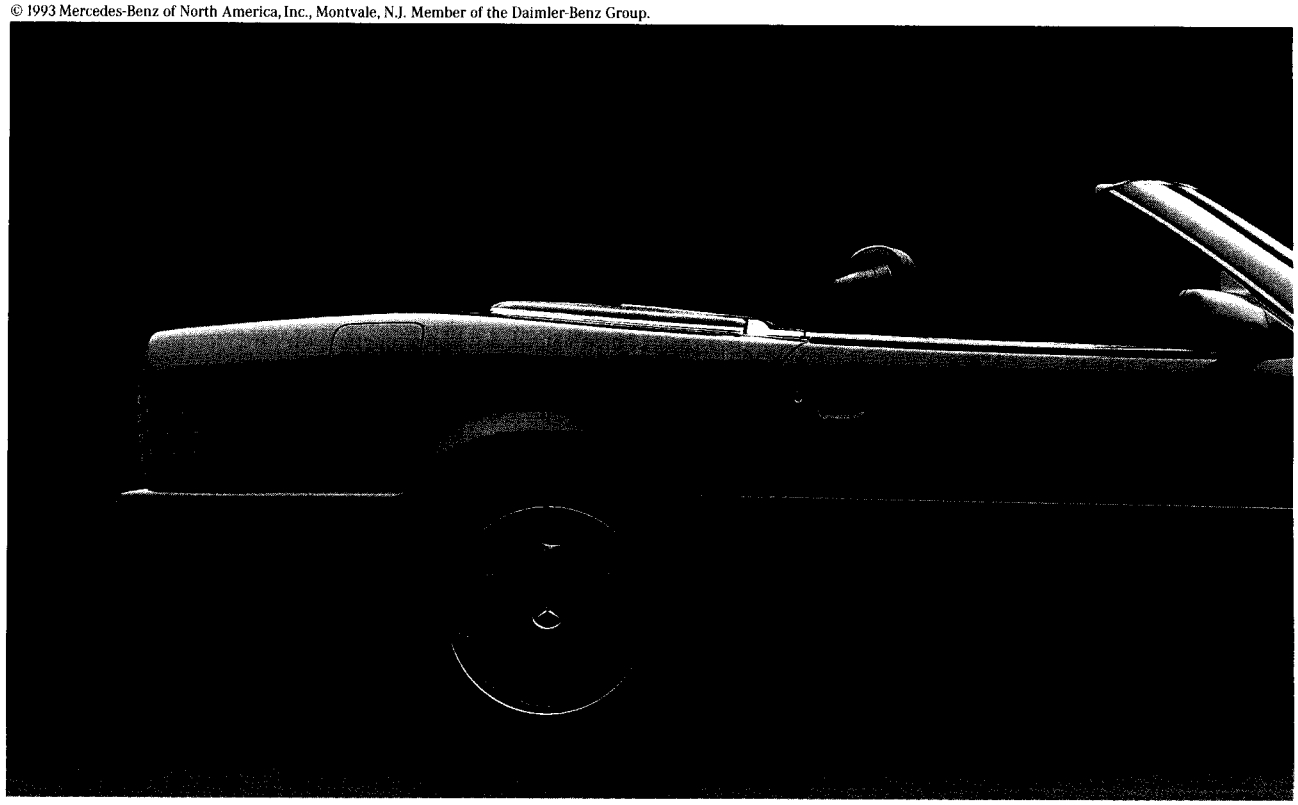

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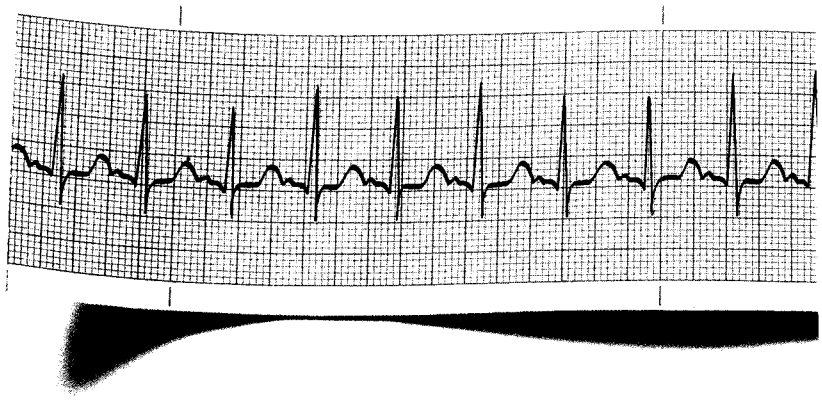

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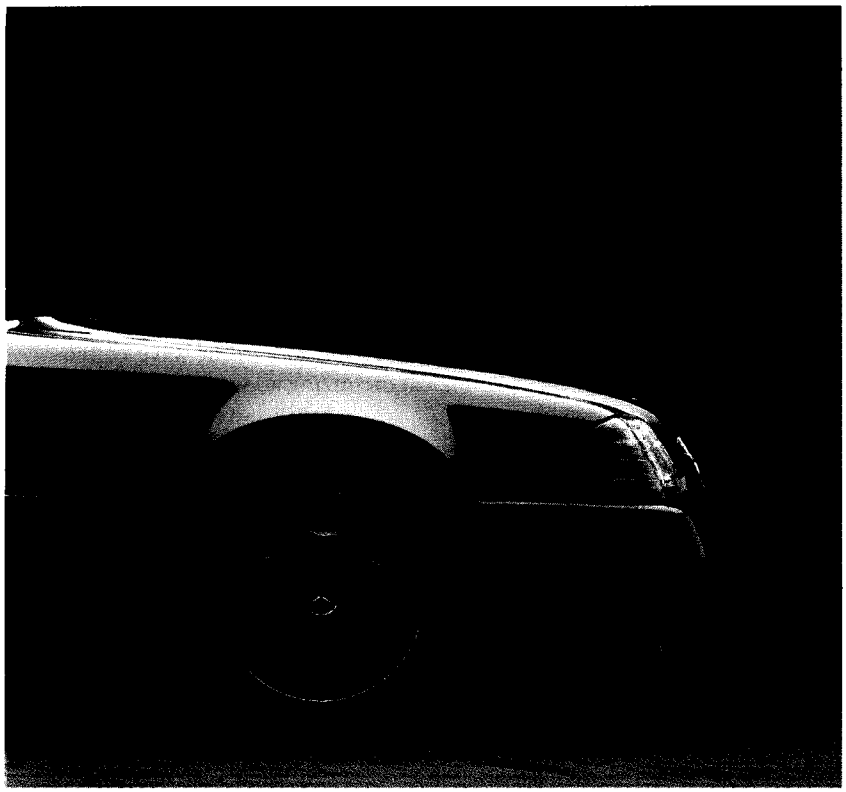

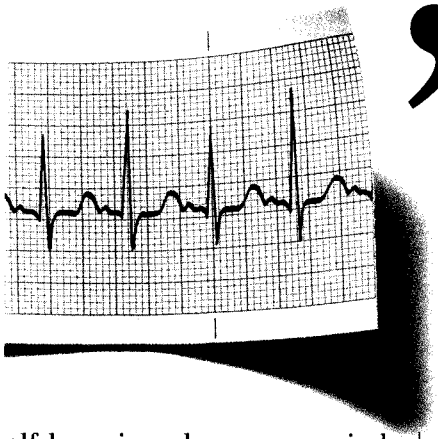

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

HOMOSEXUALITY AND BIOLOGY

The review of biological bases of homosexuality provided by Chandler Burr ("Homosexuality and Biology," March *Atlantic*) misses an important point. Finding neuroanatomical, biochemical, and genetic bases for a behavior does not make that behavior normal or societally acceptable. Though heterosexual behavior is shaped by biology, not all expressions of the heterosexual urge are acceptable in civilized society. Though aggressive behaviors have known biological foundations, society sets limits on how aggression may be expressed.

The most important point made in Burr's article is captured in a single sentence near the end: "But we cannot rely on science to supply full answers to fundamental questions involving human rights, human freedom, and human tolerance." Discovery of the biological bases for homosexuality no more legitimizes homosexual behavior than knowing aggression's biological roots justifies murder. We should not confuse scientific explicability with moral acceptability.

GEORGE M. DIEKHOFF
Wichita Falls, Texas

Chandler Burr's article is so unbalanced that I hardly know where to begin. Perhaps an example can give the flavor of my objections. He recounts theories about human homosexuality based on research into the hormonal controls of rat ovulation. Despite talking both with me and with William Byne, however, Burr failed to grasp a basic fact: the hormonal controls typical of rats are not found in primates, including humans. Hence the model is inappropriate.

Having spent two hours in person with Burr and having shared unpublished manuscripts (I also suggested that he read my book), I am discouraged that he grasped none of my basic objections to the current wave of biological theorizing about homosexuality.

ANNE FAUSTO-STERLING
Providence, R.I.

Chandler Burr misunderstands the distinction between gender behavior in children and sexual behavior in adults. Consequently, he misstates my research findings. I did not show that "children who manifest aspects of gender-atypical play are often gay." Children are not gay. Adults may be. Further, I did not conclude that "an inclination toward gender-atypical play in prepubescent boys—for example, dressing in women's clothes, playing with dolls, or taking the role of the mother when playing house—indicates a homosexual orientation 75 percent of the time." What I did conclude was that extensive cross-gender play in prepubescent boys was associated with a homosexual orientation fifteen years later (*The "Sissy Boy Syndrome" and the Development of Homosexuality*, Yale University Press). Prepubescent boys, whatever their gender-typed play, cannot with present knowledge be characterized as homosexual.

RICHARD GREEN
Los Angeles, Calif.

"Homosexuality and Biology" is a pathetically desperate attempt to depict homosexuality as a normal extension of one of nature's cryptic mechanisms. I found it distressing to see a grown man in such throes of supplication in order to persuade the world that he and his fellows are the unwitting products of biological determinants.

I am one of those who believe that homosexuality falls into the broad category of compulsive behavior—along with anorexia, kleptomania, pedophilia, gambling, alcoholism, and numerous other compulsive patterns. Many experts believe that there may very well be a biological component to compulsions, but not in the way Burr so dramatically contrives.

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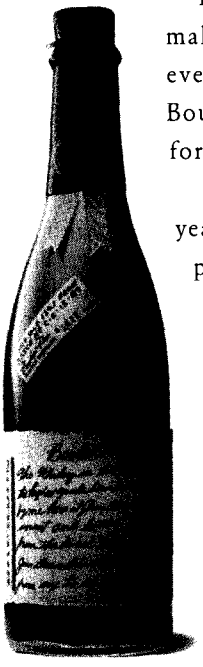

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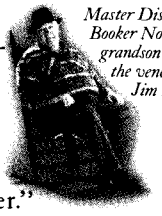
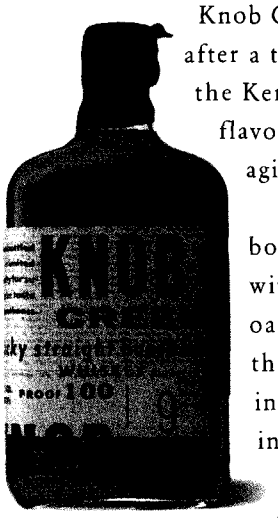


Master Distiller Booker Noe, grandson of the venerable Jim Beam.



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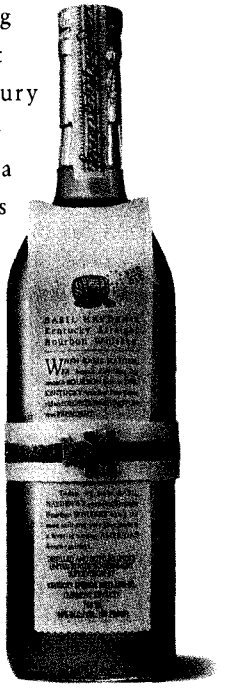

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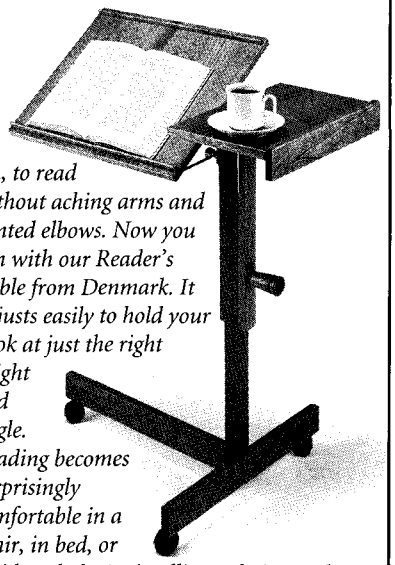
Lay Down Your Arms



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MARKETPLACE

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Inasmuch as the numbers of homosexuals and lesbians are growing in this tolerant phase of human existence, their message roars or seeps through every crevice of the media. The public would probably concur that research should continue; however, the studies should not be conducted by gays, because their purpose in doing such research is to vindicate themselves.

LILLY WILLIAMSON
Los Angeles, Calif.

Chandler Burr devotes 9,000-odd words to the subject of homosexuality and biology without bringing up evolution once. Yet evolution is the keystone of biology. Few scientists would have made such an omission.

Why does Burr show no curiosity as to how homosexuality evolved? For evolve it did. Otherwise, it's a pathology or a conscious choice, and Burr argues convincingly against those alternatives. But I think that Burr's scientific muse got subordinated to his mission. In his last paragraph he says as much. He thanks science for proving that he isn't sick and then dismisses further scientific input on this subject, concluding with a flourish of ad hominem appeals. I suspect that he would have included an evolutionary discussion if he thought it would advance his people's quest for lebensraum.

LEE THÉ
Palo Alto, Calif.

However comforting it may be to compare oneself to *Drosophila melanogaster*, complex human behavior is not caused by a few thousand brain cells or a few dozen genes, and sexual choice is complex human behavior. As for the phrase "sexual orientation," one is oriented until one makes a move; then one has made a choice.

Although it is foolhardy to mention such things in these hypersensitive times, developmental psychologists and many psychiatrists have recognized for thirty years that most homosexuality has environmental causes. If you objectively probe the early childhood of almost any homosexual man, you will find a father who was distant, cold, disapproving, or absent, a mother who was seductive or smothering, and an inadequate or nonexistent oedipal experience. Adequate oedipal conflict —which male children under the age of seven experience simply by living in the same house with a man and a woman who have a reasonably stable, positive marital relationship—forces a male child to face the fact that his mother and father form a single unit very different from the mother-child unit, and that the child cannot replace his father in his mother's eyes or have all of her attention and affection. Among other things, this experience provides the basis for a man's eventual need to form a bond with a woman other than his mother.

Tamper enough with the elements of the oedipal experience, weaken or remove them, and in the absence of other satisfactory role models your chances of producing homosexual or asexual men are fairly good. For female children, heighten the father's disapproval and make the mother weak or ineffective, and in the absence of other, different role models or mitigating factors you may produce a homosexual woman. Can there be a predisposition toward homosexuality? No one can know; those brain spots were found in adults, not infants, and they are probably results, not causes. In any event, a predisposition—toward anything—can go nowhere without the proper encouragement and opportunities.

LYNNE NEMEROV
New York, N.Y.

Despite the fact that all the research cited by Chandler Burr is at best inconclusive and at worst flawed and not reproducible, he is somehow able to conclude that the research is "compelling" and that "it is becoming ever clearer that biological factors play a role in determining human sexual orientation." The search for dimorphic brain structures based on sexual orientation is predicated on the faulty assumption that homosexuals are like heterosexuals of the opposite sex in their sexual behavior. This is simply not true—a fact noted by Burr himself when he states that men, gay and straight, have a strong drive to have multiple sexual partners, while straight women and lesbians favor fewer sexual partners. If, aside from the sex of their partners, lesbians and straight women are like each other in their sexual (and other) behavior and not like hetero- or homosexual men, it seems highly unlikely that dimorphic structures based on sexual orientation exist.

As a lesbian, I find the search for the

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biological underpinnings of homosexuality rather sad. The gay scientists engaged in this endeavor seem to be driven by a desire to prove that it isn't "our fault" that we're homosexual, in the hope that we will then be forgiven for being different and finally accepted into society as equals. It seems more likely that instead of acceptance we will get the kind of pity given to schizophrenics, the mentally retarded, and other people with damaged genes and faulty brain structures or chemistry.

Great progress has been made in gaining societal acceptance for all people based on their accomplishments and contributions rather than on claims of uniqueness or special situation. I would like to see this trend continue, and to see devoted to more urgent and solvable problems the money and time being spent on what seems at this point, given our current knowledge of brain physiology in general, to be a fruitless search.

MARY SMITH
Lake City, Mich.

Now, let me see if I understand this. If I believe there is a difference between Caucasian brains and the brains of other races, I am a racial bigot. But if I believe there is no difference between the brains of homosexuals and those of heterosexuals, I am a homophobic bigot.

When "scientists" set out to find a racial difference in human brains, they found what they wanted to find. The same is true of "scientists" who are looking for a genetic excuse for homosexual behavior.

JIM YOUNG
San Antonio, Texas

I was sorry to see Chandler Burr do himself an injustice. After a reasonable homage to objectivity, he cited a study of the incidence of homosexuality in twins but apparently did not understand that behavioral twin studies gain their validity only by comparing the adult behavior of twins reared in different environments.

If he can find such a report, it will be impressive.

VIRGINIA LUBKIN
New York, N.Y.

The search for a biological cause of homosexuality has taken on the proportions of a holy crusade for the cultural left in America. A biological cause of same-sex orientation would provide a strong argument in favor of giving gays and lesbians the same group rights and protection enjoyed by racial minorities. Homosexuals would then gain the legitimacy and acceptance within the national consciousness which they have long sought.

What Chandler Burr obscures with his parade of studies is that after decades of intense effort science has yet to show that there even exists a biological tendency toward, let alone a biological cause of, homosexuality. I do at least credit Burr with not erroneously claiming, as does the national press every few months, that a biological etiology of homosexuality has been discovered.

The "fruitless fly" described in Burr's article strikes me as more analogous to the phenomenon of hermaphroditism than to homosexuality, particularly given the anatomical similarity between fruitless males and nonmutant females. Furthermore, the fruitless fly—along with all other animals that have been observed engaging in homosexual behavior—is not exclusively homosexual. It would seem strange for that most genetically indeterminate of creatures, the human being, to be the most genetically determined of all the animals when it comes to same-sex orientation.

Burr mentions the Bailey and Pillard study showing a gay-gay concordance rate of 11 percent for adoptive brothers, 22 percent for dizygotic twins, and 52 percent for monozygotic twins. This is not the first or even the most impressive study of this kind. In 1952 Kallman reported a 100 percent concordance in identical male twins for homosexuality and only a 12 percent concordance in fraternal twins.

Subsequent studies have, however, failed to repeat Kallman's findings. Only time will tell whether Bailey and Pillard's study will be successfully repeated, but past experience calls for a strong dose of skepticism. It also calls for some widely accepted definition of homosexuality and for the means of determining exactly who is homosexual and who is not. Contrary to popular opinion, neither exists. Should the means of determining who is and who is not homosexual depend solely on subjective self-definition or on a more empirical and verifiable measure?

It would be foolish to deny the possi-

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

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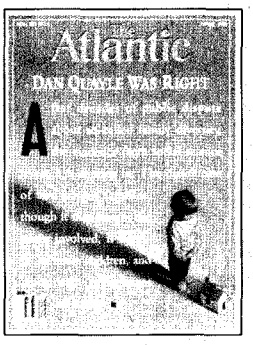
IN THE NEWS



If you missed our April cover story, you can still catch the reviews.

■

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NEXT MONTH:
Can the President control the economy?

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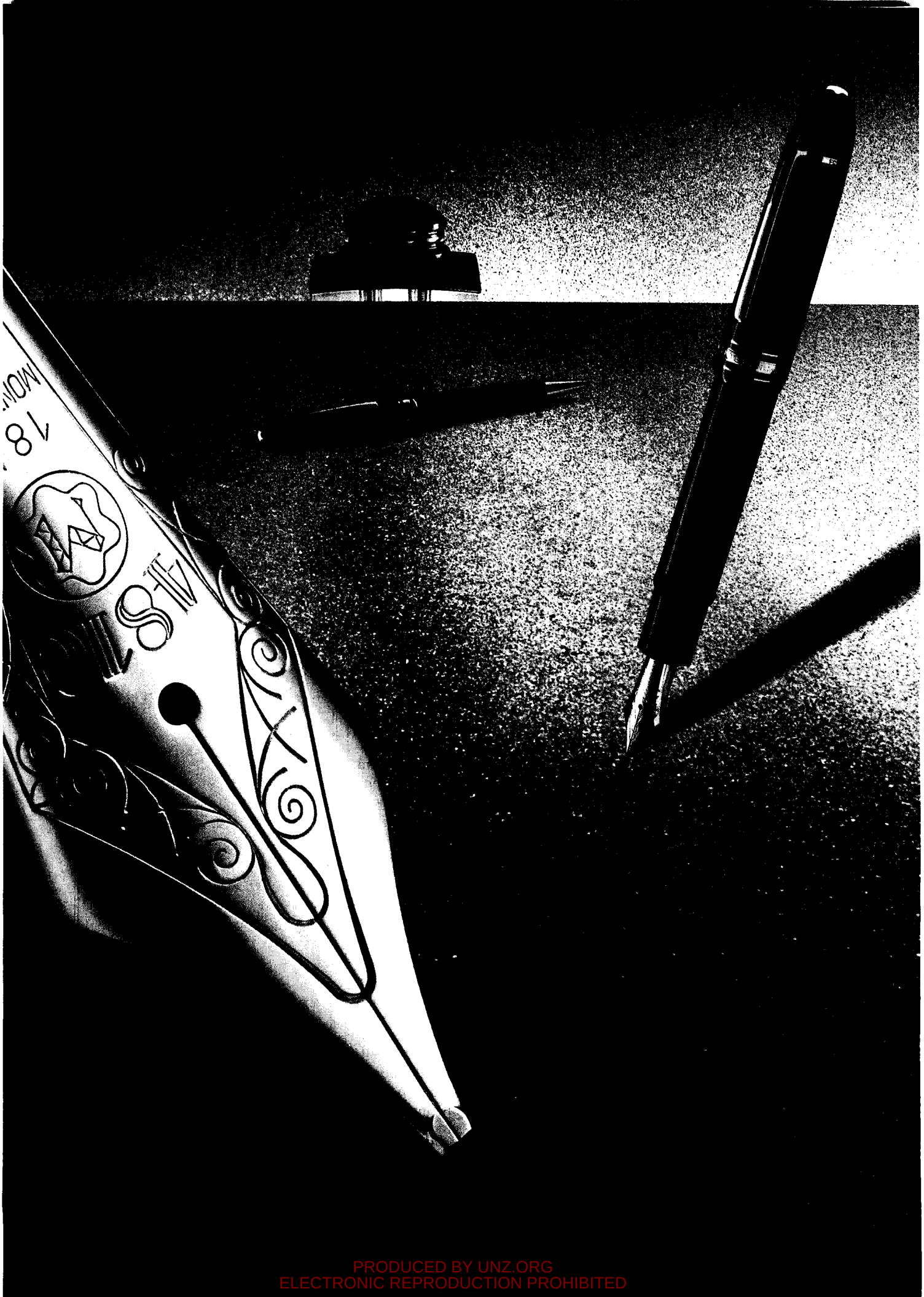

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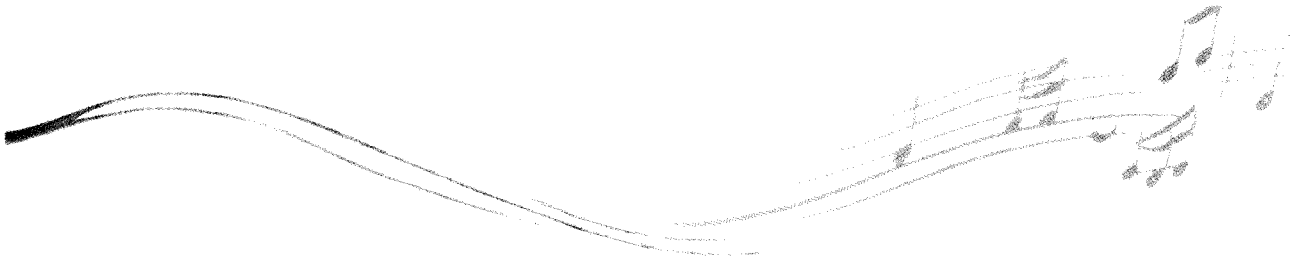
The art of writing



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bility—indeed, the probability—that a biological tendency toward homosexual behavior exists. If it does exist, however, it is probably not the result of a "gay" gene or complex of genes. Instead, that tendency could be traceable to such mundane biological factors as body morphology and the relative strength of the sex drive.

Homosexual identity is fundamentally a function neither of some sort of psychopathology nor of some biologically innate trait. Instead, it, along with gay and lesbian lifestyles, is a complex sociocultural phenomenon. That this is not generally recognized does not have to do with the paucity of studies. On the contrary, the phenomenon of homosexuality has been extensively researched. It's just that the conclusions to be drawn from this research disappoint our desire for easy answers.

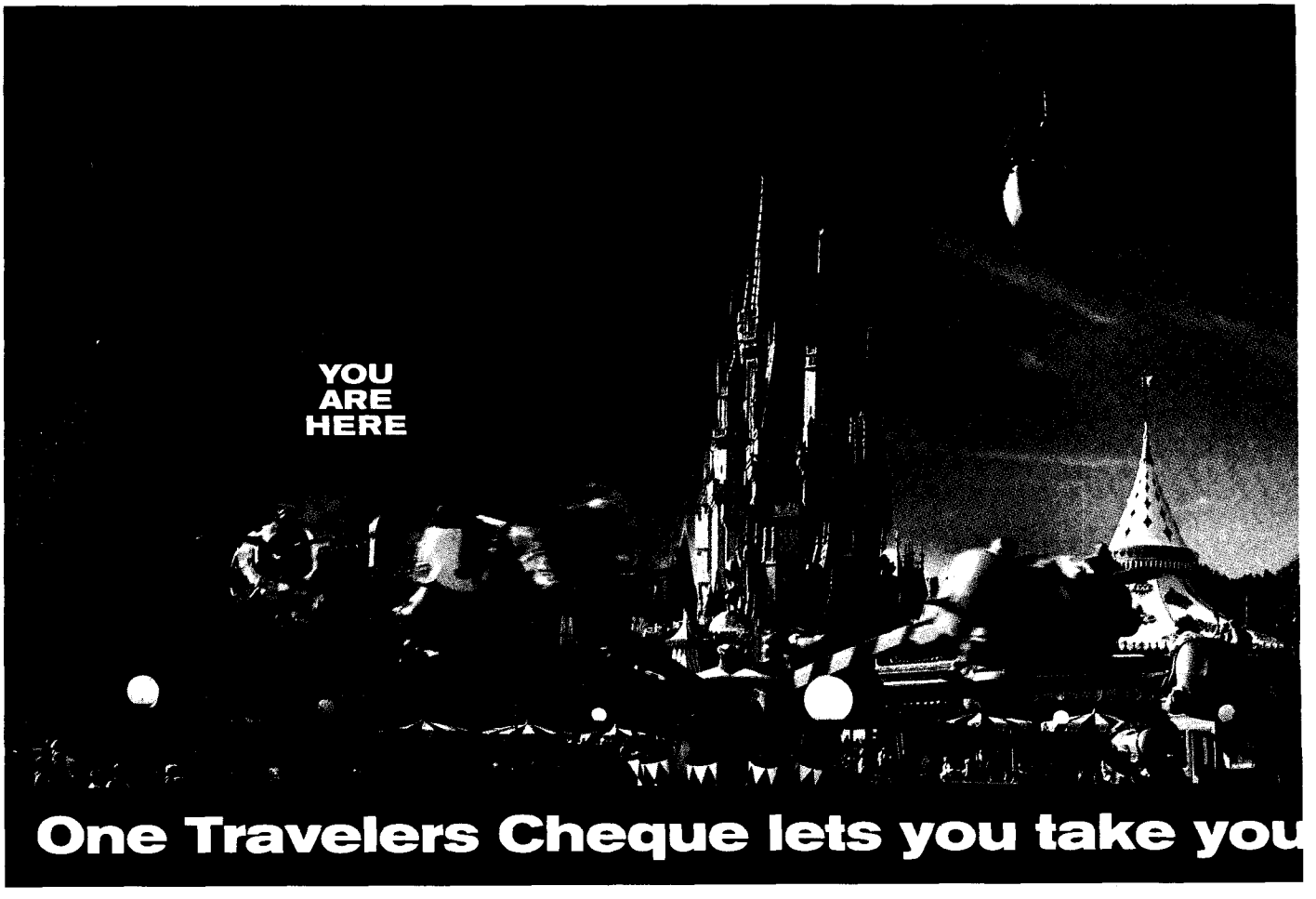
REV. MARK M. RICHARDSON
Herman, Nebr.

Chandler Burr replies:

I am amazed at readers' half-thought-out intellectual reactions to the scientific research on homosexuality. George Diekhoff's comment is typical. Obviously genetics can cause illness (sickle-cell anemia and maybe alcoholism) as well as benign characteristics (eye color and, perhaps, left- or right-handedness and sexual orientation), and it is a matter of distinguishing between the two. Also, gambling is not anorexia, which is not sexual orientation, and so forth. Lynne Nemerov's time-capsule letter is a perfect distillation of all the psychoanalytic theories discarded by frustrated therapists after the 1950s.

Anne Fausto-Sterling, a tough critic, gives *the* central critique of the anatomical research, but she missed it in my piece, where it was brought up twice. To restate it here: extrapolating from other species is highly problematic at best. We use animal models only as imperfect research tools. There are, at the same time, valid ways in which data gotten from animal research can be extrapolated to human beings. Take neurotransmitters: Richard Pillard points out that rats have well-developed dopamine systems and that we can test drugs used for the treatment of schizophrenia on them without saying the rats are schizophrenic.

As for Richard Green's comment, I had a similar discussion with John Money, of Johns Hopkins. Green's correction of the wording of his research findings is of course a point well taken, but it raises a question: Should "-sexuality" be deleted from "homosexuality" and replaced with "-affectional orientation" or some other name? As Simon LeVay told me, and as I and thousands of other gay people have consistently observed, often at a very young age we homosexuals become clearly and unalterably conscious of a subtle internal difference between ourselves and other children, frequently including opposite-sex behavior. This difference is in adulthood called our "sexual orientation," but it is profoundly apparent in children, although its description cannot then include the word "sexual." So what is it? Presumably it is present just as a child's handedness orientation is present before he or she begins to write.



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As for the politics of the research, they confuse people as much as the science does. Lilly Williamson and Lee Thé, like so many who are hostile to gays and lesbians, are typically unaware that people like Mary Smith exist—homosexuals who are as strongly opposed to the neurobiological research as they are. Politically speaking, there may be less to the biological research than meets the eye. After four decades of clinical psychological research, scientists and doctors already take as a given that sexual orientation is not chosen, pathological, or changeable; I do not know why, but it has been only in the context of stories on biology that the media has brought this to light, although the biological research departs from this point and merely addresses on the level of genes and neurons the less politically charged question of what exactly makes it so.

Frightened conservatives who oppose gay rights are surprised to learn that the political divisions here are quite complex and that a large percentage of the people crusading right along with them against this research are proud, openly gay and lesbian members of the cultural left, who *do* want gay rights but *don't* want them premised on biology. Of course, one can also pursue the research without premising gay rights on the results.

Virginia Lubkin's point is a good one. Difficult as such studies are to do, I know of one study of four male pairs of identical twins who were reared apart. In each pair at least one twin was gay. Two of the four were concordant for sexual orientation, a result roughly the same as Bailey and Pillard's. Of course, it's a tiny sample size.

COLLEGE TUITION

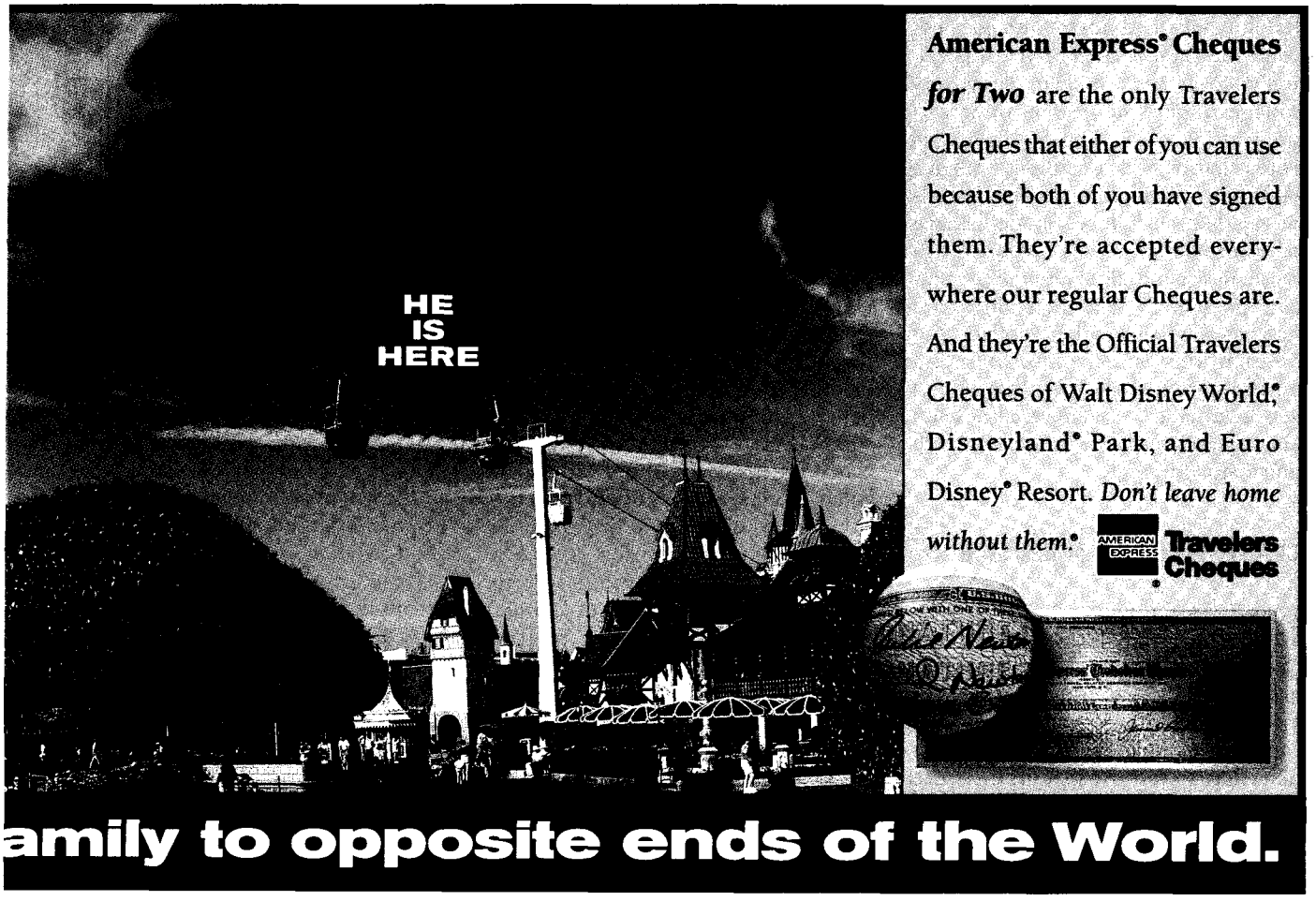
After reading Elliot Negin's article "Education: Why College Tuitions Are So High" (March *Atlantic*), I went to my 1992 *Statistical Abstract* to do a little checking.

According to Table 269 of the *Abstract*, tuition went up 35 percent at public colleges and 48 percent at private colleges during the five years before the passage of the 1980 Bayh-Dole act, which the National Coalition for Universities in the Public Interest thinks is responsible for all the trouble. During the five years after passage, however, the increase was 67 percent and 70 percent. So the case seems pretty strong.

But when you look at the details, it grows weaker. Two-year colleges (which don't do research) had almost the same increase for the five years after passage as colleges overall: 65 percent for public and 69 percent for private colleges. Further, according to Table 266, the proportion of total expenditures going to research actually dropped in those five years, from 9.0 to 8.4 percent.

I'm no expert, but after looking at these figures and recalling that it costs no more to go to a top science school than it does to go to a similarly ranked liberal-arts college, I'm highly skeptical of the coalition's argument.

JAMES T. CAPRIO
Englewood, Fla.



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Elliott Negin is right not to accept Arthur Hauptman's explanation of the tuition spiral, but his reliance on Ralph Nader's alternative account has its own problems.

There are at least 2,000 colleges in the United States, and most of them have increased their tuitions at rates exceeding the general rate of inflation. Negin thinks that commercial research is the villain, but such research is pretty much restricted to about a hundred of these institutions. What accounts for the tuition rise at the remaining 95 percent? Negin's suggestion is that the "lesser" schools are copycats that look to the research universities when deciding what to charge. Surely this can't be right. Each college is obliged to present a detailed rationale to justify its tuition increases, and references to what the biggies are charging would bring the roof down on its head.

SIDNEY GENDIN
Ypsilanti, Mich.

Elliott Negin replies:

The tuition-inflation thesis developed by the National Coalition for Universities in the Public Interest (not by Ralph Nader, and not by me) goes beyond the point that four-year liberal-arts colleges and two-year community colleges follow the leaders when setting tuition rates. The coalition also notes that curricula at these colleges must mirror those of research universities so that the colleges' students have a better chance either to transfer to those universities or to enter their graduate programs. Thus the colleges are integrated into a "market" defined and driven by the research universities, and raising tuition is the simplest way to get the capital to upgrade facilities and hire appropriate faculty in order to match university offerings.

CRASH-WORTHY SPEEDSTER

I have two comments on James Fallows's article on OS/2 ("Crash-Worthy Speedster," February *Atlantic*). First, he did readers a disservice by failing to mention that as fast and as powerful and as cutting-edge as OS/2 may be, its installation requires dumping onto disks everything that has been saved on DOS (or buying a new computer, to be used alongside the one with all the current DOS files).

Second, Fallows complains about having to wait while his DOS computer copies to a disk, backs up a file, or recalculates values for a spreadsheet. Now, anyone who's used computers knows that operations like these take not hours or even minutes but seconds. If Fallows has trouble interrupting his frantic keyboarding for such brief periods of time, I'd like to know where he finds the interstices to do the thinking that is so much in evidence in his carefully wrought articles and books.

JOSEPH CLARO
Little Neck, N.Y.

James Fallows replies:

Joseph Claro apparently has not used OS/2. Otherwise he would realize that you do not need to copy and clear all the files off your disk in order to get OS/2 started.

OS/2's installation routine gives you two choices. You can add OS/2 to your current DOS or Windows system, which leaves your existing files undisturbed. Or you can let OS/2 reformat your disk and start from scratch. The second approach is obviously more drastic and does require you to make backup copies of all your files. But this is necessary only if you want to use OS/2's new file-management High Performance File System (HPFS). None of OS/2's other capacities is involved, and you can use OS/2 perfectly well either way. (For nerds: If you take the first approach, your disk remains formatted under the File Allocation Table, or FAT, protocol used by DOS, although OS/2 has vastly speeded-up protocols for handling FAT files. If you take the second approach and reformat, you can install HPFS, which allows long file names, minimizes file fragmentation, and has certain other advantages, especially for disks that hold more than about 100 megabytes of data.)

I agree with Mr. Claro that we're not talking about time on the geological scale. But sometimes computers are slow in the normal sense of the term. It can take an hour to send or receive a long file by modem, to index a disk with Magellan—or to make backup copies of the files on a hard disk, which is why so few people get around to doing it. Under OS/2 I can set up my computer to make backups of new files, on a tape, every day at a certain time, while I keep working. I need only snap in a new tape when the old one gets full. This doesn't make me think better, eliminate the budget deficit, or do anything else consequential—but if a computer can handle such chores by itself, why isn't that good?

MORE ON "JFK"

The fictitious *Report From Iron Mountain* may indeed have been written and published all in fun, but its conclusions concerning the undesirability of global peace have a real contemporary ring to them. The end of the Cold War has brought little reduction in military expenditures. The Pentagon's wish list is as ambitious as ever. Hawks who once preached the need for defense are now, in the post-Soviet world, arguing that preparedness mandates ongoing military expenditures. Perhaps Leonard C. Lewin's conclusions were not so far-fetched after all.

Likewise with the film *JFK*. Though Oliver Stone clearly took ample license in his depiction of certain events, the movie overall paints a picture that a great many people believe is more truthful pertaining to the death of John F. Kennedy than anything yet peddled by officialdom.

JOE MARTIN
Seattle, Wash.

Although Edward Jay Epstein is correct that Oliver Stone fictionalized much of what transpired on the night David Ferrie died, Stone's main point, that Ferrie was murdered, remains unassailed. Yes, Ferrie's death was ruled "natural," but how many people who die from brain hemorrhages leave suicide notes? Two such notes were found in Ferrie's apartment. There are only two possible explanations: Ferrie's murder was made to look like a suicide; or Ferrie had psychic powers, foresaw that he would die that night, and wrote his good-bye notes to the world.

Epstein's analysis requires that we accept the latter conclusion.

ROBERT CLARK YOUNG
Athens, Ohio

The *Report From Iron Mountain* was not, as Edward Jay Epstein claims, "a brilliant spoof of think tanks written by the political scientist Leonard Lewin in 1967." Lewin wrote an eight-page introduction to a government document. The document itself was pro-

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vided by one of the select fifteen members of the Iron Mountain study group, Professor Carroll Quigley (*The Evolution of Civilizations*, 1961; *Tragedy and Hope*, 1966; *The Anglo-American Establishment*, 1981).

When interviewed by *The Wall Street Journal* in 1967, Lewin attested to the veracity of the work, and he has never since claimed that the *Report From Iron Mountain* was a hoax. He simply refuses to discuss it.

ROBERT GLENN
Edmonds, Wash.

In his article "The Second Coming of Jim Garrison," Edward Jay Epstein smears me, Jim Garrison, Oliver Stone, and the movie *JFK*.

Epstein declares that "the man called X," played by Donald Sutherland in the film *JFK*, "is based on Colonel L. Fletcher Prouty." He adds, "Colonel Prouty worked in the Pentagon in the Office of Special Operations." That's his impish putdown of my official duties.

In 1963, at the time of Kennedy's murder, I was the Chief of the Office of Special Operations with the Office of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. That was a multi-service global organization established to provide military support for the clandestine operations of the Central Intelligence Agency. I did not simply "work" there. I had created a similar office for the U.S. Air Force in 1955. I was chief of those global responsibilities for nine consecutive years. This is public record.

Epstein writes, "There is no record that he served as a liaison with the Secret Service." The Department of Defense is perfectly capable of handling its own responsibilities, and does not put itself in a "liaison" role with the Secret Service, the CIA, or any other specialized agency or instrumentality of the government.

During the latter part of the fifties I was ordered to fly to Mexico City to ensure that protection would be provided for President Dwight Eisenhower during a planned visit there. I was doing my duty and the Secret Service men who traveled with me were doing theirs. Obviously we coordinated our work.

I did not know about "the man called X" until after Oliver Stone had given me a copy of the first draft of the film. They took that material from my earlier writings. It was accurate, but not always verbally precise.

Epstein cites a statement I made about the shutdown of oil pipelines in the Middle East: "Because of the Israelis." That's simple history. The old Palestine War forced the abandonment of the Haifa pipelines from Iraq.

Epstein makes me a consultant "to Lyndon LaRouche's far-right National Democratic Policy Committee." I have never met LaRouche.

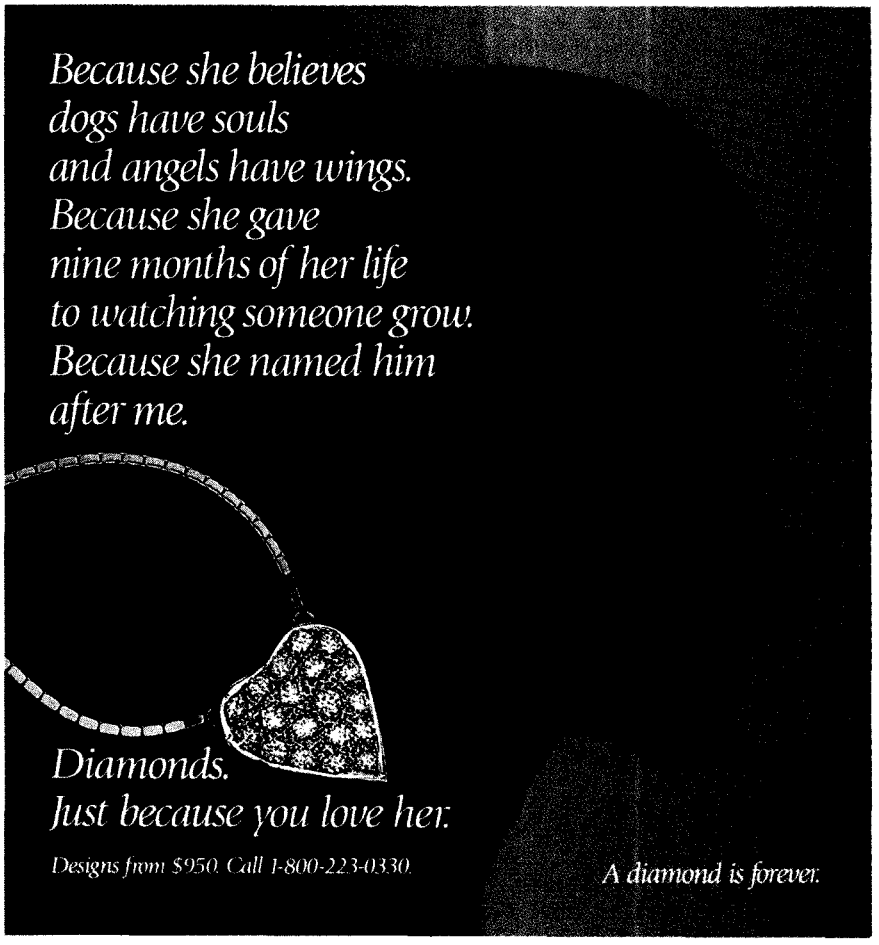
Epstein makes me "a board member of the Populist Action Committee." I have never been a member of the committee, let alone a board member. I had spoken at a Liberty Lobby annual meeting on banking. I spoke my own words, as I do at any other place I speak. A random speech does not make me a member.

Epstein uses nearly a page to make something out of my frequent use of extracts from Leonard Lewin's powerful novel *Report From Iron Mountain*. Lewin is an old friend of my former Prentice-Hall editor; I have spoken with him frequently, and we correspond. Epstein writes that I "failed to realize that [the novel] was a complete hoax." Hardly. I've joked with Lewin about his clever work many a time.

Those experienced in the Pentagon mystique of the Kennedy era, in the environment of Robert McNamara and the "Whiz Kids," find this novel so accurate that they feel they are walking the halls of that amazing building again with Ed Katzenbach, Adam Yarmolinsky, and the other Ph.D.s. That "hoax" was true to life in that rarefied world.

Edward Jay Epstein and *The Atlantic Monthly* have failed their readers terribly. His article has damaged the reputation of Jim Garrison, who cannot speak for himself. Further, Epstein has damaged my reputation to the extent that I must make an attempt to clarify things with this letter; and he has shockingly damaged the reputation of a great film director, Oliver Stone, who sought to awaken America and the world to the true facts.

L. FLETCHER PROUTY
Alexandria, Va.



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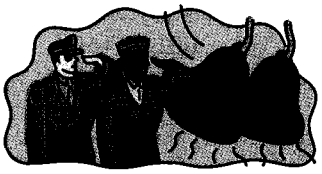
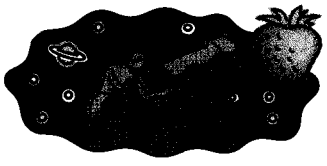


GOVERNMENT

June **1–7**, the third annual national observance of the 50th anniversary of the Second World War. Each year the week-long observance has been made official by a joint resolution of Congress, and each year sponsors have chosen to hold it during the first week in June, because this time frame includes the dates both of Japan's first major defeat in the war, at the Battle of Midway (the 4th through the 7th), and of D-Day (the 6th). **21–25**, as many as 1,800 young people, aged 17 to 25, will convene in San Francisco for training prior to starting eight weeks of work in President Clinton's "Summer of Service" initiative. Program participants will help prepare younger, "at-risk" children for school and will lead some of them in community-service, public-health, and environmental-cleanup projects. The initiative is a pilot program intended to lay the groundwork for a national service corps.

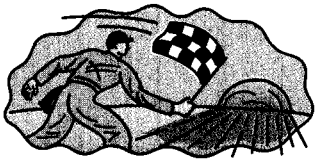
THE SKIES

June **4**, Full Moon, also known as the Flower, Rose, or Strawberry Moon. **14**, in a large part of the country the earliest sunrise of the year (4:30 A.M. at latitude 40°) occurs this morning. However, for the next week daylight hours will continue to lengthen as sunset falls later each day. **21**, the Summer Solstice occurs, at 5:00 A.M. EDT. Summer begins, and days begin to grow shorter. Jupiter can be seen a little west of the zenith just after sunset all month long.



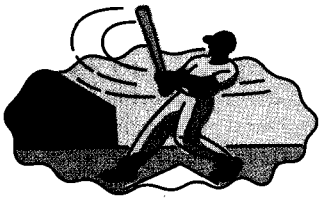
HEALTH AND SAFETY

This month typically shows a sharp increase in illnesses caused by enteroviruses, often called the summer viruses. About 50 million to 100 million people—mainly two- to nine-year-old children—will contract one of the 70-odd enteroviruses this year. Most are relatively benign. The dominant strain over the past three years, echovirus 30, produces a flu-like upper-respiratory infection that lasts several days. However, some of the viruses are more serious: enteroviruses are the main cause of viral meningitis and may produce some cases of myocarditis, encephalitis, and hepatitis. Polio is the most notorious member of the family. Enteroviruses are thought to be passed through hand-to-mouth or hand-to-eye contact. Children who attend camp, school, or day care, where there is constant social interaction, are considered the most susceptible.



ENVIRONMENT

June **20–26**, solar-powered cars will race from Arlington, Texas, to Minneapolis, a distance of some 1,000 miles. The 36 vehicles entered in the competition, called Sunrayce 93, have all been designed and built, and will be driven, by teams of college students from the United States and Canada. Sunrayce was organized by the U.S. Department of Energy, which plans to make the event a biennial one. Each car will carry photovoltaic cells and batteries sufficient to run an electric motor of only two to 10 horsepower; the winner of a similar competition in 1990 averaged 23 mph over its 1,644-mile course. Given the need for abundant sunlight, the race is scheduled for the time of the solstice and travel is limited to the hours between 9:00 A.M. and 6:30 P.M.



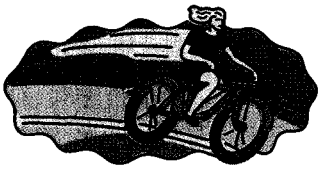
Q & A

Is there such a thing as "footedness"?

Yes: research shows that just as most people have a dominant hand, they also have a dominant foot—and a dominant eye and ear as well. According to studies conducted by Stanley Coren, a psychology professor at the University of British Columbia, and his colleagues, righties form the majority in each instance. Whether or not one's dominant hand and eye are on the same side has various implications in sports. In racket games such congruence is beneficial, because the racket is in plain view of the eye used for aiming. In basketball, gymnastics, and running, however, crossed hand-eye preference seems to be an advantage, because a person's center of gravity is not pulled toward a dominant side. It also appears to be an advantage in baseball, perhaps because having the dominant, sighting eye closer to the pitcher gives batters an edge. Coren cites photographs showing the southpaw sluggers Babe Ruth and Ted Williams looking through a telescope and a camera with their right eyes as support for this theory.

DEMOGRAPHICS

More Americans will ride bicycles this month than in any other, and of those riders who buy new bikes in 1993, fully one third will do so at this time of year. According to the Worldwatch Institute, the world's 850 million bicycles outnumber cars two to one, and most of them are used for utilitarian personal transportation rather than for recreation and fitness, even in many industrialized countries. In this country the picture is somewhat different. More than 50 million adult Americans are cyclists, but fewer than a million ride more than 200 miles per warm-weather month (the equivalent of a 10-mile workday commute). From 1980 to 1990 the percentage of Americans who commuted to work on a bicycle decreased, while both the number of bikes bought and the average price of each rose. In 1989 sales of the racing-style road bike were surpassed, in both unit and dollar volume, by the sturdier-seeming but heavier and slower mountain bike.



50 YEARS AGO

Rebecca West, writing in the June, 1943, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "The young person who is forever strumming on the piano, or crooning, or crouching before the radio is not, the experts tell me, likely to become a real musician. True love of every kind practices restraint or defeats its hope of rapturous consummation. I sometimes wonder if the extent to which we read has not destroyed our power of reading. We read all the time: newspapers, advertisements, the directions on the packet, textbooks, business letters. We read so much that our eyes get blunt, they no longer see the form of sentences or the content, we peer at the nouns and guess at the trend of argument they indicate, and fabricate a picture of the book on that and what we know of the writer. Thus we build round ourselves a mental world as hypothetical and dangerous as the material world of the blind."

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Learning tool or loaded weapon?

By the time the average American child reaches the age of five, he or she will have spent more than 4,000 hours in front of the TV. Absorbing the good, the bad and the frightening.

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It's why, in the popular series Barney & Friends, a lovable, six-foot purple dinosaur inspires his fans to express their imagination and creativity.

It's why, for more than 25 years, Mister Rogers has been "a bright light in childhood's sky." One who has bolstered the self-esteem of preschoolers by offering them a safe haven to voice their truest feelings, fears and curiosities.

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REPORTS & COMMENT

NOTES

Last Position Held

A brief résumé

ONE THING they do every year at most companies is evaluate employee performance. All over the country promotions, demotions, layoffs, and bonuses are determined by annual performance reviews. The other day I came across the form they use at my husband's company: a standard Fortune 500 measurement index, a report card for grown-ups. The nation's executives—millions of men and women from coast to coast—are regularly ranked on forms like this one, with the numbers one through five and the determinations "not met," "met," "exceeded." The categories, within which more-specific appraisals are made, are Communications Skills, Organizing and Planning, People Management, Decision Making, Behavior Flexibility, Performance Stability, Leadership, and Business/Technical Knowledge. I have been a mother for eight years, and it had never occurred to me that the unwieldy array of new skills I've developed since 1985 could be graded on a form. But having examined the form, I see that my appraisal for mothering would gleam. I would not be alone: most mothers meet these standards of corporate America in spades.

Nobody manages us; nothing prepared us for this. Those of us who went to fine, high-priced liberal-arts institutions didn't hear much about what it would be like to raise children. Maybe we had babysat a few times, or had younger siblings, but for the most part we, like the men in our classes, were educated to have careers. Many college-educated women in our mothers' generation got jobs after they graduated and left them when they married, but we typically didn't, even after having children.

I'm talking about a clearly defined segment of the population, millions of women in our late twenties to our early forties—well educated, married, with earning potential, with children. There is no blueprint for how we manage. The variety is endless. Some of us are pursuing demanding careers. Some of us have decided to sacrifice full-time, whole-hog pursuit of whatever careers we imagined for ourselves when we graduated from college, and have found jobs that are less time-consuming—part-time, seasonal, or shared. Some of us have started businesses that grew out of life with children—like the woman in Brooklyn who created a $2 million line of educational placemats for children. Some of us work from home. Some have decided to forgo jobs for the time being, especially since our salaries would be obliterated by child-care expenses.

Whatever we do, we've learned the advantages of doing it together. We excel in the first category on the form, Communications: 1. Presents ideas and information concisely and effectively. 2. Listens to others. 3. Maintains open lines of communication. We do this with our children, of course, and we do it with one another. We form close friendships—in school parking lots and pediatricians' waiting rooms, in the checkout line and the health-club locker room, picking kids up, dropping them off, wherever we are. We swap glimpses of our experience, we listen, we exchange advice. And we "accept change openly." We're always interrupting ourselves to sound out a word from a Curious George book, reclip a plastic barrette in wispy hair, pour a cup of juice, wipe a nose, rave over a drawing, settle a dispute, respond to a meltdown.

"Manages under pressure and

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSÉ CRUZ

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Thankfully, the world has one resource that will never be exhausted: the Spirit of Enterprise.

The Rolex Awards for Enterprise were conceived in 1976 to recognize individuals who have displayed a remarkable spirit of enterprise in the fields of Applied Sciences and Invention, Exploration and Discovery, and the Environment. Since the Awards were introduced, 30 individuals have each received 50,000 Swiss francs and a specially inscribed Rolex Chronometer timepiece. Rolex is proud to announce the five new winners for 1993:

STEVEN GARRETT, a physics professor, has developed a revolutionary system of refrigeration that does not contain the chemicals used in most refrigeration equipment, which we now know harm the ozone layer.

This unique refrigeration method has grown out of the science of thermoacoustics. Garrett's device exploits this science, utilizing sound to transfer heat and thus produce refrigeration. A prototype has already been tested on board the space shuttle *Discovery* in 1992. Garrett sees his award as being important because not only will it attract more physicists to work in this largely unknown area, but also "it will draw attention to these alternative technologies."

FORREST M. MIMS III is an entirely self-taught electronics specialist who has developed an instrument capable of measuring the thickness of the ozone layer. He has named it TOPS: Total Ozone Portable Spectroradiometer.

What makes this machine remarkable is the fact that it is about 500 times lighter and 200 times cheaper than existing detectors; yet its readings are highly accurate—vital information in this time of growing concern for the ozone layer.

It is Mims's aim to distribute TOPS to individuals in at least 10 countries, forming a network to complement measurements taken by the small number of official monitoring stations.

ALDO LO CURTO describes himself as a "traveling volunteer doctor." Since finishing his medical studies, he has spent his holidays traveling to remote parts of Africa, Asia, and the South Seas, giving free medical care to the people there.

In 1981, he went to South America to work with the Amazonian Indians. He studied their plant-based remedies, and wrote a manual for health workers which combined Western and Indian medicine.

This extraordinary book will be a valuable guide for health workers. For the Indians, it will serve as a reminder for future generations of the knowledge of healing accumulated by their ancestors. He will use his award to publish the first edition.

NANCY ABEIDERRAHMANE has taken the enterprising step of setting up a dairy in Mauritania, a country noted more for its desert than its pastures.

This is no ordinary dairy, however, since it specializes in pasteurizing camel's milk supplied by seminomadic herders.

The milk Nancy is processing is highly nutritious, and because it is pasteurized, it is healthier than the raw milk commonly drunk by the local population.

With the award, Nancy's next step is to produce cheese from camel's milk, thus adding to the improvement of the local diet.

ANTONIO DE VIVO is an Italian physical education instructor and a leading cave explorer. In an expedition prior to winning this award, De Vivo traveled down the La Venta River in Mexico and made some extraordinary discoveries, including a remarkably well-preserved Mayan altar. His expedition also studied the flow of water in the river and cave systems, in the hope that his research could help villagers a few miles away to make use of the water for drinking and irrigation.

This award will allow Antonio De Vivo to return to the area, to study further the archaeology of the caves in the hope of finding the entrance to a long-lost Mayan city.

ROLEX

THE ROLEX AWARDS FOR ENTERPRISE 1993

A book describing the projects of the winners and 250 other submitted projects is available. To order, please send $39.50 to G.J. Blum Associates, P.O. Box 567, Berwyn, IL 60402-0567. For information on the awards, please write: The Secretariat, The Rolex Awards for Enterprise, P.O. Box 178, 1211 Geneva 26, Switzerland.

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stress"? "Is willing to extend workday as needed"? "Fosters atmosphere of trust and confidence"? "Focuses on the customer"? "Follows through on commitments, keeps promises"? "Interacts with all levels"? "Treats everyone with respect and fairness"? "Is sensitive to the personal or business agenda of others"?

On one recent day, before I had started the motor to take my three kids to school, at 8:05, I'd read aloud a modern version of Homer's story of the Cyclops, speculated on the origin of clouds, quizzed the second grader for his spelling test, sung the national anthem twice by request, clipped thirty fingernails, packed three lunch boxes, served helpings of banana bread and instant Cream of Wheat, identified which Flintstones characters were depicted on three vitamins, helped find Waldo on the back of the cereal box, nailed down the difference between magenta and fuchsia, organized a successful hunt for a missing hamster, and supervised a search for our dog's belly button.

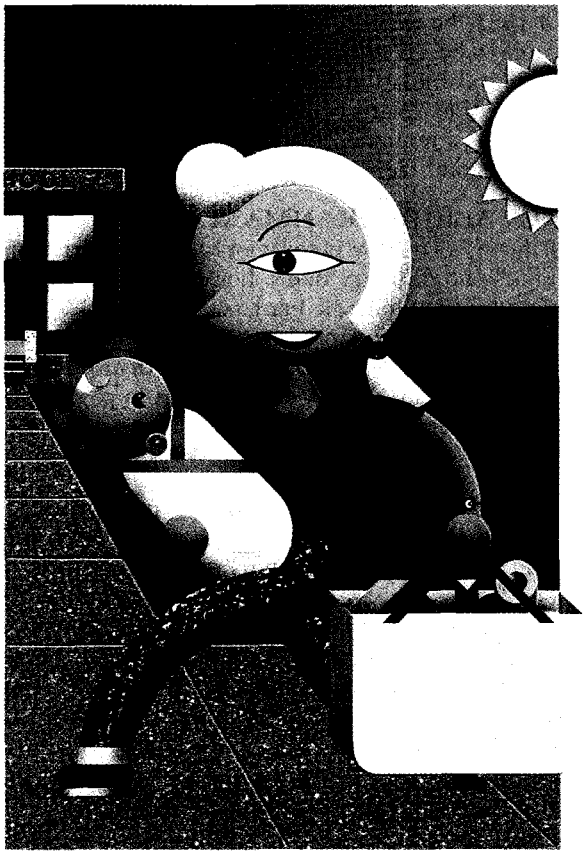
EVERYONE SAYS that taking care of children is one of the most important jobs anyone can have—kids are the future of the country, after all. And yet mothering isn't a real job, exactly. It's not professional, certainly. We aren't part of the GNP, we don't get paid, we don't have a boss, we aren't promoted, no one fills out a performance-review form. Mothering is the way we live: round the clock, round the year. But the message from corporate America is that this kind of experience doesn't count there. If it did, wouldn't every Fortune 500 company have a state-of-the-art day-care center, and give fathers a chance to take unstigmatized, unpenalized paternal leave?

There's no comfort to be found in the so-called feminist debate: we can tell a few pages into their best-selling books that Gloria Steinem and Susan Faludi don't have children. If they did, their view of the world wouldn't be so humorless, so harsh, so, well, adult. They have more in common with Arlen Specter than with us. Women have choices today, these public figures say: if they choose to have children, they can devise a child-care solution and pursue a career, or they can stay home and bake cookies. Anyone who has ever had an Uncle Milton's Ant Farm in the bedroom is well aware that life is infinitely more complex than that.

We are comforted by this thought: someday we will have more time to ourselves. What then? Mothers fashion their careers around young children, and as those children leave the nest, we may follow them. We will have time to plunge into our careers. We won't have to decline promotions that involve lots of travel, or skip meetings at the last minute to be home with a sick child, or leave the office at two-thirty to meet the school bus. Millions of us who have taken time off from our careers plan to resume them eventually. Soon, in fact. But we need work on "maintains professional image." How will we describe on our résumés the decade or so we've spent "at home" or "on hold"? Should we list it—mothering—under "personal," along with health status and hobbies? Should we expect to pick up where we left off, or should our experience count for something extra? Why should the word "mother" be an eye-glazing conversation-stopper in a job interview (or, for that matter, at a college reunion or a dinner party)?

Everyone agrees that mothering is valuable, but no consensus exists on how to measure the value of our experience, how to integrate that experience into corporate life, or how public-policy makers might tap into it as laws are made. Mothers are oddly invisible in the national debate on family values, education, and child care.

I AM GLAD that Hillary Rodham Clinton has an office in the West Wing, where the power is, not only because of her role in developing a bona fide health-care policy for this country, or because she has put fiber on the menu at the White House and taken ashtrays off the tables there. Anyone who has watched her on television with Chelsea a few times knows that she's a caring mom. Just in case President Bill Clinton doesn't "get it" in the battles ahead over parental-leave policies, the right to choose, equal pay for equal work, health care, and education, this First Lady can explain it to him. "Mrs. Clinton said she was surprised that anyone might find it unusual that she will be combining the traditional role of First Lady with her work as head of the President's Task Force on National Health Reform," *The New York Times* reported recently.



She said she was no different from "every woman who gets up in the morning and gets breakfast for her family and goes off to a job of any sort where she assumes a different role for the hours she's at work, who runs out at lunch to buy material for a costume for her daughter or to buy invitations for a party that she's going to have and after work goes and picks up her children and maybe goes out with her husband: our lives *are* a mixture of these roles."

Talk about change. It is a change to see such circumstances spelled out in black and white in *The New York Times*—not in The Living Section but in a front-page story. Having a mother at the center of White House operations is a bold departure for the country. Maybe she'll help us make motherhood look good on a résumé.

—*Sarah Finnie Rockwell*

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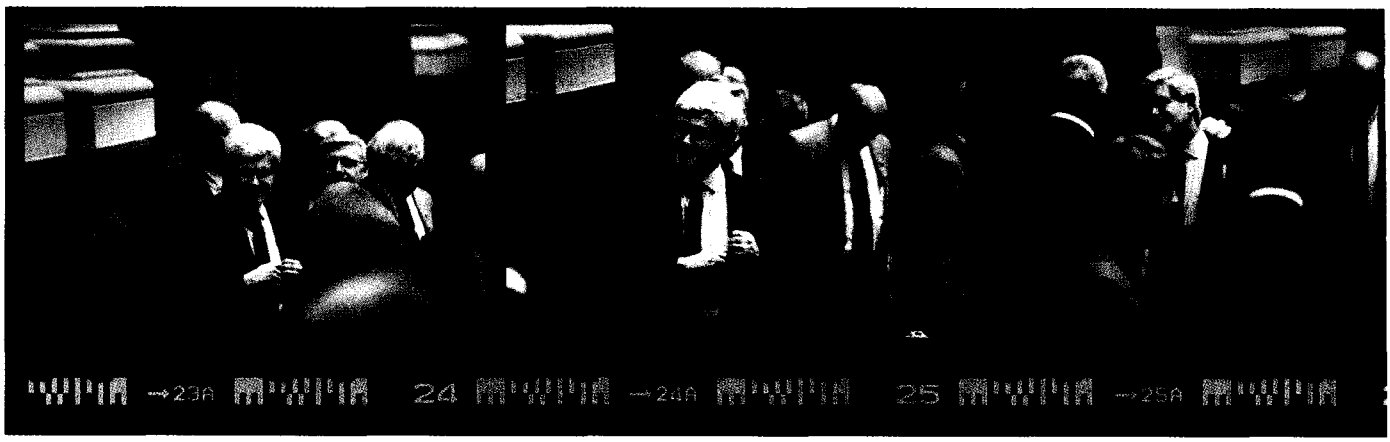

DAVID TULIS/THE ATLANTA JOURNAL CONSTITUTION

WASHINGTON

Housebreaker

Newt Gingrich, who has been accused of trying to destroy the House of Representatives in the name of saving it, is now poised to take on Bill Clinton

ASK WHETHER the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee has a file on Newt Gingrich and an aide there responds, "Do you have a truck?" Gingrich, the second-ranking Republican in the House of Representatives, has more enemies than friends in Washington, and not only among Democrats. He tried to make the House bank scandal an issue that would unseat Democratic incumbents; it did, but it also boomeranged spectacularly on such leading House Republicans as Mickey Edwards, of Oklahoma, and Vin Weber, of Minnesota. Edwards (386 overdrafts) lost an election, and Weber (125 overdrafts) retired rather than face an ugly campaign dominated by the bank issue. Discovering that the fallout from exploding grenades can't always be controlled, Gingrich (twenty-two overdrafts) himself narrowly escaped defeat in a primary challenge last year. In his crusade to save the House by destroying its reputation, he has been hissed by the Democrats and investigated by the House ethics committee. But he relishes the publicity: "Newt Gingrich, R-Television," he's been called. Having compared the Democrats' platform to Woody Allen in one intemperate campaign speech, Gingrich shows no sign of restraining himself in the Clinton era. Indeed, freed of having to carry water occasionally for a President of his party, the fifty-year-old Gingrich is coming into his own as a leader of the opposition. He helped make Clinton's first week in the White House miserable, leading attacks on the new President's ill-fated nomination of Zoë Baird to be Attorney General and his plan to drop the ban on homosexuals in the military. "This is just what Newt Gingrich and the Republicans do best," Stuart Rothenberg, a political analyst, says. "They can be adversarial with no concern about the President. If you thought they were partisan and political over the last four, eight, twelve years, just wait. Now they'll be able to let it all hang out."

For a member of the minority, Gingrich has had a remarkable impact on the House. If not for him, Jim Wright might still be speaker and the House bank might still be floating checks. Gingrich has molded the House Republicans into a more combative group, and his penchant for personal attack has made the House a less collegial body. Despite a slender legislative record and relative inattention to constituent issues, he has become the most visible and most frequently quoted member of Congress. He has risen from backbencher to minority whip, the No. 2 Republican leadership post in the House, and is positioned to succeed Representative Robert Michel as Republican leader. Revered by a band of conservative activists, Gingrich is reviled by most Democrats.

To his detractors, Gingrich is a fast-talking, power-hungry hypocrite who has cheapened political dialogue and plunged the House into partisan warfare, a man whose personal life mocks his professed concern for family values. To his admirers. Gingrich remains the daring Moses who will yet lead his party to its first House majority since 1954. In a city where prudence is prized, he is a politician unafraid of taking risks in behalf of his cause, which he defines as nothing less than preventing the decline and fall of American civilization.

Gingrich has become a prototype for the new entrepreneurial politicians, the independent contractors who use sophisticated campaign techniques to bypass tedious years on school boards and zoning panels. "Gingrich engages in retail politics with his constituents only to the extent that it's necessary to get reelected," says Marc H. Rosenberg, a former congressional aide who helped tutor Gingrich in the ways of Washington. "He's not there to do the ribbon cutting and baby kissing you might expect from someone who came up on the constituent-service side, like the town councilman or local mayor. Instead, you've got a history professor who took a keen interest in politics because he thought that was the way for him to have an impact on the course of history."

As a historic figure, Gingrich has already created an archive for his personal papers at West Georgia College. After his first term, reportedly, he began to insist that his public remarks be taped; staffers who slighted posterity would see their pay docked. Unlike politicians who feign modesty, Gingrich wears his aspirations on his sleeve and is given to grandiose pronouncements. "I have an enormous personal ambition," he once declared. "I want to shift the entire planet. And I'm doing it."

Above, the House minority whip works a crowd of Georgia state representatives: "I've done very few things that were hip shots in my career."

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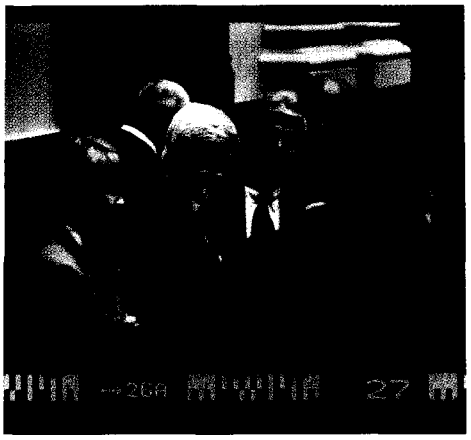


SOON AFTER Gingrich was elected in 1978, he told an aide he had two goals: to make an impact on national politics and to become speaker of the House. Early in the Bush Administration it did not seem farfetched that Republicans might finally win a House majority in 1992, paving the way for Gingrich to achieve his second goal. Redistricting after the 1990 census—which shifted nineteen House seats from slow-growth states, mainly in the Northeast and Midwest, to fast-growth states, mainly in the conservative-leaning South and West—offered the Republicans a rare opportunity in last year's elections. Gingrich had begun planning for the 1992 elections soon after Bush became President. In the summer of 1989 he spent eighteen days at a cabin in the Colorado Rockies with no electricity and no telephone. Like-minded strategists came to the retreat in groups of four, for three days at a time, to discuss where the country ought to be headed and how conservative leaders could get it there. "Everything we've done this year came in large part from those eighteen days," Gingrich said last September.

What he did was to try to persuade Americans that Congress was so inept and corrupt that only Republicans could save it. Enlisting a group of freshman protégés, Gingrich created an uproar over a routine audit report about overdrafts at the House bank, endorsed the term-limitation movement as a way to promote turnover, and backed a measure allowing veteran lawmakers to keep their accumulated campaign war chests—but only if they retired in 1992.

In order to fill all the open seats that he expected would result, Gingrich used his political-action committee, GOPAC, to recruit and train a cadre of Republican congressional candidates. The candidates listened to tapes of his speeches in their cars and watched him on videocassette recorders in their homes. They learned his military-planning model of vision, strategies, projects, and tactics. They studied his lists of words, tested in focus groups, to use about Republicans (words like "initiative," "liberty," "reform," "pristine," and "prosperity") and words to use about Democrats ("cynical," "destructive," "devour," "disgrace," "shallow," "shame," "taxes").

As the election approached, Gingrich traveled the country on behalf of Republican candidates and sponsored press conferences to promote Republican legislative proposals. GOPAC attempted to line up wealthy business executives and professionals to bankroll Republican campaigns. If everything went right, Republicans would take over the House and show their gratitude by electing Newton Leroy Gingrich speaker, third in line to the presidency.

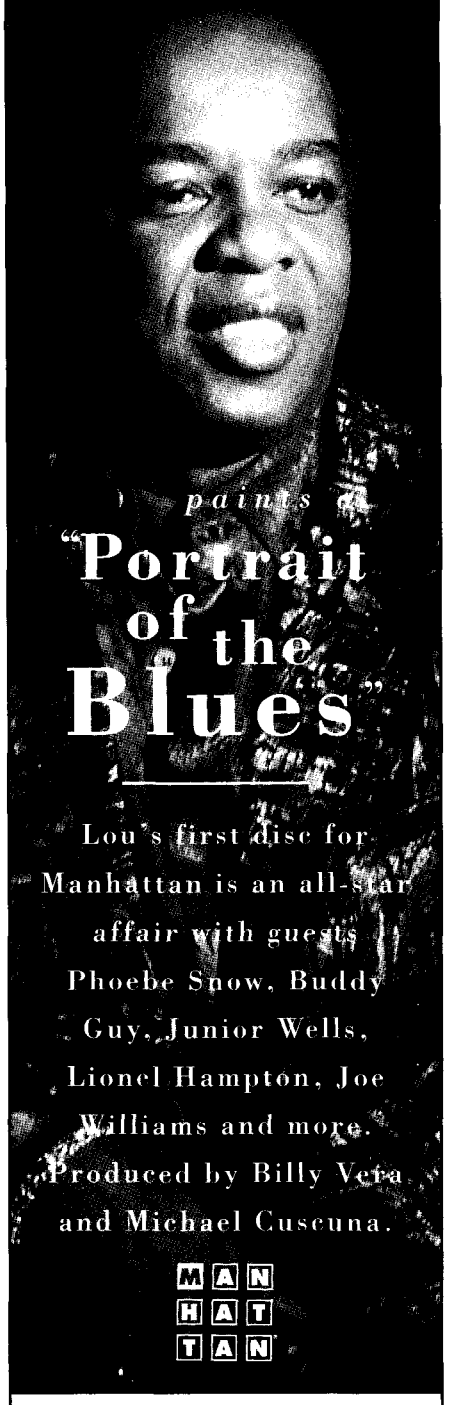
As it turned out, voters did become fed up with gridlock in Washington, but they decided to change parties in the White House, not in Congress. Squandering their once-in-a-generation opportunity, the Republicans picked up a paltry ten seats in the House last November, leaving the Democrats with a 258-to-176 majority. Gingrich himself has had two political near-death experiences, winning both his 1990 general election and his 1992 primary by less than a thousand votes.

GINGRICH'S DAYS often begin with a 6:00 A.M. walk from Capitol Hill to the Lincoln Memorial or the Washington Monument. When we met recently for an eight o'clock breakfast, Gingrich had already taken his morning stroll in the midst of a snowstorm. His cheeks were still ruddy as he entered the dining room downstairs from his second-floor Capitol office; picture Jimmy Connors ten years after he retires from tennis—gone gray and paunchy, but still young-faced, brash, and pugnacious. Like an eager game-show contestant, Gingrich answers questions before you've finished asking them.

How do House Republicans plan to deal with Bill Clinton?

"Our goal should be cooperation

LOU RAWLS



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without compromise," Gingrich told me. "Our role in the minority is to offer new ideas, to offer intelligent criticism of their dumb ideas, and to cooperate when we have common ground." Gingrich is savvy enough to recognize that voters are tired of inaction in Washington and the Republicans mustn't allow the Democrats to paint them as obstructionists. If Clinton aligns himself with Democratic moderates, he says, "my guess is we'll cooperate with him 50 or 60 percent of the time," but if he swings to the left, "then we will oppose him and the country will simply walk off and he'll be a one-term President."

Gingrich used to pound liberals for being naive about the Soviet threat. Now that the prospect of nuclear war has diminished, he is almost sanguine about a Democratic presidency. "If the Soviet empire still existed, I'd be terrified. The fact is, we can afford a fairly ignorant presidency now. It'll just be a mess. [Clinton] is entering a world which is tactically more dangerous but strategically safer. Twenty or thirty little messes can be very debilitating. You can bleed to death from lots of little cuts."

Defining the Republican Party's mission amid the wreckage of the Bush presidency isn't easy, given the factions within the party and even within its conservative wing. One of the nastiest spats, in fact, is between Gingrich and George Will, the conservative columnist. In his latest book, *Restoration*, Will singles out Gingrich as "a case study of the primacy of careerism in the life of the modern congressman." Gingrich used to make convincing arguments for term limitation and now he is one himself, Will writes, citing Gingrich's House bank overdrafts, including a check for $9,463 to the Internal Revenue Service, and his use of a government-provided Lincoln Town Car and driver, the aptly named George Awkward. (Gingrich abruptly stopped using this leadership perquisite when it became an issue in last year's primary fight.) By promoting himself as a power broker who can deliver for Cobb County, Georgia, Gingrich has become just another "well-wired, pork-producing, inside-the-Beltway operator," Will maintains.

Gingrich, who responds to criticism with massive retaliation, says that Will understands neither the role of a representative nor Gingrich's own career. Gingrich points out that he sided with George Bush against the machinists' union in the Eastern Airlines strike, which almost cost him the 1990 election, because of the large number of Eastern employees in his district. That same year he alienated many Republicans by opposing a bipartisan deficit-reduction plan that included higher taxes. He supports the free-trade agreement with Mexico, despite opposition from textile interests back home. "I have risked my seat a lot more often than Will has risked his column," he declares.

"Will doesn't like me," Gingrich says. "He doesn't like me because I'm against tax increases. He doesn't like me because I'm a populist and he's a Tory. He doesn't like me because I have different ideas than his, which is even more dangerous than having no ideas."

Gingrich's ideas are an unusual blend of "megatrends" and traditional values, of conservatism on most domestic and foreign-policy issues tempered by moderation on civil rights and women's and environmental issues. In the World According to Newt there are four keys to the 1990s: applying the concept of quality, as defined by the business guru W. Edwards Deming and others, to the delivery of government services; encouraging "entrepreneurial free enterprise" with an emphasis on small business; taking advantage of technological advances; and recognizing that America's culture and core values are both universal and unique. Lately Gingrich has added a fifth key—strength, courage, and persistence—because "if you don't have strength and courage and persistence, the rest just remains theory."

Gingrich's five pieces don't seem to fit together easily, and it's not apparent how the nation is supposed to get where he wants it to go. Gingrich has explained that he does not advocate "a sudden overnight wholesale replacement of our current welfare-state structure," because no single group would be able to plan and execute the necessary changes. Instead, he has said, every level of government should begin reforms, and "the creativity of millions of Americans in thousands of locations will ensure the success of an opportunity society and the demise of the welfare state."

When Gingrich talks about replacing the welfare state, he doesn't mean doing away with popular programs like Social Security and Medicare. His targets are easier than that—bureaucrats, big-city machine politicians, corrupt labor bosses, and trial lawyers, for example. In fact, stripped of the futuristic rhetoric, Gingrich's specific priorities look a lot like traditional conservative remedies with new marketing slogans: more police officers, prosecutors, and prisons to deal with crime; more discipline and homework in schools; tort reform to cut down on frivolous lawsuits; less red tape on business; health-care reform that makes private coverage available to all; mandatory work programs for able welfare recipients; enterprise zones in inner cities; tougher negotiations with trading partners; and a strong foreign policy even in the post-Soviet era.

Gingrich is often criticized for being heavy on ideas and light on legislative achievements: of the thirty-one measures he has sponsored in the past decade, one cleared the House. Asked about this, Gingrich is momentarily thrown off balance, but he bounces back with a good sound bite: "If you define legislative success as things George Mitchell and Teddy Kennedy and Dick Gephardt will approve, then there will be very few moments for conservatives." He goes on to note that he pushed the Reagan Administration toward supporting the federal holiday on Martin Luther King Jr.'s birthday and sanctions against South Africa, types of things that don't show up on legislative scorecards. He also co-sponsored the new Clean Air Act, worked to repeal a tax-code section opposed by small business, and drafted health, crime, and economic-growth bills that the Democrats ignored.

For someone who came to Congress as an outsider fighting the establishment, Gingrich certainly likes being an inside player. During Republican organizational meetings after the elections, his candidate for the No. 3 leadership spot in the House, Dick Armey, of Texas, defeated Jerry Lewis, of California, in the race for Republican conference chairman. Lewis was considered one of Gingrich's main rivals to succeed Michel as minority leader, and Gingrich can't resist noting that Armey "won by four votes; there are four Georgians."

(Continued on page 37)

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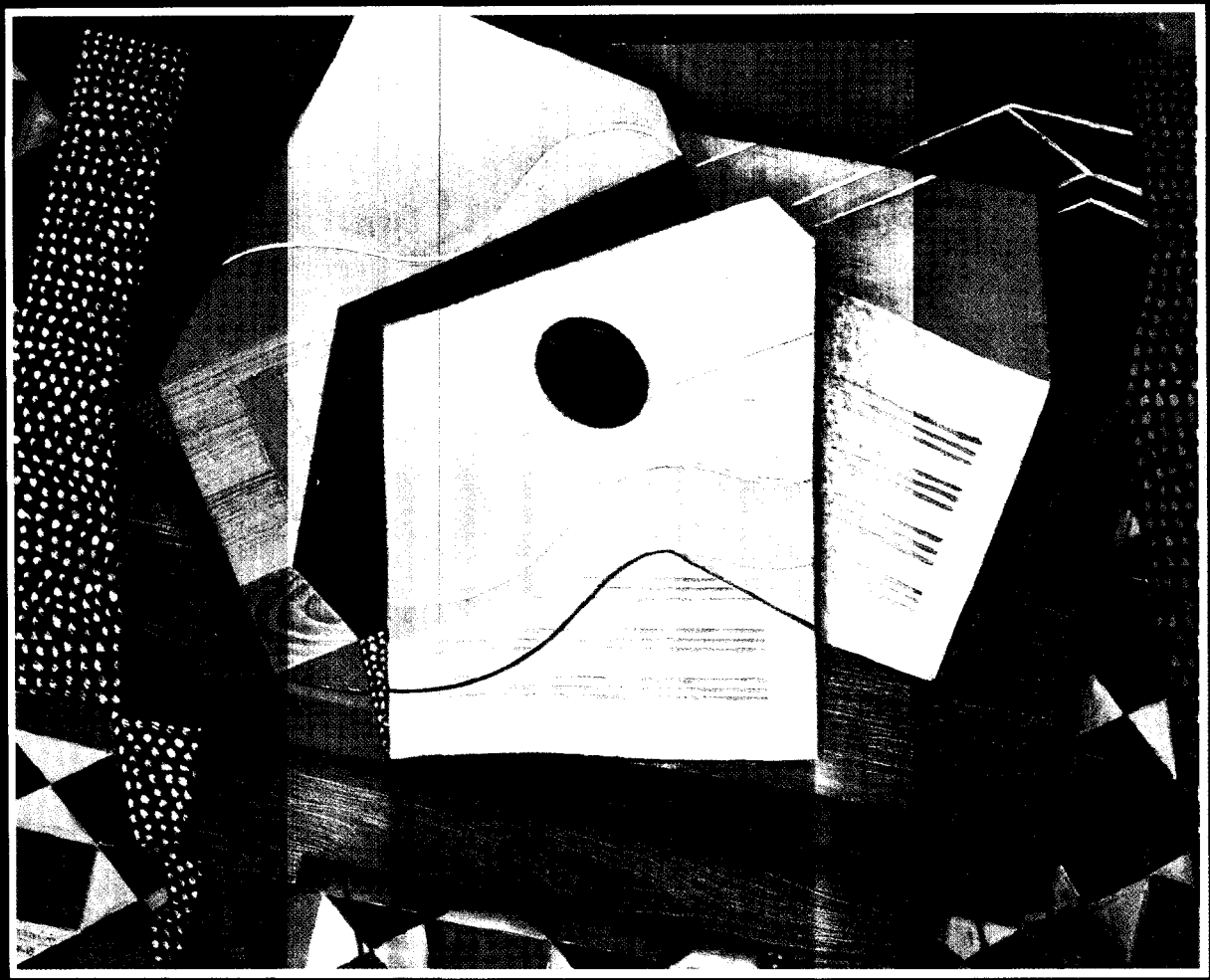
arts & ENTERTAINMENT



JUNE 1993 • INSIDE: STRAUSS IN SAN FRANCISCO • THE READERS' CHOICE AWARDS IN FILM • WARREN ZEVON PULLS THE PLUG • THE GUITAR GENIUS OF DANNY GATTON • THE AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL TURNS 60 • VAN CLIBURN REWRITES THE RULES • VIRGINIA WOOLF'S *ORLANDO* ON SCREEN • INNOVATIVE SET DESIGN IN ST. LOUIS • ARTHUR ALEXANDER UNCOVERED

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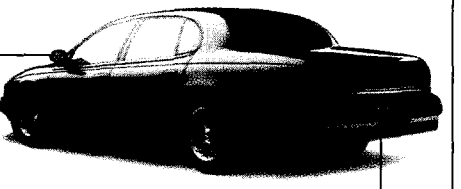

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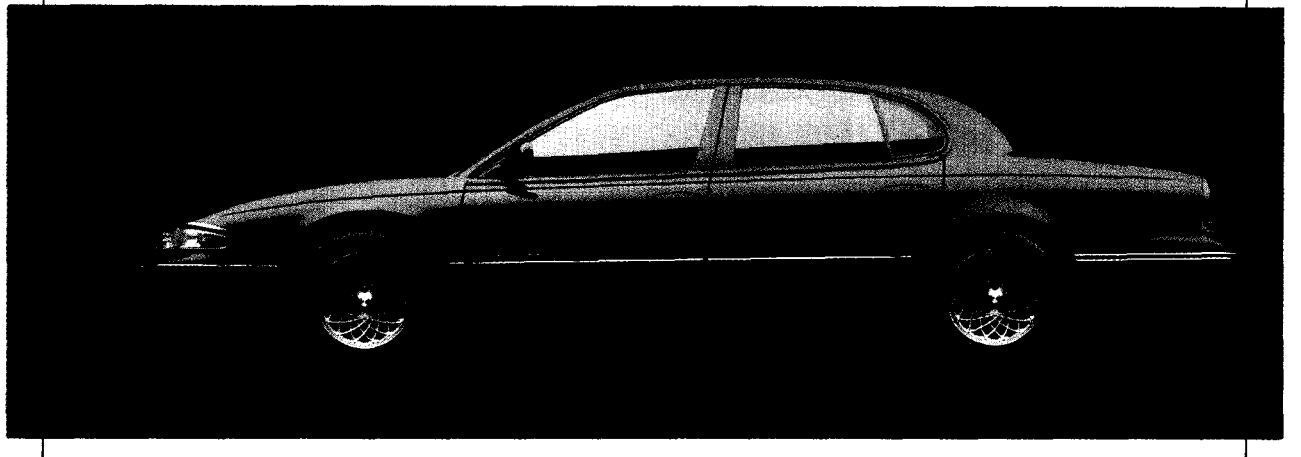

They added four-wheel independent suspension, and a 24-valve, 214 horsepower engine. The result? A car that seats six, but that isn't boring. (Not that you don't get plenty of pragmatic features like dual air bags, four-wheel ABS, and a cavernous trunk.) It's just that someone in Detroit finally realized that people who buy full-sized luxury cars may be practical. But they're not dead. For more information, call 1-800-4A-CHRYSLER. ADVANTAGE: CHRYSLER

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DANCE AND THEATER

by Austin Baer and Laura Jacobs

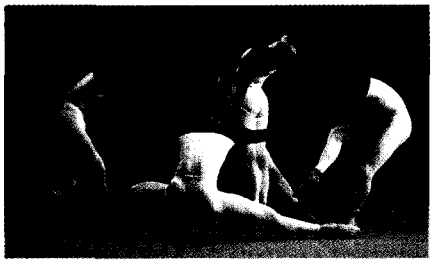
O'ER THE RAMPARTS WE WATCHED

nna Deavere Smith asks questions. Where trouble strikes, she follows. To date, the actress-writer's most celebrated creation—performed in several American cities, in London, and on the PBS series *American Playhouse*—has been *Fires in the Mirror: Crown Heights, Brooklyn, and Other Identities*, drawn from dozens of interviews with members of communities sometimes racked by racial violence. In fact, *Fires* was but one panel of Smith's work-in-progress *On the Road: A Search for American Identity.* This month, at the Mark Taper Forum, in Los Angeles, comes *Twilight's Last Gleaming: Los Angeles, 1992*, dealing with the Rodney King trial and its apocalyptic aftermath. Once again, the script consists entirely of words spoken by Smith's sources, but the label "docudrama" will not do for what Smith makes of her material. It was Aristotle, was it not? who said that poetry is "more philosophic" than history. Smith's ability to listen, her revealing juxtapositions, and her uncanny impersonations reveal in oral history the sort of poetry of which that tenet is true. **—A.B.**

Anna Deavere Smith in action

WILLIAM GIBSON/MARTHA SWOPE PHOTOGRAPHY

LAND OF 1,000 DANCES



A Merce Cunningham production

MICHAEL O'NEILL

asked a friend to describe the American Dance Festival, in Durham, North Carolina. "A thousand and one different languages are spoken—it's a United Nations where the lingua franca is dance. You turn around and there's a dance class going on under a tree"—a magnolia tree. The ADF turns 60 this year. Even a brief history would take a book, but you wouldn't be far off calling ADF's early years at Bennington College the *summer* cradle of modern dance. Among the companies celebrating the 60th are Pilobolus Dance Theatre (June 10 to 15), Laura Dean Musicians and Dancers (June 17 to 19), Molissa Fenley (June 22 and 23), Trisha Brown Company (July 1 to 3), Paul Taylor Dance Company (July 8 to 10), and Merce Cunningham (July 15 to 17). Taylor and Cunningham are both presenting premieres; and if Cunningham pencils in *Enter*, the hour-long stunner that glows Grand Marnier gold as it leads you into happy hell, don't miss it. **—L.J.**

PLAYWRIGHTS' BAZAAR

o catch up with plays that serious people are talking about, one place to go is the Oregon Shakespeare Festival, in Ashland, roughly midway between San Francisco and Portland. This month's playbill features such recent critical successes as *Joe Turner's Come and Gone*, August Wilson's brooding drama of African-Americans still haunted by the specter of slavery a half-century after Abolition, and *Lips Together, Teeth Apart*, Terrence McNally's bittersweet satire on the way we live now ("we," that is, if you are white, from New York, upper-middle-class, fortysomething, and scared). But where, O, where is Will? Well, everyone's favorite Machiavel has been making Shakespearean mischief in *Richard III* at the Angus Bowmer Theatre, the festival's main stage, since February, with performances continuing through Halloween. And *Antony and Cleopatra*, that most sensuous of tragedies (opening June 8), and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, airborne bubble of divine tomfoolery (opening June 9), grace the open-air Elizabethan Theatre through October. They play in repertory with *The White Devil* (opening June 10), a Jacobean play of horrors whose heroine, as gorgeous as she is brazen, suffers baroque torments for her crimes. John Webster, who wrote the play, knew terrible truths. Here he has a villain say, "We think cag'd birds sing, when indeed they cry." That knowledge is the source of Webster's frightening music. **—A.B.**

BRITISH VARIATIONS

see *Symphonic Variations* as the morning of the world," said an early observer of Sir Frederick Ashton's dance of 1946. It may also be the morning of English ballet, which rose radiantly out of the forties—Ashton in full choreographic voice and ballerina Margot Fonteyn in full blossom. Sir Frederick began imagining the work while in the RAF, a stint that saw him dipping deep into mysticism. The eccentric four-season scenario he sketched to César Franck's music (a sentence from Part 4: "Art and Faith united in one unseverable bond") has a head-in-the-clouds, meet-your-maker flamboyance. Back home in the Sadler's Wells studio, the dance came down to earth. Ashton dumped the dogma, and instead sculpted the most serene, sylvan (and stylish!) steps ever invented for six classical dancers.

How to describe *Symphonic*? Clarity, order, balance—*veritas* in white tunics and pink toe shoes. *Symphonic Variations* is everything England fought for, and what every ballet company worth watching is about. American Ballet Theatre offers Ashton's masterpiece on four programs June 8, 9, and 10 at the Metropolitan Opera House. **—L.J.**

FILM STUDIES

A classic Kirov pose

COURTESY OF KULTUR VIDEO

avlova's *port de bras* like snow flurries in *The Dying Swan*. Chabukiani's lanky waist. Dudinskaya's arabesque—an act of nature, dependable as dawn. Kolpakova's fierce delicacy. The lithium light of Ulanova's upturned face, accepting her own Annunciation. A 1940 "Kingdom of the Shades," the corps girls in *sous-sus*, their big white tutus reflected in the glass-black floor—zen peonies. These are images from Kultur Video's new *Classic Kirov Performances*, an anthology of rare footage from a poetic past, and a balletomanes' must. For more information, call 800-458-5887. **—L.J.**

Laura Jacobs is the editor in chief of Stagebill.
Austin Baer is a writer living in New York.

COVER IMAGE: *GUITAR ON A TABLE*, 1915, JUAN GRIS (1887–1927). STATE MUSEUM COLLECTION, KRÖLLER-MÜLLER, OTTERLO, THE NETHERLANDS.

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FILM

by Ella Taylor

AND NOW...THE READERS' CHOICE AWARDS

Neil Jordan's *The Crying Game* walked away with our readers' Oscars poll on almost every front, beating out the highly nominated *Unforgiven* and *Howards End*. My hunch is that this film grabbed the public imagination not, as Miramax's wily marketing campaign would have us believe, because of The Secret, but because

MIRAMAX FILMS

The Crying Game

it was a fanciful romance about love and kindness flourishing between a ludicrously mismatched couple. *The Crying Game* easily won Best Foreign Film (can the potboiling *Indochine* really have edged out *Howards End* and *Close to Eden* for second place?) as well as Best Picture. The wonderful Stephen Rea, who played the hangdog IRA terrorist Fergus, took third place, a few votes behind second-place Denzel Washington in *Malcolm X*, for Best Actor (of the winner, more anon). Jaye Davidson got small but significant support in both Best Actor and Best Actress categories, a response I take to be more playful than confused. Emma

Our March Arts & Entertainment poll asked readers for their Oscar picks.

Best Picture: **The Crying Game**
Best Foreign Film: **The Crying Game**
Best Actress: **Emma Thompson**
Best Actor: **Al Pacino**

Thompson (*Howards End*) won Best Actress by miles, with Michelle Pfeiffer and Miranda Richardson far behind, and the estimably foul-mouthed Marisa Tomei (*My Cousin Vinny*) far lower down the list than I (or the Academy) would have placed her. (One reader nominated "Barbara Bush at the Republican Convention.") Could someone explain why Al Pacino, a great actor in his dumbest role ever, stole everyone's vote for Best Actor in *Scent of a Woman*? Me, I'm with the readers who gave Pacino "Most Bloated Performance" and "Most Overrated Acting Award."

In the department of creative Oscars, *The Crying Game*'s Jaye Davidson stood out, carrying off both a "Homophobe's Nightmare" and a "Tootsie Role" award. Equal-opportunity zealots favored nonhuman candidates, which received prizes for "Best Supporting Inanimate Object" (the carpet in *Aladdin*) and "Best Stuntwork" (the

MYLES ARONWITZ

Al Pacino

fish in *A River Runs Through It*). Woody Allen's *Husbands and Wives* won "Make You Dizzy Till You're Sick" and "Life Imitating Art Imitating Life" awards. To my delight Joe Eszterhas earned a "Money for Nothing" award for his $3 million screenplay for *Basic Instinct*, which also scored "Most Insipid Overrated Movie." But perhaps the most accurate prize was bestowed on Peter Greenaway's *Prospero's Books*: an Oscar for "Most Jiggling Genitalia."

DERRICK SMITH

Emma Thompson

Asked to recommend their favorite film on video, our readers proved catholic, recommending a total of 330 different movies without discernible pattern, except that most of the top vote-getters were independent rather than studio pictures. I was delighted to see the neglected *A Midnight Clear* top the list and the excellent *Life Is Sweet* tie for second place with *Babette's Feast*. Predictably both *Cinema Paradiso* and *Europa, Europa*, which did well in theaters, were high on the rentals list. But it's encouraging that more marginal films like *My Dinner with Andre* have a spirited afterlife on video, along with the better crowd-pleasers like *The Commitments* and *Mona Lisa* (this is truly Neil Jordan's year). But why did only two readers vote for *Debbie Does Dallas*?

ORLANDO WILL BE HOT THIS SUMMER

Although summer belongs to the studios, the real hit this year ought to be an independent film: Sally Potter's adaptation of Virginia Woolf's time- and gender-bending novel, *Orlando*. This gorgeous, clever, waggish film stars Tilda Swinton, who, with her chiseled face and swiveling eyes, looks like a ravishingly beautiful hamster. As the androgynous blue blood who hurtles through 400 years of British history (including a brief spell as the kept person of Elizabeth I, played by that queen of camp, Quentin Crisp), Swinton turns into a woman just in time to usher in modernity. Juggling the antic energy of a sitcom with an almost painfully lovely choreographed lyricism (Potter was once a dancer and performance artist), *Orlando* waltzes you through a meditation on gender and property relations, love, death and politics, and some riotously funny lampooning of English manners and fashions down the ages. The acting is great, the music is fabulous, so are the English and Russian locations. What can I say? It's perfect, go see it.

SONY PICTURES CLASSICS

A pastoral scene from *Orlando*

MUCH ADO

June is busting out with an orgy of promotion for two potential blockbusters. The first is Steven Spielberg's *Jurassic Park*, adapted from Michael Crichton's novel about theme-park dinosaurs running wild. Beyond the fact that it is too carnivorous (humans are dismembered and eaten) for a kids' movie, Universal Studios is saying little about *Jurassic Park* but a great deal about the $65 million worth of tie-in toys to accompany the film's launch, in June. Speaking of launching, Columbia Pictures paid $500,000 to put Arnold Schwarzenegger's name and the logo for his movie, *The Last Action Hero*, on the side of a NASA rocket that was due to blast off in May. Should he have gone with it?

Ella Taylor is a film critic for L.A. Weekly.

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POPULAR MUSIC AND JAZZ

by Charles M. Young and Bob Blumenthal

FUNKY CURES FOR THE SUMMERTIME BLUES

Clarinetist Don Byron is reasserting the power and range of his often marginalized instrument. His remarkable 1992 debut *Tuskegee Experiments* (Elektra Nonesuch) includes music by Robert Schumann and Duke Ellington as well as his own sleek and caustic compositions. For an encore he offers *Don Byron Plays the Music of Mickey Katz*, an impeccable, affectionate homage to the man who blended klezmer music and song parodies like a Catskill Spike Jones. Byron's eight-piece band can shift effortlessly from Katz classics to the more abstract originals that frame the program. The original Yiddish-laden lyrics keep the kaleidoscopic arrangements in context, while Byron and violinist Mark Feldman continually deliver solos of acrobatic fervor. **—B.B.**

Don Byron

DON BYRON PHOTO BY DEBORAH FEINGOLD

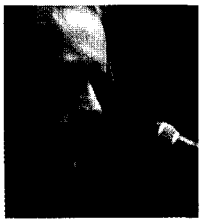
Horace Silver

HORACE SILVER PHOTO BY CAROLINE GREYSHOCK

Pianist Horace Silver has been a paragon of consistency for 40 years, and remains so on his first major-label release in over a decade, *It's Got To Be Funky* (Columbia). As both player and composer, Silver continues to toss out hooks like the most determined fisherman, and his sanctified take on bebop is as infectious as ever. New touches include mobile arrangements for a six-piece horn section, and the inspired mixing and matching of his distinctive guest tenor saxophonists Eddie Harris, Red Holloway, and Branford Marsalis. Silver will be playing this feel-good music on tour all summer, beginning with L.A.'s Playboy Jazz Festival on June 12 and including a JVC Jazz appearance on what will be declared Horace Silver Day in New York City, June 26. **—B.B.**

EVEN ZEVON

Combining a darkly surreal sense of satire with a peculiar sympathy for sleazy businessmen, mercenaries, and romantic screw-ups, Warren Zevon deserves his reputation as one of America's most surprising and literate songwriters. On *Learning to Flinch* (Giant) he leaps on the acoustic bandwagon that Eric Clapton started with *Unplugged*, and he makes the leap with no accompaniment. In Zevon's case, this makes artistic as well as commercial sense, since he's brilliant on keyboards and several levels above passable on guitar. He doesn't really need any musicians besides himself to make the best case for these hilarious, poignant, and often chilling songs. Many you've likely heard before: "Werewolves of London" was a huge hit, sung here with contagious enthusiasm. "The Indifference of Heaven" presents a view of the cosmos less likely to connect with any established radio format. And Zevon's great gift for melody can get anyone to sing along. **—C.M.Y.**



Warren Zevon

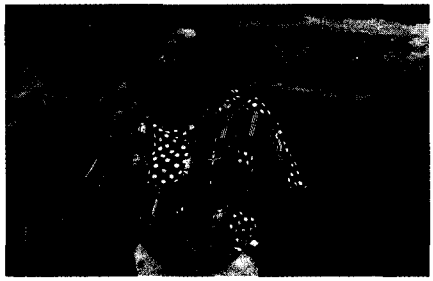
COURTESY OF GIANT RECORDS

THE FASTEST MAN ALIVE

For years Danny Gatton was a legend on the club circuit around Washington, D.C., and pretty much anonymous everywhere else. Maybe record companies were scared off by Roy Buchanan, another guitar legend from the same area, who flatly refused to deal with success to the point of suicide. Gatton actually didn't hate the prospect of success; it just didn't occur to him that he might benefit from promoting himself. This changed in 1989, when several magazines alerted their readers that Gatton was probably the fastest guitarist alive, and maybe the most versatile. In 1991 he released his first major-label album, *88 Elmira Street*, won over a lot of fans, and got nominated for a Grammy. His latest, *Cruisin' Deuces* (Elektra), should win over a lot more. The thing about Gatton's speed on his chimey Fender Telecaster is that it's always in the service of the song and in the context of various terrific band configurations, many of which appear here. Equally fluent in country, blues, jazz, rock, rockabilly, and probably a dozen subgenres that all blur together, Gatton qualifies for that old cliché about the weather: If you don't like what he's doing now, wait three minutes and it'll change. **—C.M.Y.**

RIPPIN' VAN WINKLE

Born in 1940, Arthur Alexander first emerged as a powerful songwriter and soul singer in the early sixties, influencing such acts as the Beatles (who covered Alexander's "Anna"), the Rolling Stones ("You Better Move On"), and Bob Dylan ("Sally Sue Brown"). While his influencees went on to legendary success, Alexander's career petered out by the late sixties and died altogether after a couple of comeback attempts in 1972 and 1975. In one of those surprising, arbitrary revivals that periodically erupt in the music business, Alexander appeared at a songwriters' showcase in New York in 1991 and suddenly found himself a hot commodity. *Lonely Just Like Me* (Elektra Nonesuch), his first album in 20 years, is the result and it should warm the heart of anyone whose heart was warmed by the Golden Age of soul singing. Alexander's appeal lies in combining deep feeling with a gentleness that makes him seem approachable, like you could sit down and talk to the guy about your troubles and he'd lay a world-class pep talk ("I Believe in Miracles") on you. His approach to storytelling manages to be moral without descending into self-righteousness: in "Go Home Girl," he diplomatically tells his best friend's significant other that he can't get involved, lest he betray the friendship. It's also a pleasure to hear highly talented musicians playing music with a minimum of techno-wizardry, which gives the album a decidedly mid-sixties feel, spare and accessible. Other highlights include the country-flavored "If It's Really Got To Be This Way," the remake of "Sally Sue Brown," and "Every Day I Have To Cry Some," which Dusty Springfield once made famous. **—C.M.Y.**



Arthur Alexander

MICHAEL P. SMITH

Charles M. Young is the executive editor of Musician *magazine.*
Bob Blumenthal is a jazz critic for The Boston Globe *and* CD Review.

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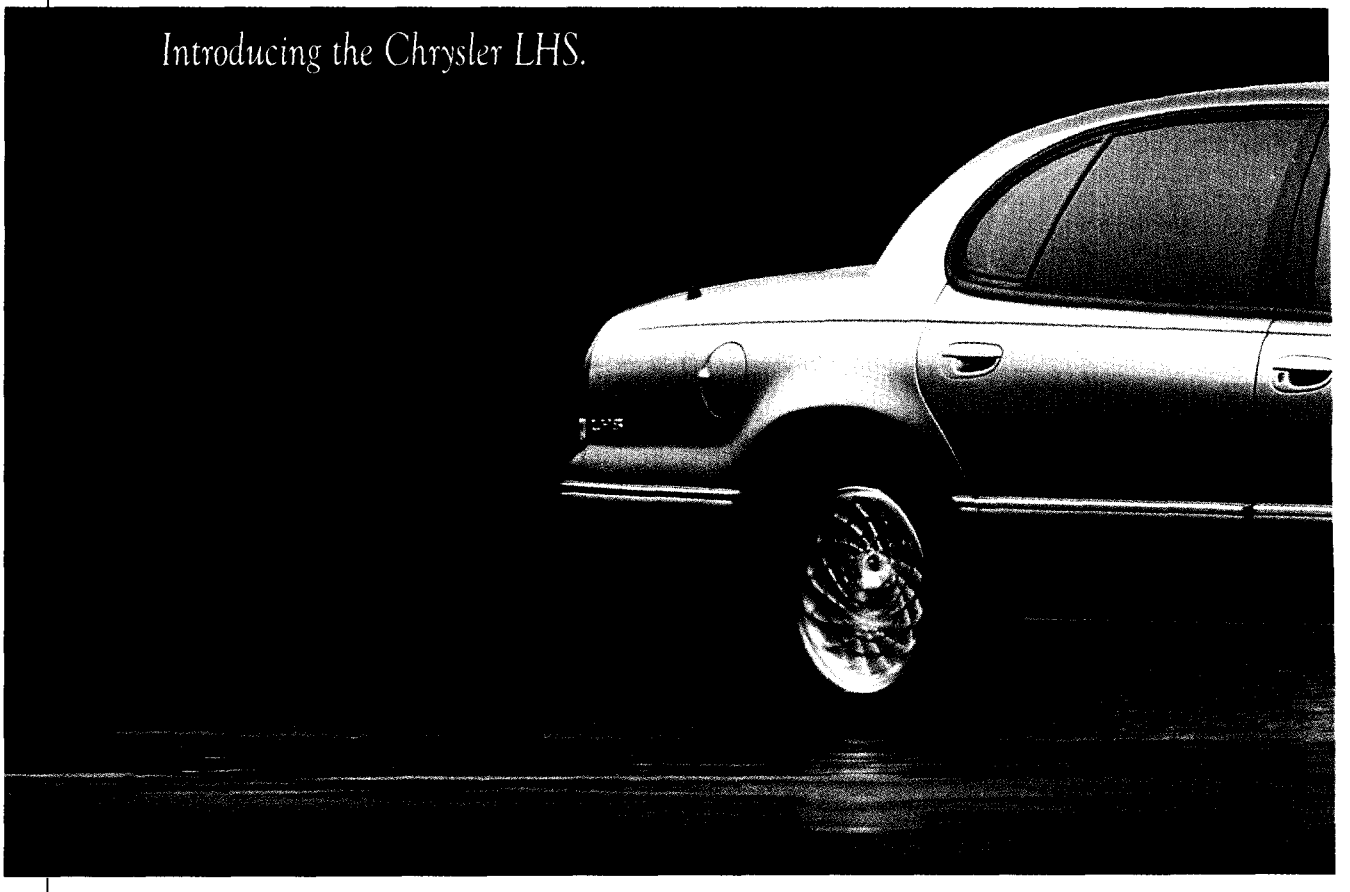

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hurt, either.) Of course, you'll be doing all this while ensconced in leather-trimmed bucket seats, listening to your favorite CD on an 11-speaker Infinity Spatial-Imaging System.* Who knows? The whole experience may take you back to your youth, and

ıt an accelerated pace.

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CLASSICAL MUSIC

by Austin Baer

SET FOR ACTION

Let other troupes be grand; Opera Theatre of Saint Louis prefers immediacy. Now in its 18th season, it does without box-office names and presents all works in English. Yet it is a connoisseurs' delight, prized for meticulous musical and dramatic preparation. Not opulence but artful style marks its productions. Last year, in a move meant to sharpen the spectators' focus on the interactions of the stage rather than on trappings, the company constructed a new playing space, Elizabethan in inspiration. A fiber-glass shell finished to look like brickwork, with doors and arches, it remains in place all season, housing four productions that play in rotating repertory (May 21 to June 20). Directors can dress up the new stage or conceal it as they wish; it also functions as a setting in its own right. Not altogether incidentally, its surfaces bounce the singers' voices into the auditorium, greatly enhancing the fan-shaped hall's acoustics. Reactions to the new facility were overwhelmingly in favor. This season's fare will test its flexibility anew. First comes Massenet's storybook confection *Cinderella*. Next up are two dances of death: Mozart's sulfur-dusted tragicomedy *Don Giovanni* and David Carlson's *The Midnight Angel*, set in the glittering society of Edwardian London, a world premiere. Rounding out the bill is Britten's sea-swept *Billy Budd*, taken from Melville's allegorical tale of an angelic foretopman destroyed by willful evil. Brothers in Britten, take note: this is the American stage premiere of the original version.

The Midnight Angel

COSTUME SKETCH COURTESY OF ROBERT PERDZIOLA

TOSCANINI'S AIR APPARENT

Classical musicians on a radio station's payroll? The idea is by no means novel. In Europe, state-supported national networks maintain whole orchestras. Long ago, comparable arrangements existed in the United States. Think of Toscanini, who had the NBC Symphony at his disposal well into the fifties. But that was then. Today, the new program "On A-I-R" of WQXR 93.6 FM, in New York, which bills itself as "the nation's most listened-to classical music station," has no counterpart anywhere in the country. ("A-I-R" stands for "Artists-in-Radio.") For 13 weeks through June 27, the flautist Marina Piccinini, the pianist Jon Klibonoff, and a brass quintet by the name of Meridian Arts Ensemble are offering live one-hour concerts with commentary each Sunday at 5 p.m. WQXR's seven artists in residence, all trained at Juilliard, boast impressive résumés. Their residency was organized by Concert Artists Guild, the nonprofit organization devoted to emerging musical professionals, which hopes hereby to help them to a loyal following. The Helen F. Whitaker Fund is footing the bill. Three cheers, and may this start a trend.

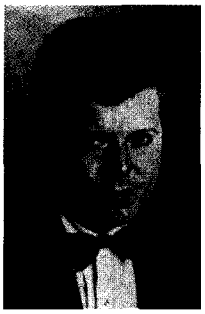
The Meridian Arts Ensemble

COURTESY OF CONCERT ARTISTS GUILD

CELEBRATING STRAUSS

The decadent, biblical *Salome* (1905) and the monumental *Elektra* (1909) shook the world of opera like twin thunderclaps. (They still do.) *Der Rosenkavalier* (1911), scented with Persian attar in a silver rose, had audiences delirious with belated fin-de-siècle nostalgia. (It still does.) The world at large has been content to pass by Richard Strauss's later operas, thus missing much junk and some treasures. The San Francisco Opera's celebration of Strauss this month features the enduring *Salome* and *Der Rosenkavalier*, and the exquisitely wrought *Capriccio* (1942), starring Kiri Te Kanawa as the Countess who cannot decide whether she loves poetry or music most. The company also offers a concert version of *Daphne* (1938), and good luck to them. In a disregard of realities so flagrant as to amount to a death wish, that score calls for two leading tenors. Fortunately, the soprano has the final word, a rapturous monologue in which she changes into a tree.

ANYTHING GOES



Van Cliburn

COURTESY OF THE VAN CLIBURN FOUNDATION, INC.

Chief among the complaints against music competitions is their way of rewarding the predictable. In an admirable attempt to break the habit, the Ninth Van Cliburn International Piano Competition, in Fort Worth, Texas, has changed its rules. Repertoire requirements, the procrustean standard of such events, have been abandoned. Well, almost. Entrants who clear the first round must try their hands at Morton Gould's *Ghost Waltzes*, commissioned by the Van Cliburn Foundation for this occasion. Apart from that, and for the first time, they may play whatever they like. The concerts are public. Three dozen pianists from 17 countries are expected. What a fiesta of apples and oranges this should be! No doubt, the new dispensation will make life more difficult for the distinguished 15-member jury. (Oh, to be a fly on the wall at their deliberations!) The first competitor enters the lists May 22; the winners will be announced at the awards ceremony, on June 6. Hope for some surprises. For more information, call 817-738-6536.

Austin Baer is a writer living in New York.

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(Continued from page 28)

A Georgian by chance, Gingrich was born north of the Mason-Dixon line, in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. As the stepson of a domineering career Army officer, he landed in Georgia in his high school years, when he became precociously interested in Republican party politics. He went to college at Emory and rounded off his education with a masters and a Ph.D. in history from Tulane. He then taught for some years at West Georgia College, in Carrollton, from where he launched unsuccessful campaigns for Congress in 1974 and 1976. Told that he had better win his third race, in 1978, because he wouldn't be granted tenure, Gingrich, who had been a Rockefeller Republican, veered right, charging that his Democratic opponent, a woman, would have to break up her family to move to Washington. The gambit worked, though Gingrich's own marriage—at nineteen he had married a teacher seven years his senior, and they had two children—was soon to end in circumstances that his enemies have used against him ever since.

IN HIS EARLY YEARS in the House, Gingrich became known for drafting a plan for governing Americans in space colonies, giving him a reputation as something of a right-wing Jerry Brown. He enthusiastically embraced the supply-side economic theory espoused by Jack Kemp and others, a politically painless program that contributed both to the 1980s boom and to a $3 trillion increase in the national debt.

Gingrich was also learning about the power of the media and how to harness it to his own advantage. Since the beginning of his career he had courted relationships with newspaper editors, first in Carrollton and then in Atlanta. In his unsuccessful congressional campaigns he had noticed that he got far more attention in the Georgia media by attacking his opponent on matters of ethics than he did by issuing policy papers. The Washington media were no different. National reporters didn't care how much legislation you sponsored; they wanted conflict, a good story. In his freshman year Gingrich made a minor splash by calling for the expulsion of Representative Charles Diggs, a Democrat from Michigan who had been convicted of embezzling office funds. Denouncing colleagues and the opposition in unusually harsh and personal terms was a surefire way to get attention, Gingrich discovered.

People who dismissed Gingrich as a cartoonish bomb thrower underestimated him. His outrageous, exaggerated charges were part of a larger plan. "I've done very few things that were hip shots in my career," he once told a group of reporters. "The style of being aggressive enough and different enough when you guys cover me is conscious." Gingrich became an expert at media manipulation. Last year, according to an analysis by *The Washington Monthly*, Gingrich appeared in or was mentioned in 151 stories on ABC, CNN, and *The MacNeil-Lehrer NewsHour*—twelve more than the Senate minority leader, Robert Dole; fifty-six more than the Senate majority leader, George Mitchell; and 130 more than the House majority whip, David Bonior.

During Ronald Reagan's first term Gingrich and a group of restive Republicans who called themselves the Conservative Opportunity Society set out to use the media in a quest for attention and, ultimately, power. The vehicle for their guerrilla warfare against the Democrats was C-SPAN, the cable-satellite public-affairs network. In after-hours speeches delivered to a vacant House chamber but also to thousands of C-SPAN households, Gingrich and company decried the Democrats as soft on communism. Eventually Tip O'Neill, then speaker of the House, was provoked into ordering the cameras to pan the empty chambers and denouncing Gingrich personally. O'Neill's denunciation of a fellow member was deemed to have violated House rules on personal insults, making O'Neill the first speaker since 1797 to be rebuked for his language and catapulting Gingrich into the limelight.

Gingrich's next move was to take on O'Neill's successor, Jim Wright, of Texas, who was threatening to wield and consolidate Democratic power to an extent that O'Neill never had. Gingrich was refining a theory of a House corrupted by decades of Democratic rule. Early in Wright's speakership Gingrich decided to charge Wright, repeatedly and publicly, with unethical conduct, in an effort to force a formal investigation. Common Cause picked up on Gingrich's call for an ethics investigation, which ultimately led to Wright's resignation.

The toppling of Wright made Gingrich a hero among his long-suffering Republican colleagues, who were anxious for more confrontation and less cooperation with the Democrats. In an almost tribal ritual they rewarded him with the whip's position in March of 1989, after Dick Cheney resigned to become Secretary of Defense.

The Democrats counterattacked almost immediately. For a student of history, Gingrich appeared remarkably unprepared for the effort they mounted to destroy him. "I was shocked that he was shocked," said his former colleague Vin Weber, who was one of Gingrich's close allies. "He had charged into the enemy camp and killed the king's pig. And he wondered why the king's soldiers were gathering with their swords drawn."

Ironically, the Wright investigation had focused on a questionable book deal, and Gingrich himself was involved in two unusual book partnerships. Democrats charged that both arrangements were ways for Gingrich to receive financial help from wealthy benefactors without having to report it. But the ethics committee, in March of 1990, cleared Gingrich of any wrongdoing in the publishing partnerships, although it did admonish him for not disclosing that he had co-signed a mortgage on a house his daughter had bought from the wife of a political supporter.

The ethics investigation didn't end Democrats' efforts to get rid of the self-described Republican revolutionary. The Democratic campaign committee's dossier on Gingrich charges him with using various perks available to incumbents to entrench himself, even while criticizing the practice. In 1991 he spent more than anyone else in the Georgia delegation on office expenses, payroll, and franked mail combined. To get re-elected in 1992 he spent $1.96 million, the fifth highest amount spent by a candidate for the House, and took $654,000 from PACs, the tenth highest amount taken by a House candidate. Ralph Nader, who has taken a personal interest in removing Gingrich from Congress, calls him an indentured servant of corporate interests. "He has no more principles left to compromise," Nader says. "He's purely a foghorn opportunist." Gingrich, however, sees no contradiction in taking advantage of practices he denounces. Until the rules

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are changed, he says, he's not going to disarm himself unilaterally.

Democrats also assert that Gingrich's political-action committee, GOPAC, is little more than a way for fat cats to support Republican consultants and finance Gingrich's travels in behalf of his various personal and political agendas. Housed on the fourth floor of a nondescript office building a few blocks from the Capitol, GOPAC has taken on Gingrich's character—an emphasis on ideas, training, and activism, and performance that falls short of promises. GOPAC announced that it would round up $17 million for Republican congressional candidates in 1992; it ended up directing about one tenth that amount. Gingrich remarks that money alone won't enable Republicans to capture the House of Representatives. What the party's candidates really need, he says, is "positive ideas for governing." GOPAC's tapes, booklets, and training sessions do appear to be useful to inexperienced candidates, many of whom have written to GOPAC to express their appreciation. Sometimes, though, the line between useful instruction and the glorification of Newt Gingrich gets a little blurry.

HAVING SURVIVED the worst the Democrats have been able to throw at him, Gingrich continues fighting his fight while many of his Republican soulmates have gone on to other, less discouraging endeavors. He's in a safely Republican district north of Atlanta, but he remains vulnerable to a primary challenge, especially because in Georgia, Democrats can cross over and vote against him in a Republican primary. "His problem here is he doesn't have a local agenda," says Bill Shipp, the publisher of a newsletter on Georgia politics. "The perception is that all his interests are inside the Beltway." Gingrich is working to change that perception. In the last four months of 1992 he sent out more than a dozen press releases announcing federal grants or contracts in his district. During his current term he can be expected to exert considerable effort to extract federal aid to help the Atlanta area prepare for the 1996 Summer Olympics.

In Washington, Gingrich must do the delicate tightrope walk of the outsider who's now an insider, the revolutionary who wants to be a ruler. He remains fixated on creating a Republican majority in the House and becoming speaker. People who don't understand that ambition thought he might challenge the vulnerable Democrat Wyche Fowler in last year's Senate race in Georgia, but Gingrich declined, explaining, "I'm a creature of the House. I can do so much more for Georgia and for the values that we stand for by being in this [whip] job than I could do by being a freshman senator."

Unless the Clinton Administration turns into a complete debacle for the Democrats, Gingrich is likely to become minority leader before he becomes speaker. Even to become minority leader he will have to soothe hard feelings in the party over his role in the check scandal, which strained his friendships with Weber, Edwards, and others who had large numbers of overdrafts. Some Republicans seem to be growing tired of Gingrich's policy of rigid confrontation and opposition. The day before the 103rd Congress convened, Representative Steve Gunderson, of Wisconsin, resigned as chief deputy whip under Gingrich, saying that his party's leaders didn't represent mainstream Republicans and weren't in step with his style of political cooperation. Representative Fred Upton, of Michigan, quit as deputy whip the following week, citing similar reasons.

To be elected Republican leader Gingrich must hold his conservative base together and attract moderates—for example, Representative Bill Goodling, of Pennsylvania. When Gingrich was elected whip, Goodling wrote him a long letter suggesting the changes Gingrich would have to make to become an effective leader. Goodling, despite being burned in the House bank affair, says that Gingrich is becoming more of a consensus builder, one who recognizes that proposing alternatives and making a difference are more important than ideological purity.

"He has grown dramatically, and I have told him so," Goodling says. "His concerns now for what other people think have really begun to come to the forefront. That's very, very important if you are going to be an effective leader. And I didn't know if he could make that change."

Despite a shaky beginning and various policy disputes, Gingrich and the man he hopes to succeed, Bob Michel, have settled into a sort of good-cop,

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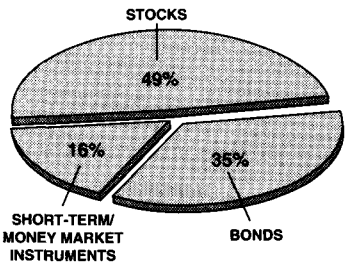

The above chart reflects Asset Manager's approximate investment mix as of March 31, 1993. The fund gradually shifts the percentage of stocks, bonds and short-term/money market instruments as market and economic conditions change.

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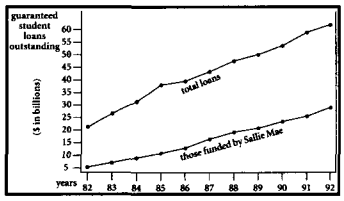

All guaranteed student loans are funded with private capital.

And, in over a third of the cases, the source of that private capital is Sallie Mae.

At Sallie Mae, we use all the financial savvy available—like using the "swaps" shown here—to provide money for higher education.

Which, in turn, makes it possible for students to get education loans whenever they need them.

Where the money goes.

We don't lend directly to students or parents. But they do benefit directly.

Working with banks, state higher education authorities, guarantors, and schools, we financed some $9 billion of the $80 billion students and their families paid for higher education in 1991-92.

Most of our financing is for student loans. But we also

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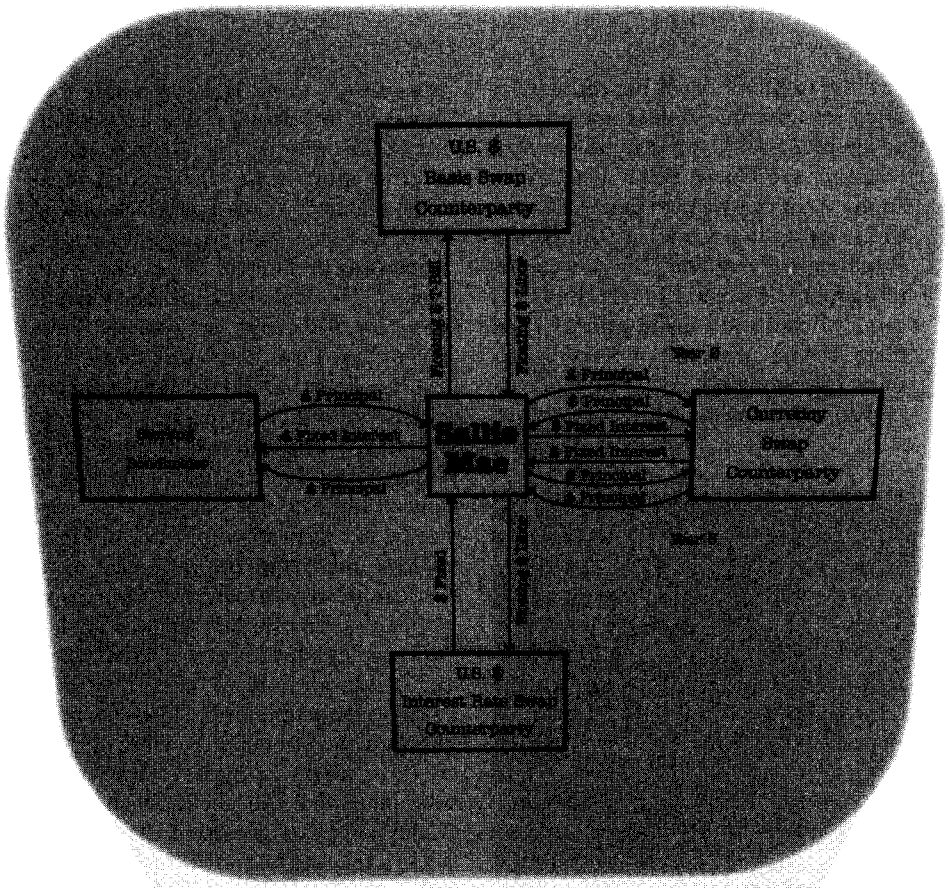

provide funds for loans to parents who are putting their children through college. And Health Education Assistance Loans for prospective health care professionals.

Even people who tap into their home equity or take out personal loans for college may be using funds provided by Sallie Mae.

All told, more than 6.5 million borrowers rely on Sallie Mae for loans to finance every kind of education. At schools all across the country.

Some students need money for just one or two semesters.

Some are going to trade school.

Some are getting their master's or doctoral degrees.

Post-Secondary Education Costs Borne By Students And Families In 1991-92

- *$80 billion total*
- *$9 billion through Sallie Mae*

And others are learning new workplace skills at their community college.

Sallie Mae also helps schools. Some 200 colleges in 38 states have received nearly $2.5 billion for the construction or renovation of buildings, research labs, libraries, and classrooms. And to purchase essential teaching tools like computers, telescopes, even pianos.

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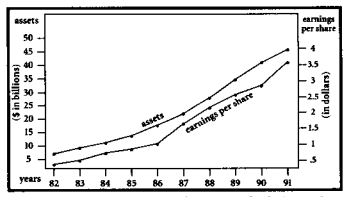

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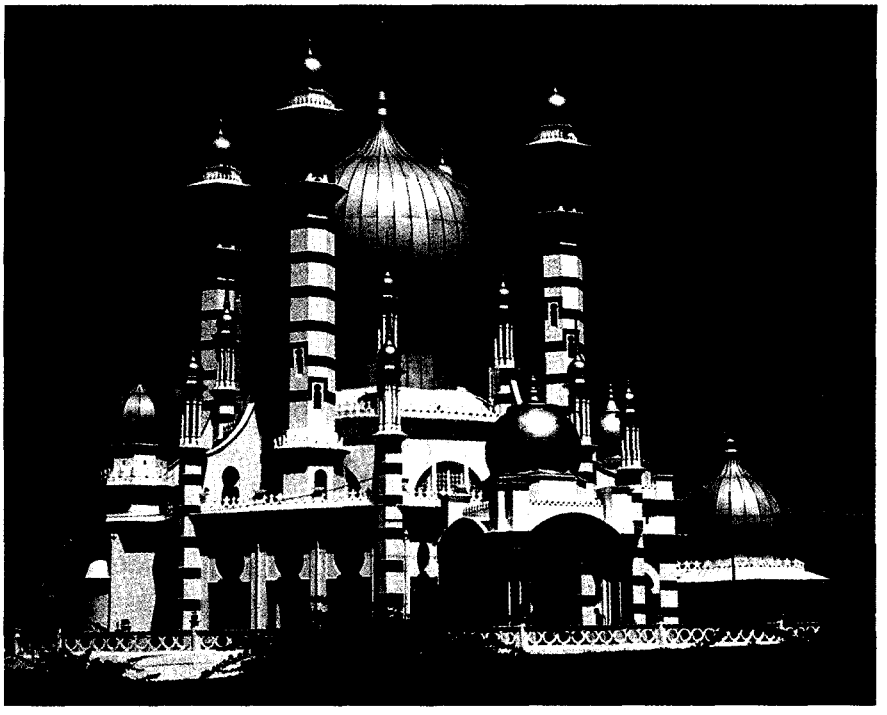
bad-cop routine. On the opening day of the new Congress this year Michel promised that mutual respect and personal good will would be at the heart of House deliberations. Within hours Gingrich was hurling invective at the Democrats. "I don't like Michel every morning; he doesn't like me every morning," Gingrich says. "But I respect Bob Michel a lot. And I think he's grown to respect me a lot." Asked if he'll challenge Michel for minority leader in 1994 if Michel, who turned seventy in March, does not retire, Gingrich says the question is not relevant at the moment. "I want to be the next leader of the House Republican Party. In the interim I want to be effective as the number-two leader in the House Republican Party. And I'm not willing to disrupt the second for the former. I think Michel and I make a pretty good team. I'm having fun. I'm doing everything I want to do."

Well, almost everything.

—*William Sternberg*

ERIC PASQUIER/SYGMA



A mosque in Perak. The sultans have done some good—and, unfortunately, much else

MALAYSIA

Rotten Royals

A meek country is finally turning on its corrupt, pampered sultans—but at the same time, its headstrong reformist Prime Minister is turning on the United States, at least rhetorically

FIVE YEARS AGO, when my family was living in Malaysia, I ran into a European friend near the fanciest golf course in Kuala Lumpur. "That's where it happened," he said in a whisper, pointing to a fairway. "The caddie and the King."

Instantly I felt that I should be speaking in an undertone too, even though no one else was standing within fifty yards of us. The man was touching on the great rumor of the time: that the country's King, a flamboyant and short-tempered character in his fifties named Mahmood Iskandar ibni al-Marhum Sultan Ismail, had beaten a caddie to death with a golf club after the caddie had giggled at one of the King's muffed shots.

A few months later I was traveling with my family in the Malaysian state of Pahang, in the fat part of the Malay Peninsula, south of its isthmus at the border with Thailand. Pahang contains most of the remaining tropical rain forest of peninsular Malaysia, which lies in a national forest reserve known as Taman Negara. Every two or three minutes a logging truck would barrel past us on the road, each truck laden with gigantic logs still dripping sap. Even if the trucks were carrying every single tree being cut in Pahang, which seemed unlikely, the forest would have to be disappearing much faster than the government claimed. When I asked an official back in Kuala Lumpur about this, he began whispering too. "The sultan, you see . . ." He explained that the sultan of the state of Pahang had a nearly limitless right to claim the state's forest land as his own and to sell the logging rights to foreign timber companies.

In those days the role of royal families in Malaysia seemed like the role of special interests in America: vast, certainly, but difficult to pin down. Signs of royal privileges and influence were everywhere you turned. Mansions popped up on prime residential land, a little nameplate identifying each one as the *istana*, or palace, of this or that royal family. Bentleys and Rolls-Royces prowled the streets of Kuala Lumpur, despite taxes on luxury cars which amounted to more per car than many Malaysians would earn in their entire lives. Everyone knew that the cars must belong to sultans, who were exempted, within limits, from the need to pay luxury taxes or get import permits for their cars, but no one knew exactly how many such loopholes and special favors the royal families enjoyed. The Malaysian press provided few clues—the main papers were owned by the ruling political party and served as instruments of the government. A climate of whispering and rumors prevailed.

When I was back in Malaysia early this year, I could hardly believe I was in the same country. The papers were still controlled by the ruling party, and still expressed the government's view, but that view had changed completely. A typical day's issue of the *New Straits Times*, the main English-language paper, carried a dozen or more stories on the greed, dishonesty, vulgarity, and outright criminality of the country's royal families. The Malay-language press was also on the case. In every office and restaurant Malaysians seemed to be talking about their rulers in the way the American colonists of the 1770s must have talked about George III. What got into everybody?

MALAYSIA consists of thirteen states, two of them on the island of Borneo and the rest on the Malay Peninsula. Most of the peninsular states have long had tradition-

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al ruling families headed by sultans. When the country became independent of Great Britain, in 1957, nine sultans remained on the thrones of nine states. In principle they were constitutional monarchs, since a Parliament and a Prime Minister ran the country's government. But in practice the sultans' power remained nearly absolute—they could demand virtually unlimited tribute from their states, and they were immune from the provisions of the nation's laws. Since no single sultan was recognized as sovereign over the others, the nine families agreed to take five-year turns serving as the nation's Agong, or King.

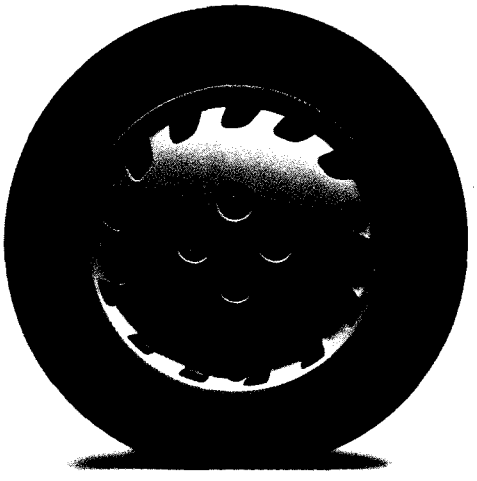
The good side of having sultans was that they served as symbols of historical continuity in a country whose borders and ethnic makeup had been established by the British and which therefore lacked a strong sense of its own history. In particular they were important symbols for the ethnic Malays, who make up about half the country's population and are chronically at odds with the ethnic Chinese minority that dominates business in Malaysia, as overseas Chinese do in most of Southeast Asia.

But two problems were inherent in this system. One was the contradiction in principle between the growth of a modern democracy and the existence of rulers who were completely above the law. The other was a question of scale. Malaysia has a third as many people as the United Kingdom and an economy one fifth as large, yet it has nine times as many layabout royal families to support.

The tensions created by this system might have remained beneath the surface for a long time were it not for one man: the golfing King, Iskandar. Iskandar is from the royal family of Johore, Malaysia's southernmost state, which sits across the Straits of Johore from Singapore. In the early 1970s, when Iskandar's father was the sultan of Johore and Iskandar was the crown prince, Iskandar was tried and convicted of "causing hurt" to a fellow Malaysian named Narendran. (Only sultans themselves, not their children, are completely exempt from prosecution.) The "hurt" was in fact Narendran's death. Apparently Iskandar had been taking potshots while flying in his helicopter, and one of his bullets killed Narendran. The judge who presided at Iskandar's trial was scathing in his condemnation of the prince, who was then in his early forties. He said, "The keynote of this whole case can be epitomized by two words—sadistic brutality—[in] every corner of this case from beginning to end, devoid of relief and palliation."

After Iskandar was convicted, his father exercised his sultanic prerogative to pardon him. Fifteen years later, in 1987, the same Iskandar was accused of having beaten the caddie to death. In one of the improbable touches that typify life in out-of-the-way places, the judge who condemned Iskandar, himself a prince, from the state of Perak, had in the meantime succeeded his father as sultan of Perak, and in 1989 he succeeded Iskandar as King. He is now on the throne.

The caddie case remained hushed up in Malaysia until last fall, when Iskandar



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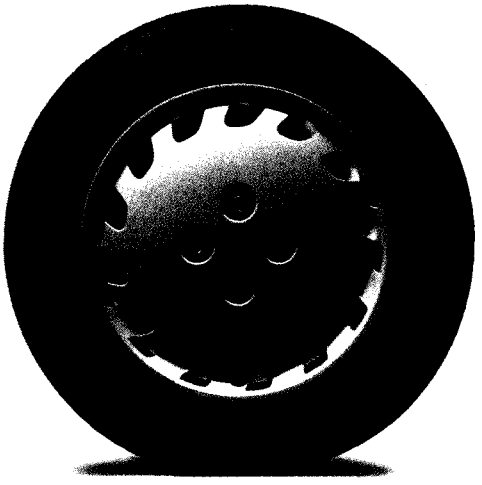
struck again. In November, Iskandar, back in place as the sultan of Johore, summoned the coach of a local college hockey team to the Johore palace and beat him up, as palace toughs and bodyguards looked on. The origin of the dispute mattered to few people except the coach and the sultan (it involved which tournaments the team would enter), but the sultan's crudity outraged the whole country. Within two weeks the normally torpid Parliament had passed a unanimous resolution condemning the sultan for his part in the event. Iskandar's fit of pique also gave an opening to the other main figure in Malaysia's political dramas: the country's Prime Minister, Dr. Mahathir Mohamad.

Mahathir (pronounced Ma-*ha*-teer) is emerging as his country's counterpart to Lee Kuan Yew of Singapore. Each is an intelligent and autocratic leader who pushes domestic dissenters out of his way in pursuit of his vision of national development. Each is easier to respect than to like. Mahathir, who has held office since 1981, was the country's first Prime Minister to have no family connections to royalty. He had been a doctor in a small town called Alor Setar before going into politics, and like Lyndon Johnson in the face of the Kennedys, he seemed permanently resentful of the country's silver-spoon class. Like all his predecessors as Prime Minister, he saw the sultans as a potential challenge to his personal and political power. Mahathir's suspicions of the royals were hardened after he survived a bitter leadership struggle in 1987, in which he nearly lost the prime ministership to an insurgent prince. So when Iskandar hit the hockey coach, Mahathir seized his chance.

Starting last December, all the things that had been whispered became the stuff of the daily news. The caddie-killing incident was even brought up in Parliament. Under the country's sedition laws, to criticize any member of the royalty was a grave offense, but for the time being Mahathir's government decided not to enforce the law. People popped up every day to tell reporters new stories about Iskandar's physical cruelty. He had ordered that members of a soccer team be tied to trees and left in the sun as punishment for poor play. When he was windsurfing one day, he thought that a Malaysian naval vessel was causing too many waves. He forced the captain to swim to shore and then beat him up. Iskandar and his son had apparently been involved in twenty-three criminal episodes, including rapes and assaults.

Stories emerged about many of the other sultans, too—stories less about brutality than about stupendous greed. The sultan of Pahang had a Boeing 727 that was flown and maintained by the Royal Malaysian Air Force, as were the jet and the helicopter owned by Iskandar as sultan of Johore. The sultan of Pahang also owned several hundred racehorses—whose upkeep costs, like those of the airplane, he billed to his state. Over the preceding four years he had received timber-cutting rights in the country's rain forest worth some $100 million. It is almost impossible for private citizens to obtain guns legally in Malaysia, but another sultan had received permits to import 3,000 guns.

ıore roomy, more stable and considerably more fun to drive. HONDA



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Sultans were given to demanding that their states build them new palaces, and abandoning ones that displeased them in some way.

And the cars! In a country whose per capita income is one ninth of America's, cars cost two to four times as much as in the United States. My family, enjoying a lavish income by local standards, could barely afford a ten-year-old Toyota station wagon when we lived there—yet the roads were filled with luxury cars. I could not figure out how so many Malaysians could cover the taxes—but they didn't have to, because thousands upon thousands of cars were brought in tax-free for sultans and then resold to their cronies.

Every day the papers published several pages' worth of outrages, to be followed the next day by coverage of completely new ones. Malaysia is a comfortable and prosperous-seeming country, but so much money had been siphoned off that people started wondering how prosperous they might otherwise have been. There were almost no countervailing accounts of generosity, restraint, stepping back from the trough. The sultans were supposed to be exemplars of Islamic virtue, but many of them seemed to love drinking and gambling. One even owned a huge pig farm—something of a public-relations problem in a mainly Islamic country.

Since last winter the government, at Mahathir's urging, has tried to effect a dramatic political and social transformation. Mahathir pushed through Parliament a bill ending the sultans' immunity from prosecution. He ordered the Malaysian military to stop maintaining the sultans' planes and instructed civil servants not to obey sultans' requests for special favors. The newspapers carried none-too-subtle reports on the fate of the Russian czars and other abusive monarchs who had overstayed their welcome. The domestic politics of the issue was complicated by the ethnic balancing act that affects everything about Malaysia. Mahathir tried to assure rural village-dwelling Malays that he was not upsetting the traditional order. (Urban Malays seemed overwhelmingly on his side.) The country's Chinese have neither an ethnic nor a religious tie to the sultans, but many Chinese businessmen had operated as the hidden partners of the profiteering royals—buying the timberland, reselling the cars—and they implicitly resisted the campaign.

Mahathir assured everyone that his goal was not to destroy Malaysia's royal tradition but just to curb the "excesses" of irresponsible monarchs. Perhaps, but it is hard for me to see how the anti-royal campaign can be limited or called back. The monarchs will have a hard time recovering any claim to legitimacy after such a long and persuasive public demonstration that they have been utterly self-serving and corrupt.

THIS TURNABOUT may not have much impact on the world outside Malaysia, but—apart from its simple novelty value—it had an effect on me. It forced me to reconsider my longstanding hostility to Mahathir himself, which had been based on my two years of residence under his rule.

If Mahathir were to be judged strictly on what he has done for his country, it would be hard not to consider him a success. The country suffers from deep ethnic tensions between Chinese and Malays, but—as Mahathir needlingly pointed out after last year's Los Angeles riots—in Malaysia the tensions rarely lead to crime or bloodshed. Malaysia's main economic problem is that its growth rate is too high; so many factories, condos, and new houses are springing up in Kuala Lumpur that its air is becoming polluted and its roads are jammed. Mahathir has not been able to run his country for as many years and with as little interference as Lee Kuan Yew did, but in a decade he has carried out the majority of his plans. His handling of most issues has resembled his approach to the royals. He has knocked opponents out of the way and tried to squelch all disagreement (he closed opposition papers and jailed dissidents while I was living there), but he has generally moved the country toward modernity.

So why did I find myself grinding my teeth when reading his speeches and pronunciamentos in adoring articles in each morning's *New Straits Times*? The answer involves special circumstances of small-country politics which are often overlooked in the United States—or at least by Americans like me.

In the past half-dozen years Mahathir has assigned himself the role of rhetorical scourge of the West. I assume that his hostility is purely rhetorical, since his country coexists so easily and on so many levels with Western nations. Thousands of Malaysian students flock to American universities each year, many on Malaysian-government scholarships. Intel, Motorola, Texas Instruments, and other high-tech companies have large modern factories in Malaysia. Unlike the Japanese-owned factories in Malaysia, which are supervised by cadres of managers and experts from Japan, many of the American-owned plants are run top to bottom by Malaysian citizens. (A team from a Motorola factory in Malaysia recently won the company's international quality competition.) Of Malaysia's total exports to the United States, 70 percent are manufactured goods; of its total exports to Japan, only 10 percent are manufactured. TV networks and movie theaters in Malaysia are full of American products. In Korea, the Philippines, and Japan, I've often been dragooned into conversations in which I'm supposed to defend or justify American policies; this almost never happened to me in Malaysia.

Yet to hear Mahathir tell it in any of his numerous and lengthy speeches, Malaysia and the United States are at fundamental odds, locked into a cultural struggle that only one side can win. Editorials in the daily newspapers, a wholly reliable indicator of Mahathir's own thoughts, harp constantly on the corruption, inner sickness, and impending collapse of American society. Mahathir's major addresses lovingly explore these same themes.

For instance, at the United Nations in 1991 he explained why it was wrong and hypocritical for the United States to tell anyone else about democracy and human rights. "If democracy means to carry guns; to flaunt homosexuality; to disregard the institution of marriage; to disrupt and damage the well-being of the community in the name of individual rights; to destroy a particular faith; to have privileged institutions [that is, the Western press] which are sacrosanct even if they indulge in lies and instigations which undermine society, the economy, and international relations; to permit foreigners to break national laws—if these are the essential details, cannot the new converts opt to reject them? . . . Hegemony by democratic powers is no less oppressive than hegemony by totalitarian states."

The point is not that these views are

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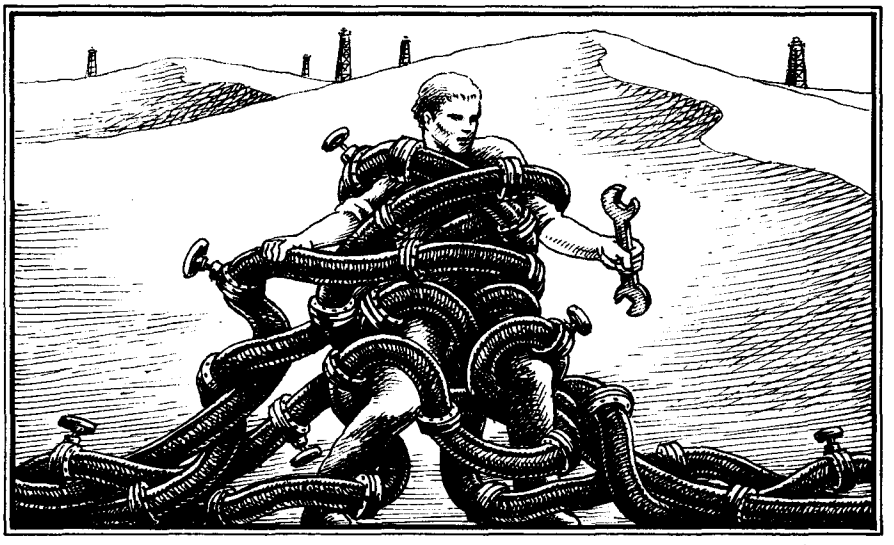
outrageous—many Americans share Mahathir's worries about where democracy may lead. What has puzzled me about Mahathir is the unrelieved snarl in his tone. Fidel Castro, Muammar al-Qaddafi, Saddam Hussein—these are people with bona fide reasons to be anti-American. Why should anyone from Malaysia be so angry?

The key, I've come to think, lies in Mahathir's line about hegemony. Each time an American politician, columnist, or average citizen talks about the country's status as "the only superpower" or "the greatest nation in the world," hackles rise in the rest of the world. Most of the world recognizes that the United States has used its strength more benignly than preceding great powers, that American pop culture is attractive, that the nation is open and admirable in many ways. Still, much more than most Americans let themselves realize, people hate to have differences in power rubbed in. For tactical reasons various nations will flatter the United States about its virtue and power—Britain to sustain the "special relationship," Russia to attract aid and investment, China to keep U.S. markets open and to keep American troops in Asia so that Japan will not re-arm more quickly than it is already doing. But each of these countries would prefer to be the stronger party, so that it could be the one to receive flattery and give lectures on its ideas about human rights.

Mahathir is simply more open than many other leaders in showing what he resents. During his first few years in office he led a "Buy British Last!" campaign, triggered by an increase in fees for foreign students (many of them Malaysian) at British universities but given its edge by resentment of the arrogance of the colonial Brits. "Our early elites were so very, very British," a Malaysian academic once told me. "They had their flats in London, their Oxford colleges, their drinking styles. Mahathir believed we must stop being brown sahibs, brown Englishmen, and find our Asian roots." This campaign tapered off after Margaret Thatcher invited Mahathir for a long personal dinner—that is, showed that she took him seriously. In contrast, Mahathir still burns with resentment against James Baker for a perceived personal slight. According to a rumor that is taken in Malaysia for truth, Baker and Mahathir both attended a diplomatic reception in Tokyo. Baker was wearing a business suit, Mahathir a traditional Malay-Islamic cap and shirt. Baker allegedly asked a Japanese diplomat, "Who's the guy in the native costume?" which infuriated Mahathir when word got back to him. Mahathir openly gloated over Bill Clinton's victory—or, as he saw it, James Baker's humiliating defeat.

The change of Administrations and the departure of Baker may give the United States a new chance with this proud, touchy man. But the problem involves more than his personality or his country. It involves the eternal struggle between the big and the small.

—James Fallows



THE PERSIAN GULF

Still Mired

Ever dependent on cheap oil, the United States continues its meddlesome Gulf policy, which is based on an inaccurate picture of tangled Gulf politics

IT'S EASY ENOUGH to understand why Bill Clinton has since early in the presidential campaign emphasized continuity in foreign policy. It has allowed him to pre-empt conservative political attacks, to appear sagacious despite his inexperience, and to remain true to his centrist instincts. In Iraq and the Persian Gulf, however, continuity needs rethinking.

For all the Desert Storm–generated talk about a new world order, the United States has been involved in the Gulf for one main reason: oil. Since the Second World War, America's Gulf policy has been to use military force and diplomacy to secure stable supplies of oil from the region's vast deposits, at reasonable prices. Yet, as shown by the United States–Iraq confrontation last January and the hairline fractures it revealed in the Gulf War coalition, this approach has only the dimmest of long-term prospects. And short-term collapse cannot be ruled out.

In fact, from 1971, when Britain resigned as the international-beat cop east of Suez, to the 1991 Gulf War, America kept the Soviets out of the Gulf only to be burned repeatedly by local actors and events: Islamic zealots, will-o'-the-wisp moderates, feckless allies, hostage seizures, ruinous oil-price shocks, and, finally, Saddam Hussein and his power lust. Even America's successes—mainly Operations Desert Shield and Desert Storm—may backfire, by removing the last local obstacle to Iranian hegemony over the Gulf.

The problem of the Gulf is the diplomatic equivalent of a trick question. Wars, alliances, military aid, and other aspects of conventional foreign policy can't work there. With the exception of pro-Western, democratic Israel, the conditions they require don't exist in the region—specifically, what might be called real countries. For outside powers mired in the Gulf, the only sensible approach to the region is to reduce or eliminate their reasons for involvement. For America, this means finally doing something about its dependence on Gulf oil. Kick-

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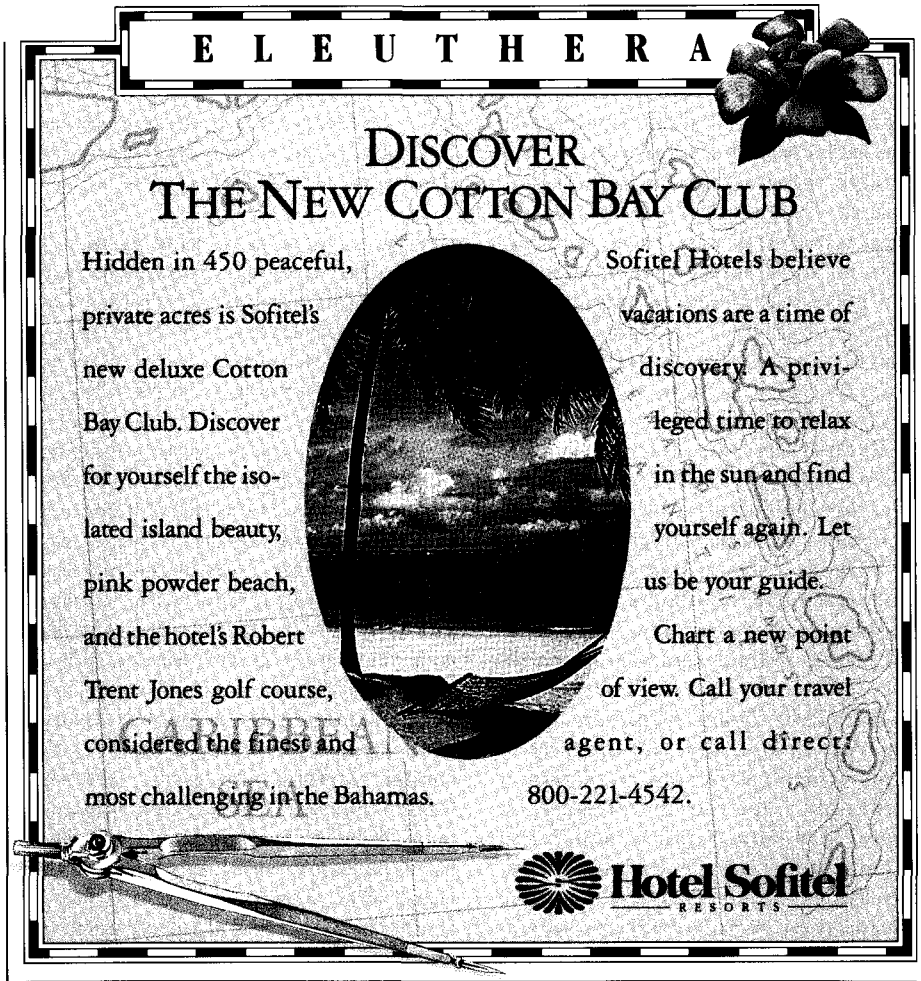
ing the imported-oil habit won't be easy, as decades of addiction indicate. But that idea is more promising than the ideas currently proposed for securing this vital U.S. interest, all of which assume that the Gulf is basically like regions that do contain real countries or that it can be made so by smart outsiders.

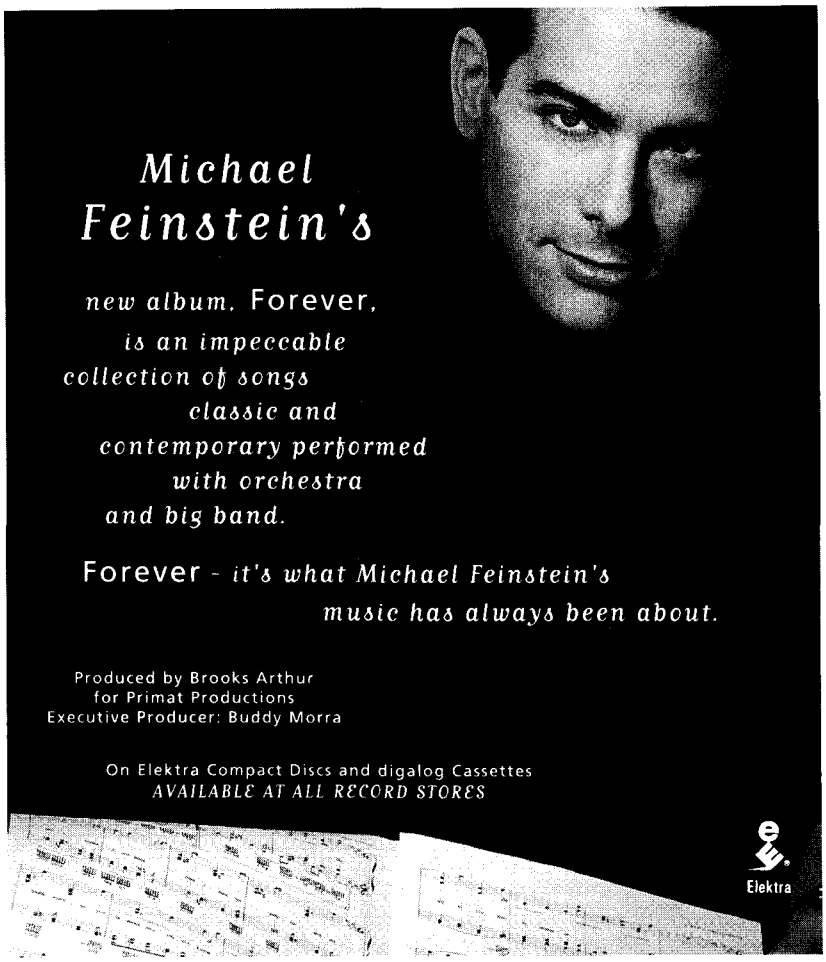
Real countries, of course, can be difficult to deal with. Some, like the former Soviet Union and China, have been military enemies and rivals of the United States. Yet they all have had qualities that at least make possible reasonably successful U.S. policies, mutually acceptable modi vivendi, and even limited cooperation. Their governments and societies have been relatively stable and cohesive for meaningful periods of time. Thus even those countries with aggressive ruling ideologies have not needed to use constant belligerence to distract their populations and shore up their legitimacy. They can also take significant initiatives, pursue sustained courses of action, and (usually) keep commitments if they choose.

To be sure, the Gulf states resemble real countries. They have heads of state, armies, and postage stamps. They send ambassadors abroad. Underneath, however, they are something else entirely: some are legal-political fictions, some family corporations in which the restive immigrant employees greatly outnumber the indigenous owners, others "tribes with flags." All are under constant assault by centrifugal forces ranging from ethnic and religious tensions to Islamic fundamentalism to pan-Arabism. For many regimes, making scapegoats of foreigners and infidels is the only hope of survival.

In other words, the Gulf countries are either terminally insecure or irremediably bellicose. Yet the Bush and Clinton Administrations, along with their leading critics, would all stake America's energy and economic future on various grandiose schemes either to manipulate and stabilize the Gulf's savagely byzantine politics or to turn its various antagonists into real countries. As a result, we have been choosing among an array of Gulf strategies whose successes would be almost as bad as their failures.

AMERICA'S ALLIES clearly are tiring of the current policy of containing Saddam Hussein and keeping the pressure sufficiently intense to encourage his ouster. Most of the Arab





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states are troubled about a policy that has defanged the Iraqi military. Although that military threatened their security, it also provided protection against non-Arab Iran, whose size, population, and military-economic potential make it the region's natural hegemon. For this reason Iraq's wealthy neighbors, including Kuwait, lent the Iraqi dictator vast sums to finance his war with Iran in the 1980s.

Even if they did not have Iran to worry about, the Gulf countries' belief that their neighborhood would be more dangerous without Saddam Hussein—or without a strong Iraq—is anything but irrational. Saddam's successors could not easily ignore Iraq's longstanding claims on Iranian and Kuwaiti territory. Nor could America's NATO ally, Turkey, easily ignore its historic claims on Iraq. In addition, the breakup of Iraq—which has existed in its current form only since the end of the First World War—into Kurdish, Shiite, and Sunni entities could embolden minorities throughout the Arab world to try to escape their own national prisons. Indeed, this "glass house" factor in the Middle East should never be underestimated; Iraq's neighbors can hardly support international punishment of Iraq's domestic repression without eventually exposing themselves to judgment.

The Europeans are evidently weary of American versions of the new world order, in which they as well as the United States put soldiers in harm's way. They also fear that the anti–Saddam Hussein campaign is beginning to look like an anti-Arab vendetta to the Arab world, whose oil they need even more than America does, and whose export markets are critical.

Overt American moves to oust Saddam Hussein would encounter not only severe international opposition—for exceeding the UN resolutions that authorized the Gulf War—but also severe regional opposition. For this Americans can be grateful, unless they relish the prospect of militarily occupying a country whose next peaceful transfer of power will be its first.

Indeed, even if Iraq stays together, the best that containment can offer us is open-ended military involvement in a faraway region whose populations are so deeply anti-Western that any government cooperation with America can be the kiss of death, and whose arsenals are likely to contain ever larger numbers of advanced weapons—including nuclear weapons.

CONTAINMENT'S inadequacy is clear from the number of proposals for substitutes for or at least complements to U.S. military power. Unfortunately, none of these measures up. After the Shah fell, Washington turned to the time-honored strategy of balance-of-power politics to bottle up Iran's Islamic Revolution. Yet a balance of power was difficult enough to orchestrate in Europe from the seventeenth-century birth of the modern state system to the end of the Second World War. Most European countries were real countries with limited diplomatic aims. Few of the Gulf powers are as tolerant, and the exceptions (mainly Saudi Arabia) are internally too weak to conduct anything but passive, reactive foreign policies. In fact, the only potential Gulf balancer—Saddam Hussein—has expansionist ambitions himself. To think that Washington could have strengthened the Iraqi dictator just enough to contain Iran but not enough to fuel his own imperialism reflected considerable hubris.

The same problems make fanciful the idea of a regional security system—a "Middle East NATO." Undoubtedly, some paper security arrangement can be drawn up by the State Department, but to be effective the U.S. role would need to be predominant—and the policy would be barely distinguishable from containment.

The various proposals to protect U.S. interests by solving the Gulf's underlying problems simply assume the quandary away. If the prevalence of autocracies and of extremes of wealth and poverty in the Gulf could be solved with a few new programs, clearly these problems would be bad memories by now. But outlandish surrogates continue to be proposed, chief among them one that evidently intrigued Clinton in January, and that his Administration revived two months later—Saddam Hussein himself. If the Iraqi dictator behaves, the argument goes, and abides by the UN resolutions, we could move—cautiously, to be sure—toward normal relations. If only he would start acting rationally.

Unfortunately, our main problem with Saddam Hussein is not his wickedness, his stupidity, or his lunacy. It is that his interests fundamentally conflict with ours. U.S. prosperity has been tied to stable supplies of Gulf oil, the price of which is set by a combination of OPEC production quotas and market forces. To keep this price relatively low, high levels of Gulf production are needed. America's interests here coincide with those of the conservative Gulf kingdoms like Kuwait and Saudi Arabia.

Blessed with staggering oil reserves and holding huge investments in the West, these countries can simultaneously build cushy welfare states for their small populations and buttress Western prosperity by pumping furiously and thus relaxing price pressures. Both Iraq and Iran have much larger populations and need high oil prices to provide for their people, pay off their enormous war debts (in Iraq's case, primarily to the oil kingdoms), and keep themselves armed to the teeth—if only against each other. As long as both Iraq and Iran need huge oil revenues, they will seek control over the Gulf kingdoms' oil policies—by intimidation or outright coercion—no matter who rules them.

CONTINUING U.S. involvement in the Gulf, therefore, is a losing proposition no matter what we do. And the longer we stay, the sorrier we are likely to be. But what has the United States been doing about the oil addiction that traps us there? Letting it get worse. From 1985 through 1992 U.S. oil imports from the Arab OPEC countries as a share of total oil imports rose from 11 percent to 29 percent. During the same period Arab OPEC imports jumped from three percent to 12 percent of U.S. oil consumption. In 1979, a peak of the oil panic in America, Arab OPEC imports stood at 38 percent of all U.S. oil imports and 17 percent of all U.S. consumption. Just as important, petroleum consumption as a percentage of total U.S. energy consumption fell only a little, from 47 percent in 1973 to 40 percent in 1991.

Part of the blame lies in the inherent difficulty of changing our energy habits. The U.S. economy has been structured around cheap oil for most of this century. Even if we were to launch the most brilliant alternative-fuels strategy conceivable, our dependence on oil would persist for years. But another part of the blame lies in an ap-

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proach to energy policy that makes much of our dependence on Gulf oil a self-fulfilling prophecy. America depends on Gulf oil not only because we are too stupid and selfish to change but because we have persuaded ourselves that it's a good deal. Oil is, after all, one of the most efficient fuels—a relatively small amount of gasoline powers a car—and Gulf oil is the world's cheapest to produce. Aside from being abundant, it is located very close to the earth's surface, which makes extraction easy and inexpensive.

Even those who believe in relying on Gulf oil admit that switching to other fuels could have major advantages—for example, environmental ones. But switching makes no economic sense so long as other fuels are much costlier than oil. Washington seems to agree with the Saudi Oil Minister, Hisham Nazer, who recently argued, "Oil is cheap, clean, and safe. . . . why penalize this precious gift of God at the expense of the welfare of the people of the world?" Therefore, we have starved the alternative fuels of development funding and then lamented how utopian they are. In fact, Ronald Reagan was so sure that oil was our best energy bet—and perhaps so beholden to domestic oil interests—that he virtually dismantled the federal alternative-energy research programs almost as soon as he became President. Thus, the conventional wisdom concludes, we are simply stuck playing warden in the Gulf insane asylum. Small wonder that we've lost twenty years in the fight for greater energy independence.

Persian Gulf oil is much more expensive than we think. As many environmental specialists have noted recently, the pollution caused by oil is expensive to prevent and to clean up. Pollution also creates disease and may contribute to environmental disruption—like the greenhouse effect—that will be costly to treat as well. The national-security costs of Persian Gulf oil are no doubt lower but easier to quantify. They include the money spent on U.S. military forces that have protected U.S. access to Gulf oil since the beginning of the Cold War. They also include the tens of billions of dollars that Washington has spent on foreign aid in the region to win friends. Although Pentagon accounting systems and the reality of forces with multiple missions make precise comparisons impossible, adding in these national-security costs alone can raise the real cost of Persian Gulf oil to the American taxpayer to three or four times the world market price even when the region is at peace.

Further, at least partly because we underestimate the real price of Gulf oil, we overestimate the real price of those alternative fuels that can liberate

us from permanent entrapment in the Gulf. By the mid-1980s the cost of many of these energy sources was falling rapidly. Today a strong argument can be made that in many cases renewable fuels would be price-competitive with Persian Gulf oil if it were priced realistically. For example, according to conventional oil pricing, oil is capable of producing energy at roughly a nickel per kilowatt-hour. Many renewable energy sources can nearly match that artificially low price in certain locations and circumstances. Where winds are strong and predictable, new high-tech windmills can generate electricity for seven to nine cents per kilowatt-hour, according to the Electric Power Research Institute, the research arm of the nation's electric utilities. In sunny regions solar-thermal systems can do the job for a dime per kilowatt-hour. Photovoltaic cells can produce electricity for low-power "off the grid" equipment, such as highway signs and water pumps on isolated farms, for thirty to forty cents per kilowatt-hour.

If Persian Gulf oil really costs three or four times what the world market tells us it does, renewable sources are clearly among our best energy bargains already, and their desirability is likely to grow in many more contexts by the early twenty-first century. In fact, one 1990 study sponsored by the Energy Department estimates that with the right incentives and regulatory environment, renewable fuels could account for 40 percent of the nation's energy use within forty years. Moreover, according to recent calculations by the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency, properly calculating the price of Persian Gulf oil would make America's abundant, clean-burning natural gas economical even for transportation fuel—which currently consumes two thirds of all the petroleum used by Americans.

It is obvious that America will be stuck militarily protecting the flow of Gulf oil for many years. Although the world energy market is more resilient than was believed when the first OPEC price shocks hit, in the 1970s, American Presidents have, reasonably, judged that the risk of permitting oil prices to be dictated by one or a handful of Gulf autocrats is unacceptable. It is equally obvious, however, that the means of ending this predicament through the use of oil substitutes are close at hand.

Persian Gulf oil has been so important to America for so long that it is understandably difficult even to imagine extricating ourselves from the region. Moreover, during the past fifty years America's need for oil has created a host of other interests and assumed responsibilities that have taken on lives of their own—from stemming the proliferation of advanced weapons to establishing a mutually beneficial relationship with the Islamic world. But without the Gulf's huge oil reserves these objectives, however important and desirable, would fade to secondary importance. Kicking the oil habit need not prevent American involvement in Gulf controversies or in active diplomatic efforts to broker an Arab-Israeli peace. It might even permit deeper involvement. But the United States would have much more control over the terms of its involvement. In the long run such increased freedom of action could be good not only for the United States but for the region's long-exploited peoples as well.

—*Alan Tonelson*

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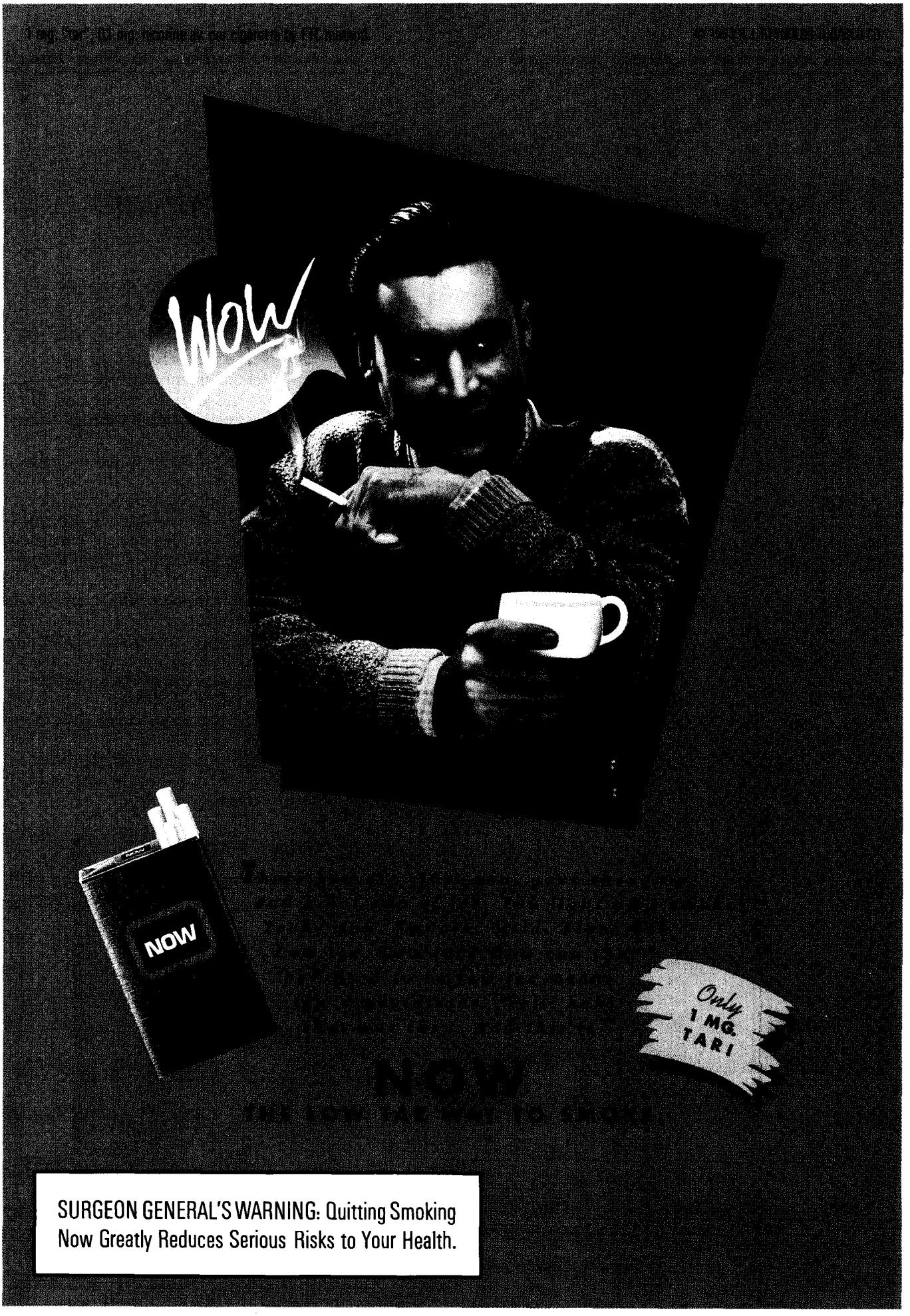

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The men, a brutish lot, were clearly intent on dirty doings.

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Also at George's belt, fortunately, were a pair of hair-trigger pistols, given him by the laird of Aberlour. Before the men could jump him, he cocked one of the pistols and fired into the peat fire. A cloud of white ash filled the room. By the time it had cleared, George was on his horse and well away.

"If that pistol had misfired," says our Sandy Milne, "there might not be such a thing today as The Glenlivet. A thought horrible to contemplate."

What is a single malt Scotch?

A single malt is Scotch the way it was originally: one single whisky, from one single distillery. Not, like most Scotch today, a blend of many whiskies. The Glenlivet single malt Scotch whisky should therefore be compared to a château-bottled wine. Blended Scotch is more like a mixture of wines from different vineyards.

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Walter H. Scott

A brilliant talent dissipated in exhibitionistic self-indulgence? The standard critical view of Leonard Bernstein must be revised or reversed, a composer finds on listening afresh to Bernstein's work as a conductor, as a composer, and—especially—as a teacher

RE-HEARING BERNSTEIN

BY DAVID SCHIFF

IF YOU TURNED ON YOUR TELEVISION TO CBS AT 5:00 P.M. Eastern Standard Time on November 14, 1954, you were probably looking for cultural uplift. The *Omnibus* program, hosted by God's Englishman, Alistair Cooke, was an oasis of classily high-toned culture, filling the lull between the nasty squabbling of *Face the Nation* and the chaotic vaudeville of Ed Sullivan's *Toast of the Town*—which that evening featured appearances by Elizabeth Taylor, Julius LaRosa, and the Harlem Globetrotters. On this particular Sunday a darkly glamorous, youngish thirty-six-year-old man, with an unplaceable but irreproachable accent, appeared for the first time. He was about to perform what he termed a "curious and rather difficult experiment"—rewriting the first movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. With that startling salvo Leonard Bernstein became the first classical musician to achieve fame through the medium of television. The program that followed demonstrated that he was also the first classical musician—and perhaps the last—to understand how the new medium could be used to create and educate a huge audience.

Bernstein, who died in 1990, would have turned seventy-five this August 25. The musical world, including many groups that stand to profit from his legacy, will hold a huge posthumous birthday party this summer, cheered on by the Leonard Bernstein Society—which will happily sell you Leonard Bernstein notepaper and coffee mugs. The New York Philharmonic plans a week-long

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tribute, "Remembering Lenny," June 14–20, with concerts, movies, and lectures. The Boston Symphony will give a Leonard Bernstein Memorial Concert at Tanglewood on July 24, and a Birthday Concert on August 28. Sony Classical is releasing on 119 CDs a remastered Royal Edition (with—for no reason I can fathom—tiny watercolors by the Prince of Wales on the covers) of the recordings Bernstein made for Columbia. Deutsche Grammophon has completed the release of the recordings of Bernstein's last twenty years, many of them with the Vienna Philharmonic, his preferred ensemble toward the end of his life. The texts of the *Young People's Concerts*, which were originally broadcast from 1958 to 1972, have been published in a new, revised edition and will soon appear on videotape, joining his 1973 Norton Lectures at Harvard and several of the later television shows. You can hear two complete recordings of the Mahler Symphonies and two different versions of most of Bernstein's own compositions—in the case of *Candide* and *West Side Story*, three different versions, including the composer's own late recordings with opera singers taking the place of the original Broadway casts. And there is more to come. Lenny is dead; long live Lenny! It is the richest documentation of a musical life that has ever been bequeathed to the musical world.

Clockwise from upper right: Roy Stevens (2); CBS; Walter H. Scott

These festivities, in which Bernstein's children play an important role, can be seen as a pre-emptive attempt to protect his future reputation. After years in which Bernstein was critically savaged for the wild extravagance of his conducting gestures, the superficiality of his compositions, and the excesses of his politics and his personal life, critics are suddenly taking a more reverent tone. It would not be the first time they succumbed to such a gigantic effort at posthumous reputation-building. The sheer bulk of the technological resurrection of performances and lectures, however, has spurred me to rethink my own reactions to Bernstein's music and ideas. As I have rediscovered performances I once knew well, reread the texts of the television shows, watched and rewatched the videos, I have been surprised by the emotional twists of my own response. Though I never met Bernstein, he played a crucial role in the development of my musical

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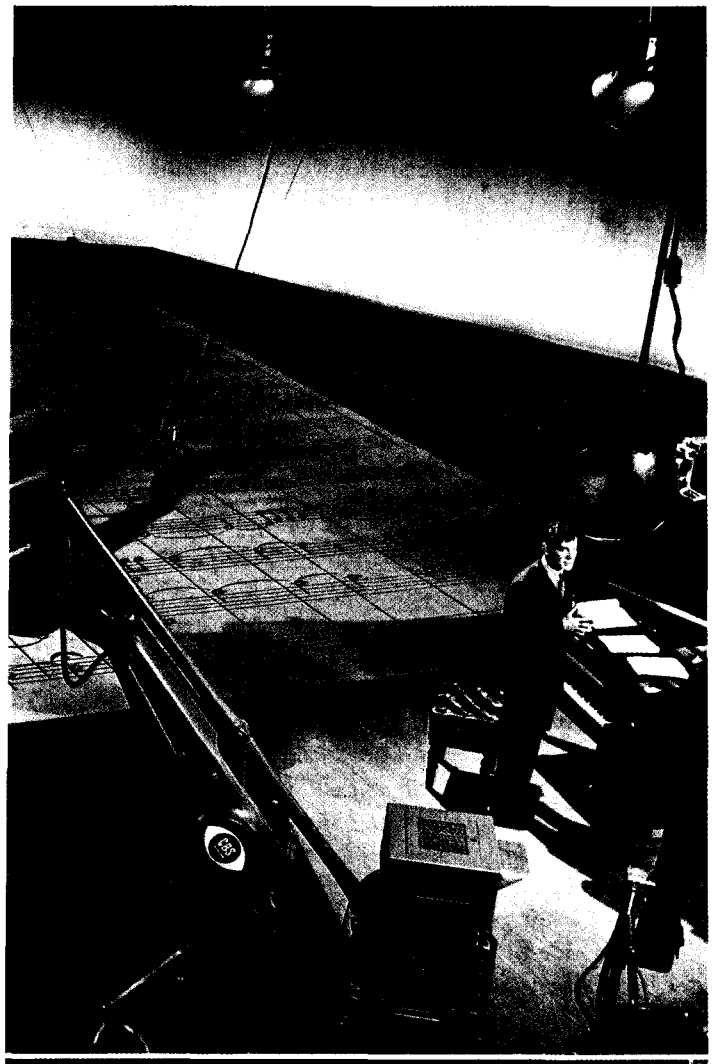

Bernstein as teacher. Clockwise from upper right: the set of the first *Omnibus* show, in 1954, when Bernstein proposed to rewrite the first movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, whose first thirteen bars were painted on the floor; speaking on "The Infinite Variety of Music" for a 1959 Young People's Concert; with young guests at Carnegie Hall after a 1961 Young People's Concert; rehearsing the Boston University Institute Orchestra in The Barn, at Tanglewood, in the 1980s

consciousness and culture during my most formative years—the early years of television. And the steep decline in his critical reputation coincided with the cultural and political crisis that my generation lived through in the sixties.

Bernstein's television programs presented the realms of symphony, opera, musical comedy, and jazz in terms that were compelling in their logic and indelibly exemplified with musical illustrations. I was nine years old when the shows began to appear, yet I find that I have carried them around verbatim in my unconscious for thirty-eight years. I still remember all those mutations of "How Dry I Am" which proved the "infinite variety of music," and I am still mindful of the lesson in composition Bernstein gave by contrasting the rhythmic squareness of the finale of Franck's Symphony, its four plus four plus four plus four, with the wild rhythmic asymmetries of Copland's *El Salón México*, with its fives, sevens, and elevens.

Bernstein had begun to influence my awakening musical consciousness even before that first *Omnibus* broadcast. The first Broadway show I saw was his now-forgotten *Peter Pan*. The first classical record I bought for myself was his early Victor recording of *Billy the Kid* and *An American in Paris*, a recording that somehow made me want to write my own music. A few years later another Bernstein recording pushed me even more decisively in that direction. After a Saturday matinee of Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Flower Drum Song* (of all things), my family visited some friends. I noticed on their record shelves an album with vaguely erotic cover art—*The Rite of Spring*, conducted by Bernstein. When I put it on, my compositional calling suddenly arose before me with a palpable inevitability. The convergence of an ancient fertility rite and my own puberty was momentous. Many composers have written of similar reactions to hearing the *Rite* (a friend of mine says he plans to write a book about their experiences, called *My First Time*), but I doubt that my response would have been the same had I listened to a different interpretation. Other performances—even Stravinsky's own—sound like music. Bernstein's sounded like a cosmic event, the transformation of the earth from winter death to new life. I could hear the thawing of the soil, the first tentative motion of roots and branches, the forces of life in a primal, naked state.

I suppose that *West Side Story* should have been my next fateful Bernstein encounter, but it wasn't. My friends all owned the original-cast recording, and we loved to sing "Gee, Officer Krupke," with its scandalous punchline: "Gee, Officer Krupke, Krup you!" By the time I heard it, I was sated with musicals. It may have been the Golden Age, but after I had climbed to the second balcony on hot summer afternoons for *The Pajama Game* and *Damn Yankees* and *The Music Man* and *Jamaica* and *My Fair Lady* and *The Most Happy Fella* and *Take Me*

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Along (and that awful *Flower Drum Song*), it all began to look like fool's gold to me. By the late fifties the shaky cultural consensus of Eisenhower America was beginning to come apart. I was first becoming conscious of the unreality of TV and movies and *Time* and *Life*, which had so little to do with the H-bomb, the McCarthy hearings, the Rosenberg executions. Reality seemed to break through only in the screen personae of Brando and James Dean and in the comic routines of that other Lenny, the one my parents wouldn't want me to emulate—Lenny Bruce.

When the gaudily "opened-up" movie of *West Side Story* came out, to hosannas from the liberal press, my reaction was very close to Pauline Kael's hip dismissal of it as a "message movie." She called the gang members "ballerinas" and said that they were "as human as the Munchkins in the Wizard of Oz." The movie's portrayal of urban teenagers, most of them looking at least twenty-five, struck me as phony and pretentious. The Bowery Boys of the thirties, now bleached blond and given to making *grands jetés* while still talking in deses, dems, and doses, appeared to be having a grudge match with a visiting group of deposed Spanish royalty; only Rita Moreno's sassy Anita came to life. Equally false, to my adolescent ears, was the fusion of symphonic music, jazz, and Broadway in Bernstein's score. I was now, after all, listening to Schönberg, Berg, Webern, Bartók, and Varèse, and their music gave me emotional jolts beyond the range of Copland and Gershwin. The music of Miles Davis, Charles Mingus, Thelonious Monk, Ornette Coleman, and The Jazz Messengers, which I listened to with friends, made Bernstein's jazziness sound contrived and dated. And the popular songs we had grown up with (we didn't think about them any more than about the air we breathed), like "Get a Job" and "Maybellene" and "Heartbreak Hotel," sounded truer to adolescent lives than "Maria" and "Tonight."

Bernstein did give me one more indelible moment of inspiration, however. In 1964, when I was a freshman at Columbia University, he devoted much of the Philharmonic season to the avant-garde—and so I condescended to go. He was obviously ambivalent. Before each performance he would turn to the audience and with a few choice barbs disown or disarm the work he was about to lead. I remember that before Xenakis's *Pithoprakta*, a work scored for eighty strings (each string part independent), trombone, and xylophone, Bernstein held up the huge score to the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said with unmasked irony, "tonight the New York Philharmonic is on the honor system." The audience laughed—Lenny was letting them know he was on their side, that with this score it hardly mattered which notes the orchestra played. Then the piece began, the most otherworldly, terrifying, disorienting piece I had ever heard—musical free fall, *The Rite of Spring* to the tenth power. People headed for the doors, outraged. They screamed. They stomped. It was the most powerful musical experience of my life, and Bernstein was responsible for its impact. But at the time I thought he was a traitor: hadn't his remarks given the audience permission to walk out?

By his own account, the sixties were a difficult decade for Bernstein. Although just a few years earlier he had championed modern music, especially American music, he now found himself alienated from a musical avant-garde fixated on the obscure procedures of serialism and chance composition. For the first time in his life he found composing difficult. A well-publicized compositional sabbatical from the Philharmonic resulted only in the short and apparently old-fashioned *Chichester Psalms*. The infamous party for the Black Panthers, which would be immortalized by Tom Wolfe with the phrase "radical chic," was another symptom of his malaise, and earned him a public editorial scolding from *The New York Times*.

Bernstein's reputation as a conductor, a composer, and an intellectual hit rock bottom in the early seventies. In 1969 he had retired from the Philharmonic—at age fifty—and now became a Flying Dutchman without a permanent musical home. When he returned periodically to the Philharmonic, the players were often rude, claiming to find his increasingly flamboyant conducting gestures indecipherable. *Mass*, his first large theater piece since *West Side Story*, first performed in 1971, struck many critics as a grotesquely unsubtle attempt to pander to the post-Woodstock young, with peace, love beads, and LSD; it climaxes with a blasphemous "bad trip." Its simulations of rock sounded even more fake than those in *Hair* and *Jesus Christ Superstar*, Bernstein's ostensible models.

More controversial than *Mass*, though, were Bernstein's Harvard lectures. Occupying the august Norton Poetic Chair previously held by Stravinsky, Hindemith, and Copland, Bernstein impiously arrived with a camera crew—the lectures were prepackaged as a television series. Critics labeled them a narcissistic media event and a self-serving attack on the musical avant-garde.

In the lectures Bernstein defended the music he felt closest to. With the coming of Pierre Boulez, Bernstein's successor, to the Philharmonic, the late modernist music of Boulez, Stockhausen, and Carter was at the height of its prestige. University music departments were dominated by the serialist disciples of Milton Babbitt. Attacking the academics on their own turf and with their own tools, Bernstein used Noam Chomsky's linguistic theory of transformational grammar to defend tonality as an inescapable universal component of music—the "poetry of earth," as he called it. Barely mentioning the late modernists, the John Cage avant-garde, or any works by younger composers, Bernstein turned the clock back to the sources of his own music by celebrating Mahler and the neoclassical Stravinsky. The academy was not amused. Leon Botstein, the critic and conductor, summed up its view in an article titled "The Tragedy of Leonard

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Bernstein," in which he dismissed the Norton Lectures as "overwrought efforts at self-proclaimed profundity." At the time, Bernstein's attackers seemed to me as sanctimonious and self-serving as their target, but after skimming the outraged reviews I didn't bother to read the lectures. When they were broadcast, I could watch for only about five minutes. Bernstein looked nervous, barely believing his own line. The old *Omnibus* charm had lost its magic.

That was twenty years ago. What is Bernstein's legacy now? His triple career as advocate, creator, and re-creator can be compared, in all of music history, only to that of Liszt, who was similarly accused by critics of exhibitionism, shallowness, and a dubious private life. Liszt's performances are lost, and only the compositions survive—perhaps not the most aesthetically important part of the legacy. But thanks to audio and visual recording, the compositions, performances, and lectures of Bernstein remain with us, and each constitutes a legacy that will nourish musical life for years to come.

The Teacher

IT IS SAID THAT HELEN COATES, BERNSTEIN'S PIANO teacher (and later his personal secretary), used to schedule his lessons late in the day to leave time for him to talk about music. From an early age making music and talking about it were for him inseparable. By the time of the first *Omnibus* show Bernstein had been preparing himself for twenty years for his role as a musical evangelist. Although he privately taught many young conductors, his real student was the public, which he molded and guided as seriously as he would the most ardent disciple. Beyond his sonorous voice, handsome looks, and charisma, and even beyond his pioneering understanding of television as a medium for education, Bernstein's success as a teacher came from his belief in a sacred mission: to bring music to the people. Bernstein once paid Aaron Copland the tribute of saying that he was really not an Aaron but a Moses, a "stern and stammering lawgiver." By implication he portrayed himself as an Aaron to Copland's Moses. Effortlessly articulate and with an infallible sense of the public mood, he could bring the harsh law down from the mountain. Like the biblical Aaron and his namesake in Schönberg's opera, Bernstein would be accused of diluting and distorting the law in order to sell it to the masses.

In looking at his television shows, I find it illuminating to divorce form from content. As is often noted, Bernstein rejected the "music appreciation" formula. (He explained why in the pages of the December, 1957, issue of this magazine.) Despite his own glamour and his essentially romantic attitude toward music, he had no interest in glamorizing the lives of the great composers or in turning their music into autobiographical revelations, though he came uncomfortably close to these traps later in his life, when he spoke of Beethoven and Mahler as the two composers with whom he identified most strongly. Bernstein based his teachings on Aaron Copland's book *What to Listen For in Music.* Copland's plainspoken advice was to listen for the music—not for extramusical meanings. Bernstein adopted Copland's view, but he better understood the burden it imposed on the listener. After all, music, like the Mosaic God, is not visible, not there. The average concertgoer drifts in and out of the music, often losing the thread. The listener can't always hear the music in the music, and tends to notice only the most obvious (usually the loudest) events. The audience needs help to hear how the small details of a piece contribute to these bigger moments.

Reading over the *Omnibus* and other scripts collected in *The Joy of Music* and *The Infinite Variety of Music,* and those for the *Young People's Concerts* (in *Leonard Bernstein's Young People's Concerts*), I am startled again and again at the subtlety and sophistication of the lessons Bernstein chose to teach. Take the Young People's Concert "What Is a Melody?" first broadcast in 1962. Another guide would have simply regaled the audience with beautiful tunes. But Bernstein was after a more difficult concept: the role of melody in symphonic music, or melodic development. (Of course, if he had called the show "What Is Symphonic Development?" the kids would have changed the channel.) Development here was not something abstract or formal—Bernstein was not giving a music-analysis course, thank God. He took familiar melodies from Tchaikovsky, Kurt Weill, and Beethoven, and showed how they are made up of tiny repeated and varied segments in a recurring pattern—statement, altered repetition, fulfillment. No sooner had he broken down the mystique of melody into a simple one, two, three pattern than he leaped to the most difficult melodic construct imaginable, the Prelude to *Tristan and Isolde*—at a Young People's Concert! But he was just warming up. He nonchalantly slipped in the notion of counterpoint—wasn't this supposed to be a show about melody? Turning to Mozart's Symphony No. 40, he reminded us that the opening theme contains the one, two, three formula, and then demonstrated how the elements of the melody appear in fragmented, inverted, and augmented forms—arcane concepts made clear in an instant. The show ended with three pieces of music no one would ever have expected to find on such a program: the aria from Bach's *Italian* Concerto (rather than, say, "Un bel di"), an excerpt from Hindemith's Concert Music for Strings and Brass, and, most astonishing, the last movement of the Brahms Fourth, that tuneless passacaglia built on the most esoteric principles of invertible counterpoint and developmental variation, which, as Bernstein pointed out triumphantly, makes up for its lack of a tune with an abundance of "glowing, fiery *melodic* beauty." This is the opposite of condescension—call it exaltation.

The form of these shows was as sophisticated as their

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content. Anyone who teaches music, at any level, should study them for their understanding of musical pedagogy. There are plenty of tricks of the trade, my favorite being Bernstein's way of disarming the audience by flattering their knowledge. "You've all heard the prelude to [Wagner's] great opera *Tristan and Isolde*, I'm sure," he said to an audience of eight-year-olds, not because they knew it but because this compliment hooked them in to the lesson. The *Omnibus* show "What Makes Opera Grand?" was an exemplary demonstration of teaching strategy. Bernstein began in the empty Metropolitan Opera House, stripping opera of its social aura—"no furs, no diamonds"—which he knew was the biggest barrier between opera and the American public. Opera, he stated, was "first and foremost a popular art." Disarmed, the audience was ready for the "Habanera" from *Carmen*, but instead Bernstein led a performance of the love duet from Act II of *Tristan*—hardly jukebox fare. He used the impassioned duet to show that opera expresses basic human emotions with the greatest possible intensity. Having stated and illustrated his premise, he restated it, and reminded the audience of what they had just heard by going back and identifying the moments of serenity, uncertainty, delirious impatience, and (as he hinted) near-graphic passion in the scene. He then gave examples of jealousy and despair—what could be more human, more intense?—in short excerpts from *Carmen, Faust,* and *Boris Godunov,* leading to the make-your-flesh-crawl climax of *Salome.* If the audience didn't know what makes opera grand at this point, there was probably something wrong with the TV.

Launching phase two of his lesson, Bernstein subtly changed his question: How is the grandeur of opera different from the grandeur of theater? He contrasted Iago's soliloquy from Shakespeare's *Othello* with the Credo from Verdi's *Otello.* He stated that the simplified words of the libretto, lacking all the complexity of Shakespeare's poetry, allow the music to expand emotionally. He did not dwell long on the Verdi, using it only to illustrate, as it does perfectly, the contrast between verbal and musical characterization. Having established that premise, he illustrated it in detail by breaking down the third act of *La Bohème* into small sections, which the audience heard first acted and then sung. After the musical performance Bernstein selected moments from each scene to demonstrate how the music makes us care about the characters. Along the way, with that same nonchalance he used to teach about counterpoint, Bernstein slipped in the technical term "recitative," disarming the audience by telling them that it is the element in opera "you're always bored by . . . because you think everyone but you knows what's being said, and you feel inferior." Again, he knew his audience and knew how to help them get past the biggest stumbling block, which he hadn't even mentioned until now: the fact that the singing is in Italian. At this point his listeners must have been so thoroughly persuaded of the emotional directness of opera that the language barrier seemed minor. He proceeded *con amore* through the rest of Act III, afterward reminding the audience of what they had learned about the way opera magnifies the feelings within the words.

And then, launching phase three, he made a totally unexpected leap: opera can make words unimportant, because the music becomes so communicative that we barely need to know what is being said. He concluded the program with the perfect illustration of this last point, and it turned out to be the Liebestod from *Tristan and Isolde*, the same opera that opened the program. This last musical example both reinforced the first and ended the program with a conceptual leap that not only answered the original question decisively but also redefined it. I have never witnessed better teaching, anywhere.

THE *OMNIBUS* SHOWS AND *YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS* illuminated music like a pillar of fire, but critics accused Bernstein of using the Norton Chair at Harvard to turn himself into a Golden Calf. Looked at today in their video format, the infamous Harvard lectures make an impression quite different from that of twenty years ago. After all the protestations of shock that attended Bernstein's invasion of Harvard with his camera crew, the videos look sweetly low-tech today. Most of the lectures were presented in simple talking-head shots, with none of the imaginative staging that Bernstein brought to *Omnibus.* His lapel mike often got twisted away from his

SCARIFYING

To get rid of bad blood, to take
away poison that built up
in a baby, old-time doctors
put a glass tube on the little
one's spine and sucked hard until they
raised a blood blister. And when that
blister was round as a berry
and dark as a ruby they scratched
the skin and let the bad blood out,
as though all the poison in that
body had been summoned to one
fat drop from all the veins and limbs,
and the concentrated sickness
came out in the smear black as
ink expressed and blotted.

—*Robert Morgan*

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mouth, and his moves from lectern to desk to piano were awkward. Before an uncomfortable, fidgety Bernstein sat an audience of impassive Harvard students who laughed at none of his jokes, much to his chagrin. You can see the lack of audience response throw him off balance as he tries to ad lib. The students' alienation, though, was very much the point of the lecture. They were the lost generation he was trying to win back.

Critics at the time accused Bernstein of reducing Chomsky's linguistics to a crude caricature and of using his Harvard pulpit to attack the more advanced varieties of twentieth-century music. The Chomsky theme, however, was meant to be yet another disarming device. Bernstein knew that his audience was not ready to accept what he had to say about music, particularly in his climactic talk on Mahler, so he first distracted them with a hot academic topic that had built-in respectability. It appears that he took his own ploy half seriously at times, as when he reeled off analogies between musical effects and rhetorical figures such as anaphora and chiasmus. The apparent obscurity of this jargon disguised his deeper purpose. He knew that his student audience was too young to have watched the *Omnibus* shows, and perhaps too old to have watched many of the *Young People's Concerts*. They lacked contact with the basic premises of classical music—but of course he couldn't say that. Under the Chomsky cover, Bernstein led this new generation back through the basics of melody, harmony, and rhythm, and gave them a crash course in music history from Bach to Stravinsky, deploying all his old techniques of statement, illustration, and restatement as powerfully as before.

The Chomsky theme, however, had a dead-serious side to it. The real subject of the Harvard lectures was universality. Bernstein was quick to dismiss older appeals to the universal, which, he pointed out, were usually appeals to "support your local symphony orchestra." He briefly nodded in the direction of cultural determinism by noting that few Westerners could stay awake through forty minutes of Indian ragas. Yet he was attracted to the notion, parallel to the new linguistics, that music derives from some fundamental and universal rules as "a timely and welcome affirmation of human kinship." That is the kind of sentiment that got Bernstein hoisted on Tom Wolfe's petard, but it is not just empty rhetoric. Thanks to radio and recording, all music today is universal. Not only is European music played worldwide but so is West African music, North African music, Indian music, Balinese music, Chinese music, Cuban music, and Brazilian music, not to mention the unending waves of music emanating from African-American culture: ragtime, blues, hot jazz, swing, bebop, rock, free jazz, disco, rap. The old universality argument was a front for imperialism: our music was universal, not theirs. The new universality applies to all music, except perhaps the music whose composers don't care if you listen, to use a phrase permanently attached to the work of Milton Babbitt.

Bernstein did not dismiss all of twentieth-century music. He devoted most of his last lecture worshipfully to Mr. Twentieth-Century Music himself, Igor Stravinsky. Neither did he dismiss twelve-tone music: he examined a single Schönberg piano piece at length and included a performance of Berg's Violin Concerto. What troubled him about Schönberg was that after fifty years the concertgoing public did not love to listen to it "as they might listen to Mahler or Stravinsky." Note that he did not say "Mozart or Verdi." In his view the judgment of the public was to be neither ignored nor despised. After all, Mahler's music is virtually as complex as Schönberg's, both technically and emotionally, and Stravinsky's music is expressively more obtuse than Schönberg's, which, whether tonal, atonal, or serial, is recognizably connected to the Romantic tradition. With the discovery of serialism Schönberg unleashed a means of producing music which was no longer based on the universal compact between composer and audience; music could now become a numbers game. This approach was endorsed in university music departments of the time and was promoted by the journal *Perspectives of New Music*, whose analytic articles, filled with numerical charts and matrices, required a postgraduate education in music theory to be understood. Schönberg's music, Bernstein indicated, still made use of traditional musical syntax; but his latter-day disciples had taken serialism as a license to abandon the public and thus to sever music from its reason for being. Their music was dry and sterile.

Bernstein's call for a return to tonality was really a call for a return to the audience. And although Pierre Boulez and Elliott Carter or Milton Babbitt and John Cage might continue to pursue different implications of Schönberg's atonal revolution, Bernstein had already noted that a return to tonality was in the air. Twenty years later the new tonality is *on* the air: for the first time in decades new music is being broadcast on radio and television. The neotonal works of Arvo Pärt and Henryk Gorecki, the minimalist compositions of Philip Glass and Steve Reich, the operas of John Corigliano and John Adams, are crossing over into the realm of the popular. Lenny smiles.

One surprising aspect of the Harvard lectures was little noted at the time: though titled *The Unanswered Question*, after Charles Ives's famous composition, they virtually ignored American music, save for one brief but unavoidable moment from *Billy the Kid*. The young Bernstein had been a champion of Copland, Roy Harris, William Schuman, and Lukas Foss, as well as Frank Loesser and Richard Rodgers. In his own compositions he had joined their quest for a distinctively American music. He had tried to keep up with new developments, and embraced the music of Ornette Coleman and Frank Zappa, even if he never played it. Though Bernstein's failure to champion much of the newer American music has been attributed to either vanity or hardening of the aesthetic arteries, I think it can be seen in a different way. The universality argu-

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ment of the Harvard lectures pointed to the death of musical nationalism. As recordings and broadcasts traveled around the world, the cultivation of schools of local color may have become an anachronism. American composers no longer needed to think of themselves as cowboys. With the passing years Bernstein seemed to feel spiritually closer to Mahler than to Gershwin, or Harris, or even Copland.

The great set piece of the Harvard lectures was a sermon on the meaning of Mahler, delivered in a style that could have won Bernstein the pulpit at New York's Temple Emanu-El. Other composers bore witness to some aspects of the twentieth century, Bernstein said, but Mahler saw it all. His music is the most universal, even if its revelation is one of death. The last page of Mahler's Ninth is "the closest we have ever come, in any work of art, to experiencing the very act of dying, of giving it all up." In that phrase I can no longer tell the dancer from the dance; it's not a phrase whose validity can be tested. It dares us to leap to a higher and more universal concept of the universal. It is grandiose, self-conscious shtick, as well, with the camera panned in so close that you can see Bernstein's every pore, every bead of sweat—but it's the shtick of the master teacher.

The Composer

A PARLOR GAME FOR THE NINETIES: CONVERT BERNstein's modernist vices into postmodern virtues. Bombast and theatricality can now be called "performative." The lack of originality now looks like a gift for "appropriation." The absence of stylistic unity and the penchant for eclecticism become "intertextuality." The dependence on gesture (Leon Botstein charged that Bernstein used notes like words)—call it "semiotic." And the ultimate modernist putdown, that the music is easy to listen to, can now be termed "legibility." Bernstein, who loved word games and is probably at this moment playing four-dimensional polyglot anagrams with Mendelssohn and Maimonides, would have gleefully added to the list.

The advantage of a postmodern paradigm shift is that it allows us to view Bernstein in sympathetic terms. From the point of view of modernism, which underlies the criticisms of Botstein and others, a good piece of music must be original and autonomous—it has to stand alone, with form and content perfectly merged. It requires "wholeness, harmony and radiance" as Stephen Dedalus, quoting Aquinas, reminds us in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. To a modernist listener, circa 1963, the late music of Stravinsky—*Agon* and Movements for Piano and Orchestra—exemplified these qualities. Bernstein's *Kaddish* Symphony violated modernist decorum by using music not for its own sake but to illustrate a theatrical text, and further sinned through shameless borrowing of melodic material from Copland, Mahler, and Berg. Today, when the wildly eclectic and theatrical music of David Del Tredici, Corigliano, Adams, and Alfred Schnittke wins critical approval, Bernstein can look like a harbinger of the postmodern.

It may be as misleading, however, to praise Bernstein for anticipating this year's fashion (Corigliano's *Ghosts of Versailles*, for instance) as it was to dismiss him for failing to adhere to the approved models of twenty years back, such as Elliott Carter's Third String Quartet. He needs to be understood in the context of his own generation. His music is much closer to that of those two other great Mahler-inspired prodigies, Dmitry Shostakovich and Benjamin Britten, than to the music of any of today's composers. Even that comparison fails to account for the crucial place of Broadway in Bernstein's music.

To understand Bernstein the composer on his own terms, we have to go back to the thirties. His already developed musical ideology was present in his remarkable Harvard undergraduate thesis of 1939, reprinted in *Findings*, Bernstein's 1982 book of occasional writings. "The Absorption of Race Elements Into American Music" dealt with the problem, first posed to American composers by Dvořák, of finding a connection between art music and the music of the people. But which people? Since Haydn, European composers had transformed the music of the peasantry, often with the purpose of finding an emblem of a national identity. America lacked a peasantry and was a different kind of nation-state from the more ethnically coherent nations of Europe. (Today it seems odd indeed to look to Mitteleuropa for lessons in dealing with diversity.) Bernstein began with a historical survey of pre-nationalist American music, which merely emulated European models, and early nationalism, which, following Dvořák, turned to the Negro spiritual or, like Edward MacDowell, who did not want American music to derive from "the lazy, sensual slave," to the music of the American Indian. Neither of these models was "organic" or broadly American: composers merely incorporated certain external aspects of them into the genres and techniques of European music. But, Bernstein claimed, there was a music that all Americans accepted as their own—jazz. Jazz, moreover, was not just a superficial style but a language whose rhythms and scales had already produced a recognizably American, organic art music. The rest of the thesis was an analysis of this new art music, with particular attention given to the Piano Concerto of Aaron Copland (whom Bernstein had met in 1937).

Read today, a few aspects of Bernstein's thesis seem surprising. He showed no interest in jazz itself, only in it as raw material for art music. Nor did he discuss actual jazz composition—Jelly Roll Morton and Duke Ellington were not mentioned, even though Ellington had recorded his extended composition *Reminiscing in Tempo* in 1935. Gershwin did appear, but was taken to task for remaining steeped in nineteenth-century European techniques.

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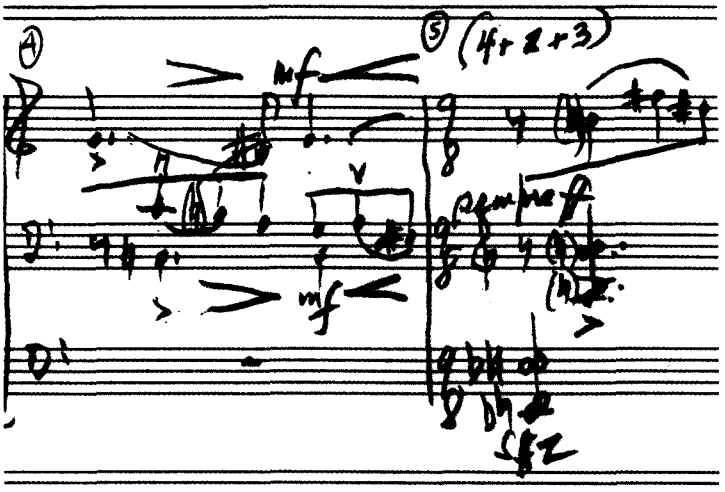
Bernstein was to remain touchy for the rest of his life on the subject of his great predecessor in crossover, returning again and again to his doubts about Gershwin's technique and his own inability to write a "nice Gershwin tune." (Listen to Bernstein's contorted reading of *Rhapsody in Blue* and you can really hear the anxiety of influence.) I detect in Bernstein's "Gershwin problem" the opinions of his two most important compositional mentors, Copland and Marc Blitzstein. For them, modernists in aesthetics and leftists in politics, Gershwin's music was tainted by its association with capitalist consumer culture; Gershwin was an untrained and naive composer, a natural genius who lacked the tools to transcend the musical limitations and emotional inanities of popular song. Their music dipped popular elements in the acid bath of modernist distortion to transcend such limitations. Bernstein's lifelong love-hate relation to Gershwin, however, shows that he did not find Gershwin's popularity so easy to dismiss.

Bernstein's theoretical stance of 1939 received its definitive musical form in 1944 with the ballet *Fancy Free*, his first collaboration with the choreographer Jerome Robbins, an astonishingly fresh and accomplished work for a composer of twenty-six—or of any age, for that matter. It is a synthesis of Copland and Blitzstein which at the same time sounds completely like the Bernstein to come—you can hear in it most of *West Side Story*. Subtler portents of Bernstein's future are the appealingly sentimental harmonies of the waltz variations—stickier than any Copland—and the surprising appearance of a twelve-tone row in the middle of the Galop. Despite Bernstein's later attack on serialism, he was to employ twelve-tone techniques in almost all his pieces, both before and after serialism was in fashion, in a personal and often convincing way.

Fancy Free, like its model, Copland's *Music for the Theatre*, is a stylization of jazz which captures the spirit of jazz without sounding at all like the actual jazz of the period—listen to some Woody Herman for a comparison. (The cutting-edge jazz of the period, bebop, which we now think of as the sound of New York in the forties, didn't even enter the picture.) The stride-piano solos are an odd anachronism—they don't even hint at boogie-woogie—yet somehow they fail to destroy the illusion of contemporaneity. The rhythmic distortions of jazz figures, more complex than Stravinsky's asymmetrical rhythmic patterns, serve as a metaphor for the very different rhythmic procedures of actual jazz. Bernstein understood that the way to incorporate jazz into classical music was to evoke it rather than imitate it, for any imitation was doomed to be pale. It was an insight crucial to the success of *On the Waterfront* and *West Side Story*, and also one Bernstein forgot to heed when he incorporated "real" rock music into the score of *Mass*, with banal results.

The year 1944 also saw the premiere of Bernstein's first symphony, *Jeremiah*, a three-movement work ending



Clockwise from upper left: Museum of the City of New York; Eric Kasten, courtesy of the Carson Office; UPI/Bettmann; A Quiet Place © 1983 by Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Wadsworth, and reprinted by permission of John Publ. Inc., publisher, and Boosey & Hawkes, Inc., sole agent

with a setting of Lamentations in Hebrew for mezzo-soprano. Again, Copland was the major influence (along with Harris and Schuman). Bernstein's main stylistic innovation was the use of melodic figures from synagogue chant. These are immediately apparent and poignant to listeners (like me) with the appropriate background—the middle movement uses a melodic formula chanted by every boy on becoming a Bar Mitzvah—but to gentiles, or nonobservant Jews, for that matter, these references probably convey nothing. The first two movements often

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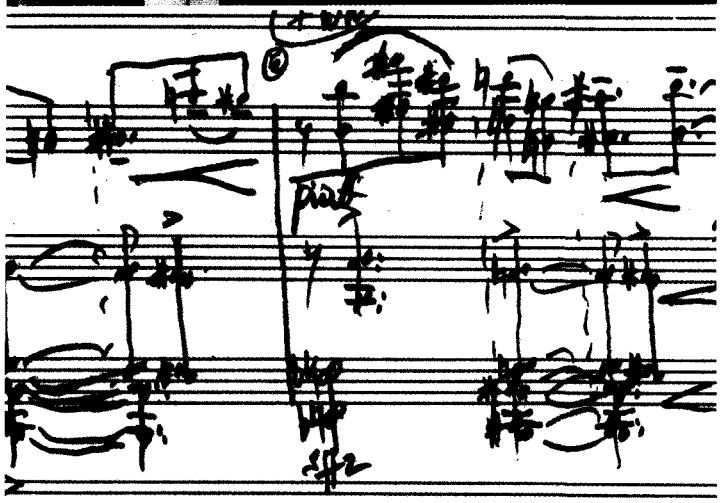

Bernstein as composer. Clockwise from far left: Bernstein rehearsing the score for *On the Town* (1944) together with Jerome Robbins, who had choreographed *Fancy Free*, the ballet on which the show was based, and the lyricists Betty Comden and Adolph Green; at work on *Hashkivenu*, his 1945 work for cantorial solo and choir; taking a curtain call after a performance of *Mass*, his controversial 1971 theater piece; a fragment from the opera *A Quiet Place*

sound contrived and frantic, much more like a student's work (even if the orchestration is fully professional) than *Fancy Free*. The Lamentation, however, actually composed three years earlier, struck a new and personal note of dramatic lyricism that "sounds Jewish," again more by evocation than by imitation.

In these two works Bernstein established the two main lines of his own development—his New York style of Coplandized jazz and his Jewish style, with its basis in actual synagogue chant. The first style, developed in *On the Town*, the wonderful Prelude, Fugue and Riffs, and the overrated "Masque" from *The Age of Anxiety*, culminated in *West Side Story*, but it is ubiquitous in Bernstein's work. The second style would persist through the *Kaddish*, and even the *Mass*, down to Bernstein's last works. Given Bernstein's obsession with these two themes, it is odd that he was constantly criticized for lacking his own voice. Both styles presented problems, however. Bernstein's notion of jazz, rooted in the thirties, was already anachronistic in 1944, and became more so later on. (A bête noire of his later years was John Coltrane, who, he would tell young musicians, "ruined jazz" with his atonal "sheets of sound.") The stylizing devices Bernstein employed became more predictable over the years, especially his recourse to seven-eight time, and thus less powerfully evocative. The jazz style of "The Pennycandystore Beyond the El," from *Songfest*, a twelve-tone piece, sounds self-consciously cute—an evocation of jazzish Bernstein rather than of jazz.

The religious theme of the *Jeremiah* Symphony is even more persistent in Bernstein's work, whether it is explicitly Jewish or not, returning in ever more grandiose form in the second symphony, *The Age of Anxiety*, based on Auden's poem, and the third symphony, *Kaddish*, Bernstein's own dramatic—some would say melodramatic—meditation on the Hebrew prayer for the dead. It is pushed to an even larger scale in the *Mass*, a theater piece, not a religious service. In these works Bernstein extended his stylistic base, incorporating elements from Hindemith, Shostakovich, Mahler, Berg, and even Krzysztof Penderecki, Paul Simon, and Galt MacDermott (who composed *Hair*). Critics have viewed each successive chapter in Bernstein's account of his losses and rediscoveries of faith as more diffuse, pretentious, and offensive than the last. To me, Bernstein's obsession with God is like the adolescent poet's obsession with death: it's a big subject, but not one you can really say much about unless you go all the way with it, like Herman Melville or Emily Dickinson or Allen Ginsberg, whose *Kaddish* seems more truly personal and so more universal than Bernstein's. Despite their well-calculated theatricality, however, the *Kaddish* Symphony, with its awkward, mawkish text, and *Mass*, with its acid-trip banalities, fail to persuade many listeners that Bernstein's struggle with

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faith had any universal implications: it was his problem, not ours. His struggling believer, whether Christian or Jew, always sounds like a petulant child.

Yet on re-listening, I find that the *Kaddish* Symphony nearly transcends the personal. It is certainly a risky work, Bernstein's most extravagant attempt to reach for a Mahlerian expressive range. The diversity of stylistic elements is dramatically effective—echoes of Mahler's Third Symphony and Copland's *Appalachian Spring* appear tellingly as emblems of lost faith. At its best the symphony conveys a deep anguish in music of power and beauty. But at other times it feels too much like a public monument built out of available parts. In his later years Bernstein was expected to produce major masterpieces for major occasions, even though he was no longer a full-time composer. Owing to the pressure of conducting, he would go for years without writing a note. His big pieces of the seventies and eighties, *Mass* and the opera *A Quiet Place*, show the strain. The best works of the sixties and seventies are the small ones—*Chichester Psalms*, one of the few works of recent music that can be performed by amateurs, and *Songfest*.

For most of the fifties, however, Bernstein was a composer first, and he produced his finest work in a constant flow, in a terrifyingly wide range of styles. Just among the theater works there is *Trouble in Tahiti*, a chamber opera in the tradition of the German *Zeitoper* of the twenties, with a spiffy singing-commercial Greek chorus; *Wonderful Town*, a "real" Broadway show, breezy, unpretentious, and clever, and a well-built star vehicle for Rosalind Russell; *Candide*, an ill-fated near-operetta combining light music with a heavy Lillian Hellman book; and, finally, triumphantly, *West Side Story*, which, it is generally agreed, has joined the company of *Porgy and Bess* (and perhaps *Show Boat*) as a classic of American musical theater—a term indicating that vaguely defined area between musical comedy and opera, which is not operetta, either. Whereas the film score for *On the Waterfront* anticipates both the rumble and the love music in *West Side Story*, the Serenade for Solo Violin, String Orchestra, Harp, and Percussion, his one symphonic work of the decade, shows a completely different side of Bernstein—the elegant neoclassicist. A Stravinskian style dominates this atypically exquisite work—at least until the end, when Bernstein let the jazz cat out of the bag to show us that its composer was Broadway-bound.

WHY BROADWAY? AND WHY, GIVEN BERNSTEIN'S theatrical flair, did he not follow the powerful example of Benjamin Britten and compose "real" operas? Bernstein gave his answer in his *Omnibus* show "The American Musical Comedy": now that we had Rodgers and Hammerstein, Lerner and Loewe, and Frank Loesser, musical comedy *was* American opera. *West Side Story*, much as it owed to Bernstein's Copland-Blitzstein heritage, was built on the model of *South Pacific*, the show Bernstein cited as the finest example of the form.

The Jets sing just like the Seabees—compare "Gee, Officer Krupke" with "There Is Nothing Like a Dame." "I Feel Pretty" is a Latinized clone of "I'm in Love With a Wonderful Guy." "Something's Coming" echoes "You've Got to Be Carefully Taught." Further afield but within the tradition, "Tonight" (added to the show after Oscar Hammerstein II pointed out the need for a soaring tune in the balcony scene) is modeled closely on "I Could Have Danced All Night," from *My Fair Lady*, while "One Hand, One Heart" is an anthem in the manner of "You'll Never Walk Alone." My point is not that Bernstein was derivative but that he eagerly embraced a tradition that seemed more vital to him than the older, European tradition of opera. After *West Side Story*, though, he never had another Broadway success, and he finally retreated to the opera house with *A Quiet Place*.

It is widely assumed that musical comedy should aspire to the condition of opera. Though shows such as *The Most Happy Fella* and *Sweeney Todd* come pretty close to opera in musical continuity and emotional intensity, two crucial factors separate the two genres. First, they differ in performing style. Despite the presence of Ezio Pinza, *South Pacific* was a musical comedy, because of the way everyone else sang. Likewise, despite the role of Sportin' Life, written for John W. Bubbles, *Porgy and Bess* is an opera written for operatic voices, even if much of what they sing is in the form of Broadway tunes. Ethel Merman and Mary Martin, John Raitt and Stubby Kaye, could not sing opera, and I doubt that you would want to hear Jessye Norman in *Annie Get Your Gun* (though she does fine by Jerome Kern). The musical-comedy style of singing is based on techniques and goals different from those of opera singers. Each style has its own validity.

This distinction has become blurred in recent years, because both opera and musical comedy have changed. Amplification and an emphasis on "production values" have virtually annihilated the old Broadway singing style; it's all too often replaced by the overmiked rhythmic speech of dancers or actors without musical training. However, virtually every opera company in the country now does one musical as part of its repertory. The result of both these developments is that the classic musical comedies are increasingly being performed by opera singers and are therefore being turned into the one thing they were never meant to be: operettas. Bernstein's recordings of *Candide* and *West Side Story* strike me as a sorry precedent. They are well sung but lifeless, losing all their urbane or urban immediacy. On the recording of *Candide*, Adolph Green's Dr. Pangloss preserves the real Broadway flavor; in contrast, Christa Ludwig, as the Old Lady, sounds like she's still singing Orlovsky—the notes are perfect, the words sound as though they were learned syllabically. A decade of this kind of high-class performance will kill off the genre for good.

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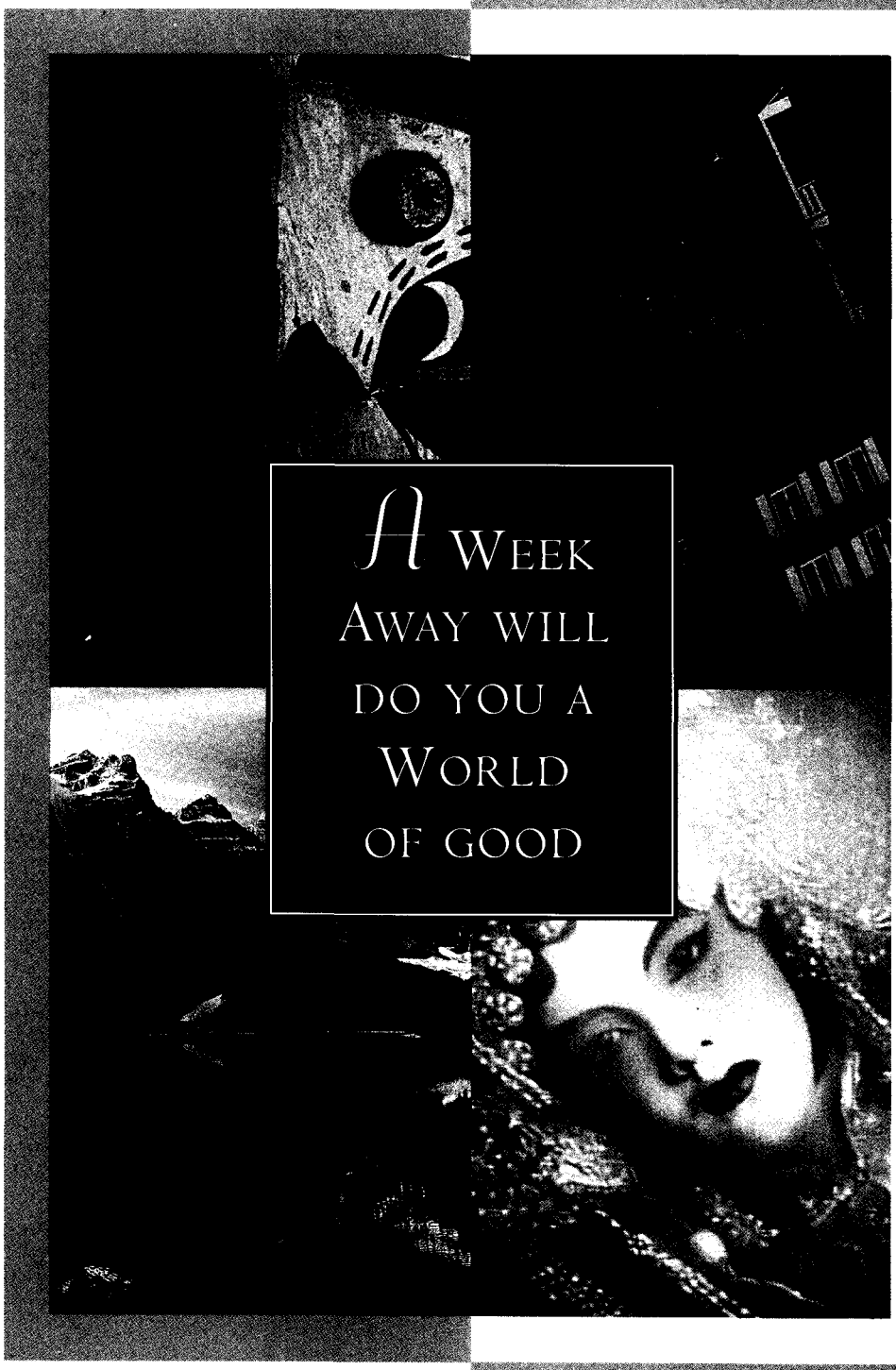

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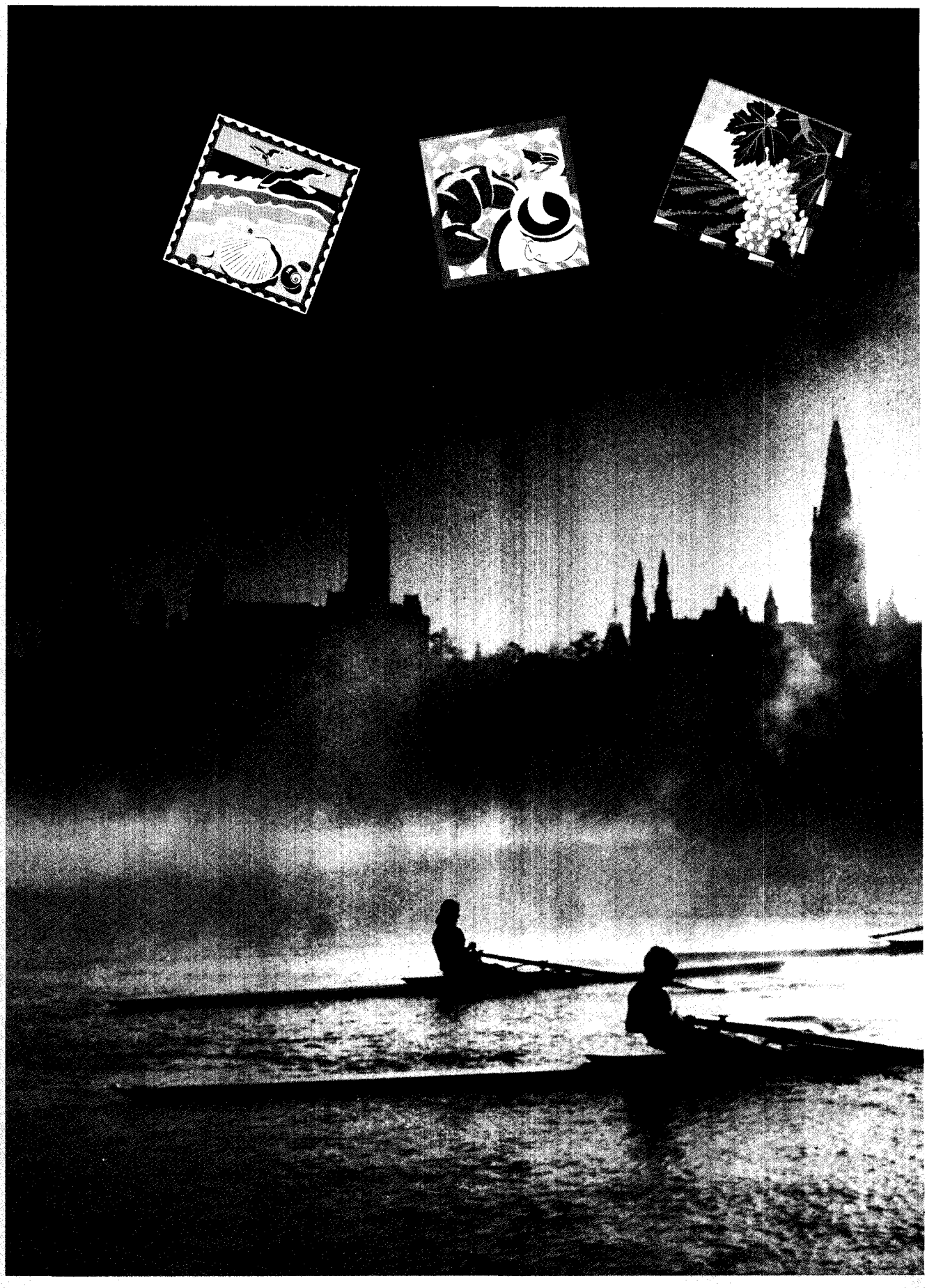

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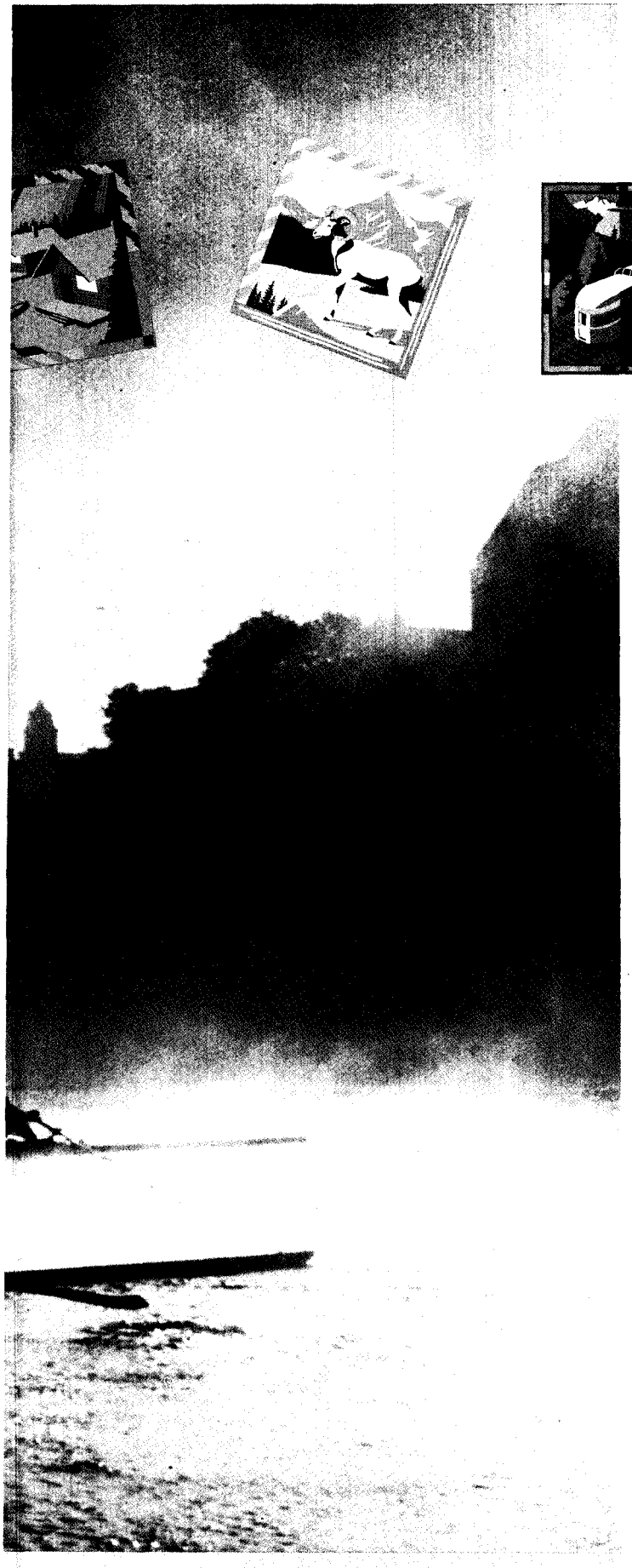

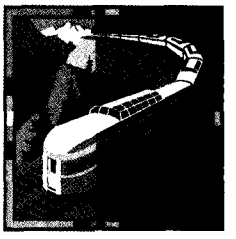

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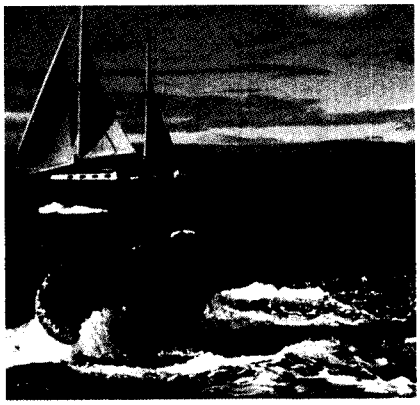

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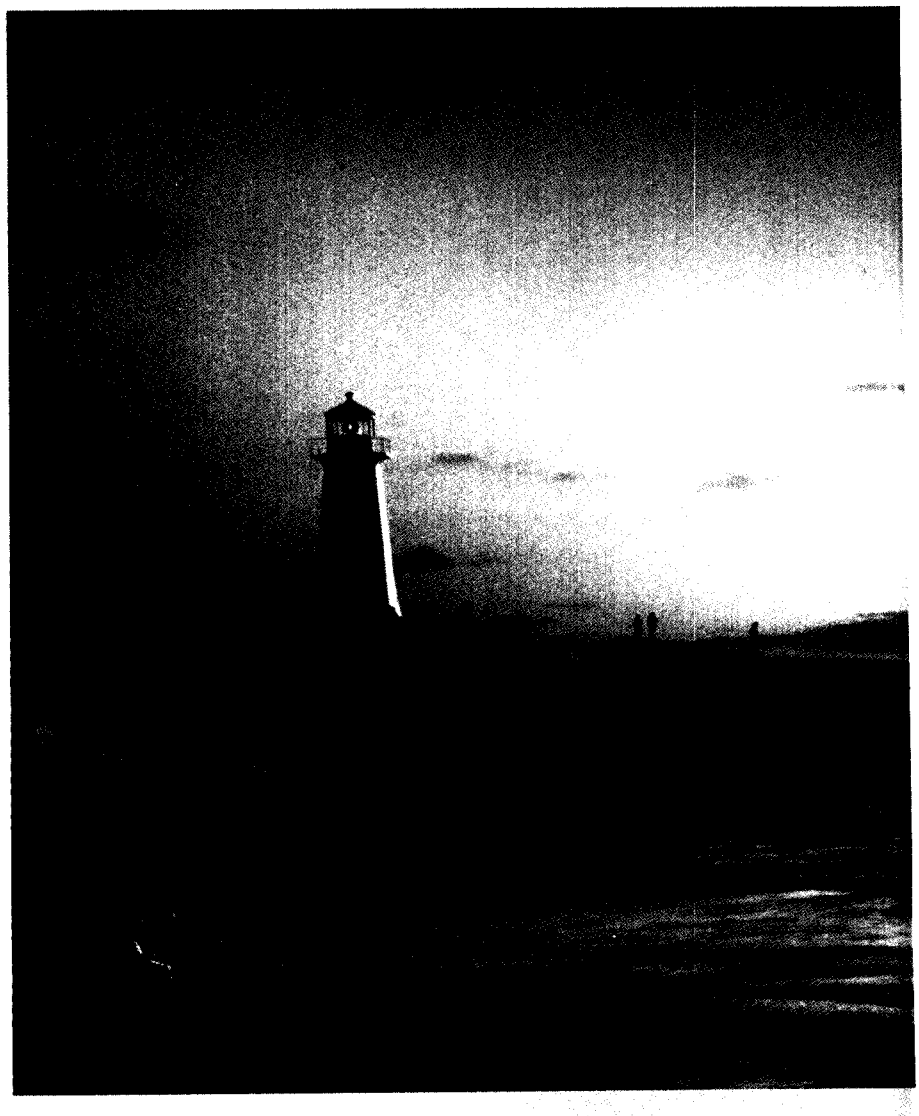

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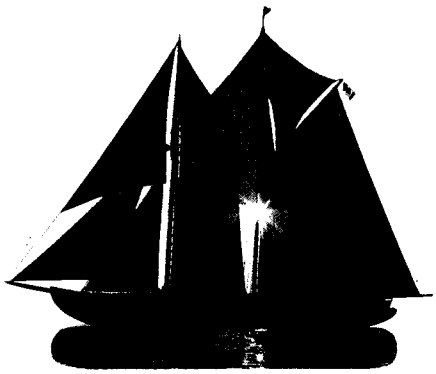

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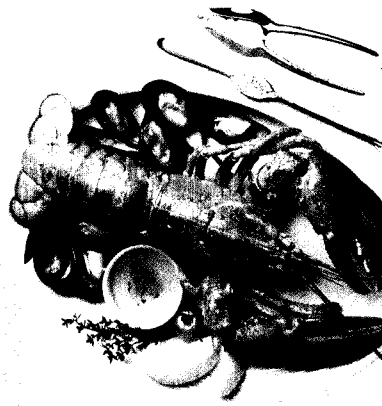

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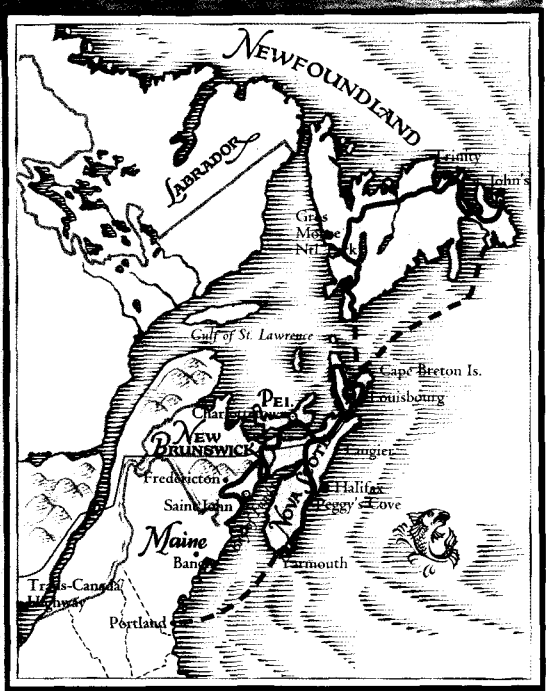

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Montréal in two words – cosmopolitan and historic. It's the second-largest French-speaking city in the world; last year it celebrated its 350th birthday. An island city, it's compact, perfect for serious shopping ... or simply strolling.

There are churches and oratories to visit, as well as 3,000 restaurants, great nightlife, and the International Jazz Festival. A quick flight from New York City, Montréal feels so ... French!

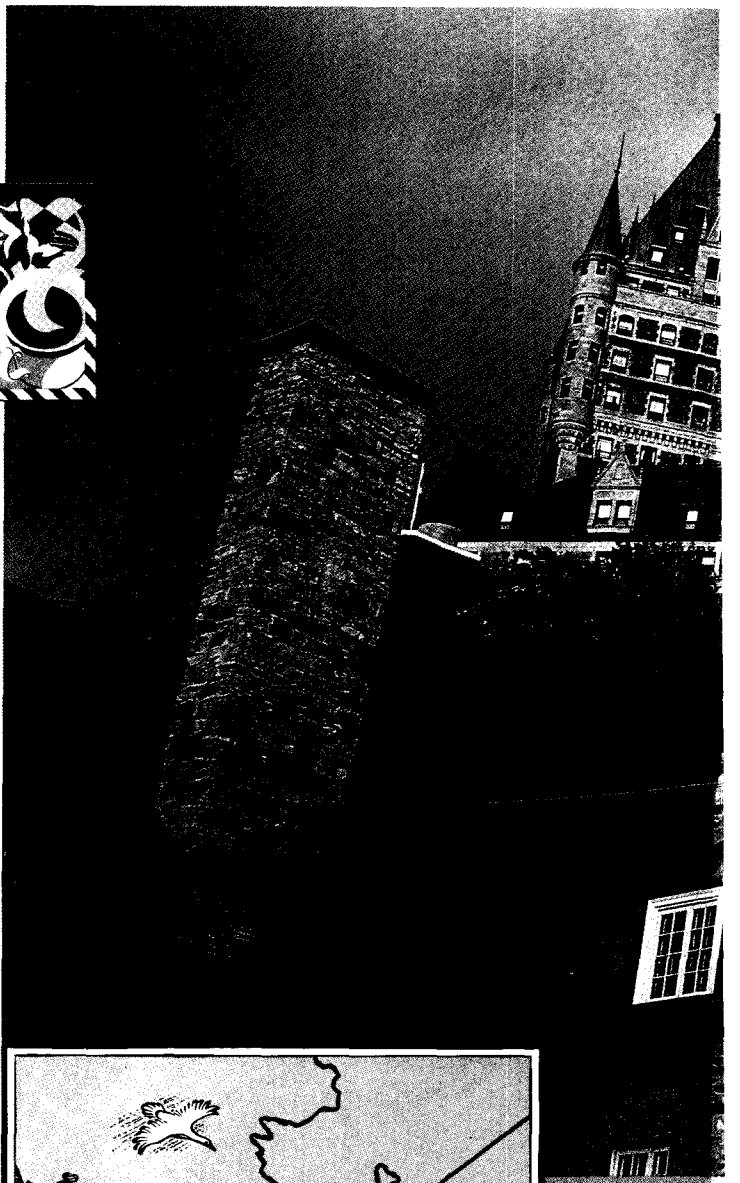
Less than an hour's drive south is the resort region of the Eastern Townships. Amid rolling hills are concerts and country inns, watersports and wines, the bustle of Sherbrooke and the calm of the abbey at Saint-Benoît-du-Lac.

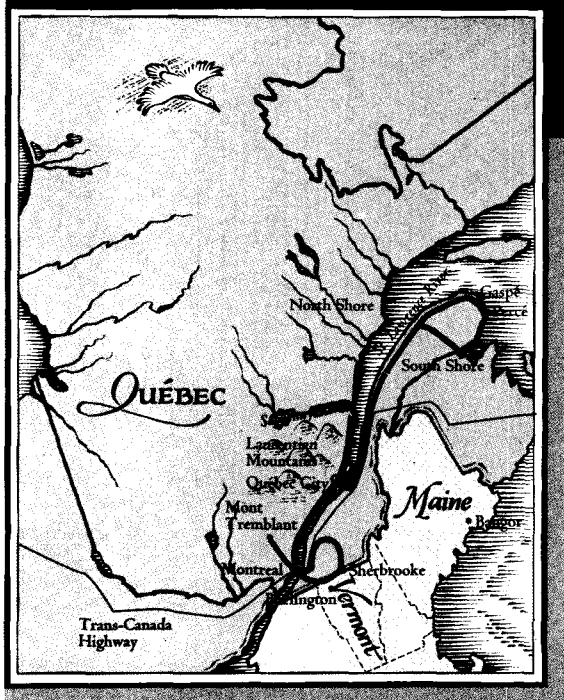
About 90 minutes north are the Laurentian mountains. At charming communities like Saint-Jérome and Mont Tremblant, you can golf, swim, boat, hike, ride, and dine very well indeed.

Québec City, the historic walled capital, offers unforgettable sights ... the Château Frontenac, the Citadel, the cobblestone streets of Old Town, and the outdoor cafés along the Grande-Allée.

The North Shore of the St. Lawrence River leads to the deep fjords of the Saguenay River. The South Shore takes you to the Gaspé, with the famous 'pierced' rock at Percé, so dramatic at sunrise, so romantic at sunset!

Wherever you go in Québec, however long you linger, you'll hear the word Bienvenue! It's our way of saying 'Welcome!'





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HERE'S A ROUTE THAT LETS YOU SEE MORE OF THE WORLD NEXT DOOR.

AIR CANADA FLYDRIVE PACKAGES AVAILABLE.

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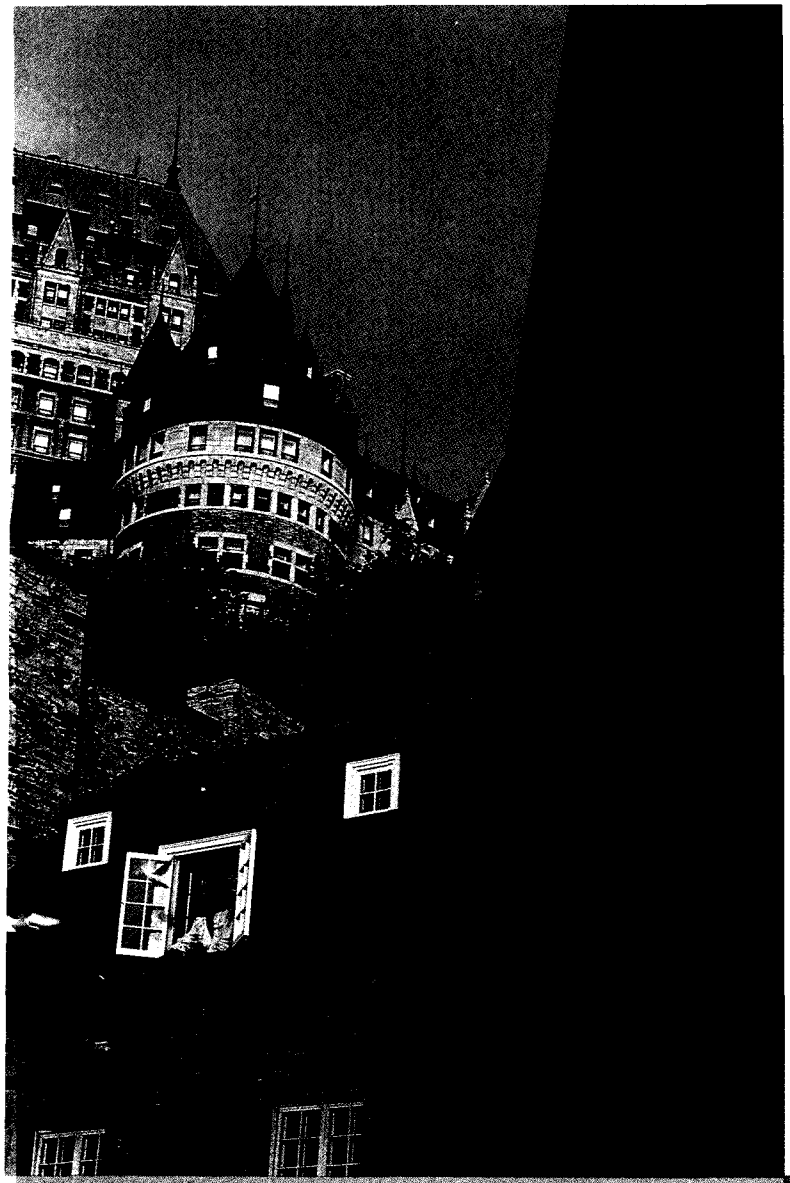
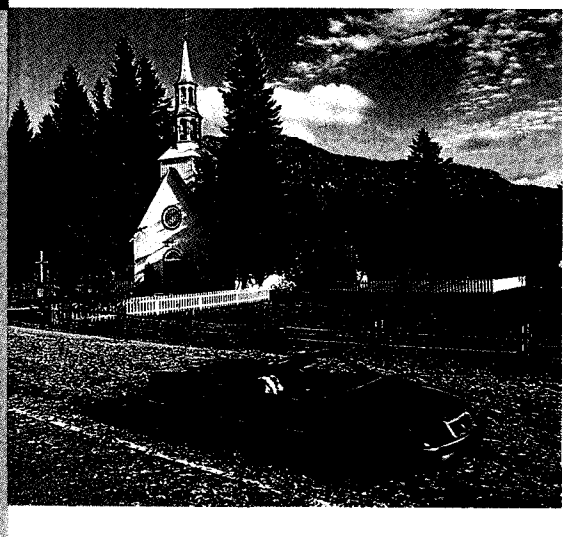


Québec City ... the Old World and the New. Lower Town and the Town Above. In the foreground, La Maison Chevalier, now a musée. In the background, the renowned Château Frontenac.

French cuisine and fine dining are matters of importance everywhere in Québec ... especially in the restaurants of the district called Old Montréal.

Heirloom or handiwork, old or new, the arts and crafts of Québec's master artisans tug at your heartstrings.

From the Mount Royal lookout, marvel at the skyline of Montréal. Then tour the city by bus, by car, by foot, or by horse-drawn calèche.



Visit the villages and country churches (the one here is at Mont-Tremblant in the Laurentians), then swim, fish, boat, hike, ride, golf, and ski!

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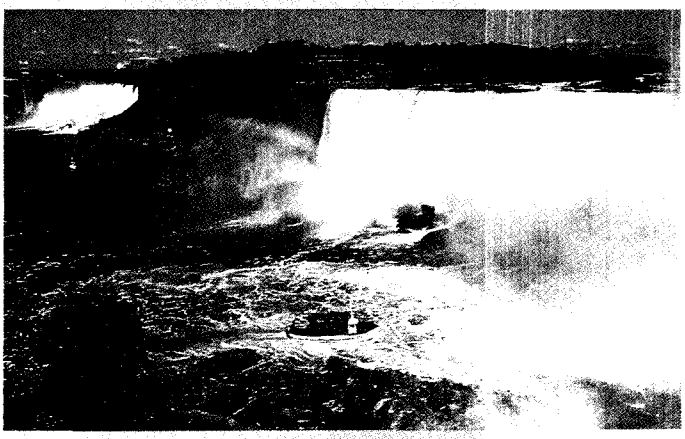
Splendid in scarlet tunics, members of the Guards Band make martial music in July and August on Ottawa's Parliament Hill.

When you take an Island Ferry, you exchange the hustle and bustle of Toronto, Canada's largest city, for a relaxing walk, bike ride, or picnic on one of the bucolic Toronto Islands.



A gentle rainbow plays over mighty Niagara Falls, the world's most famous waterfall. Board the Maid of the Mist and feel its spray!

Don't let the Lion Mask frighten you. It may be fearsome looking, but a friendly Chinese Canadian put it on for a parade.

Golf is one of the innumerable pleasures of the Muskokas. Admiring the multicoloured leaves in the fall is another.

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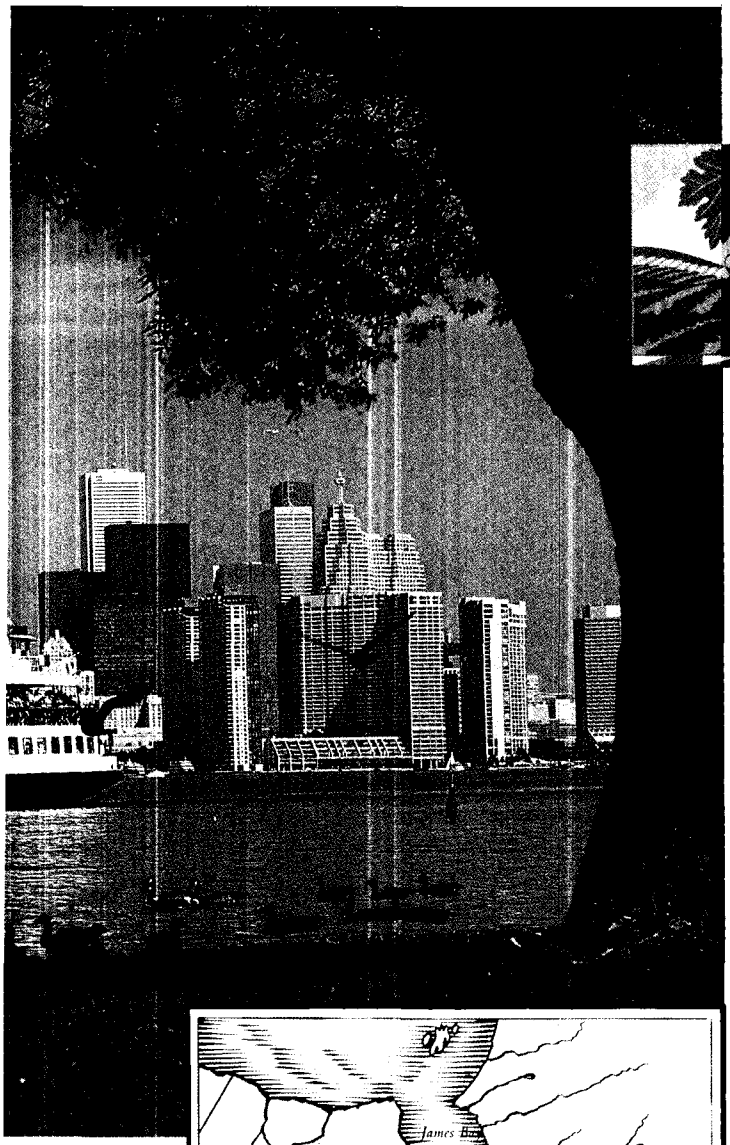
TRIP *your* IMAGINATION!



LET'S START WITH NIAGARA. THAT RAINBOW IS REAL, A REGULAR FEATURE, AND A COLOURFUL HARBINGER OF GREAT THINGS TO COME.

Just to the west, we jest! With the best of The Bard, at Stratford, or, nearby, the zest of the Shaw festival. For a change of pace, swing by the Guy Lombardo Centre in London. Munch at the Farmers' Market in Kitchener – especially come Oktoberfest. And savour the fruits of our orchards and vineyards. A nice little ice wine, perhaps? Prosit!

Spin up to Toronto, and take in the clean green big city scene, the SkyDome, gallerias galore and funky little stores, and your ever-looming CN Tower. Check in to a swell hotel, then stroll about and buzz with the night life, the lively arts and jumbo-delicious cosmopolitan flavours. This burg's cookin'.

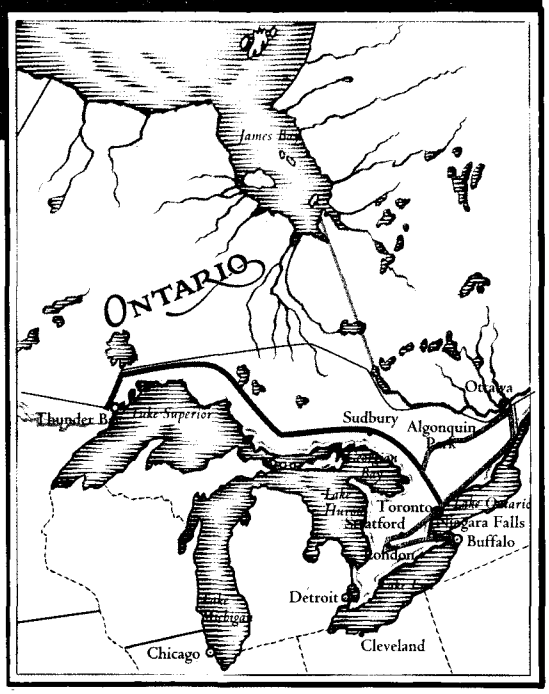
Feel like a breather? Trip north to the 'Shining Waters' Ontario is famed for, and some of our best-loved summer playgrounds – Georgian Bay, the Muskokas, and Algonquin Park. Swim, sail, canoe, fish, hike, or just putter about. And relax, for our lakeside resorts will pamper you with the sleekest of creature comforts.

Farther afield, loom the rolling ranges of the Precambrian shield. Come September, take a day's train trip up the Agawa Canyon. And see the gorges glow.

Looping east, tour Canada's capital, Ottawa, with its gracious parks and public spaces, sedate canal cruises, museums and galleries, theatre, concerts, pomp and circumstance, and the neo-gothic grandeur of Parliament Hill. Step lively!

Or step back. Reel with the pyrotechnic spectacle of fusillades and cannonades at Old Fort Henry, in Kingston. Take a paddle-wheel cruise of the Thousand Islands. Delight in days gone by at Upper Canada Village, near Morrisburg. The nineteenth century churns on, with a genteel charm – and bread fresh-baked daily.

Whichever way you turn, golden moments await you, just over the rainbow.



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● AIR CANADA FLY/DRIVE PACKAGES AVAILABLE.

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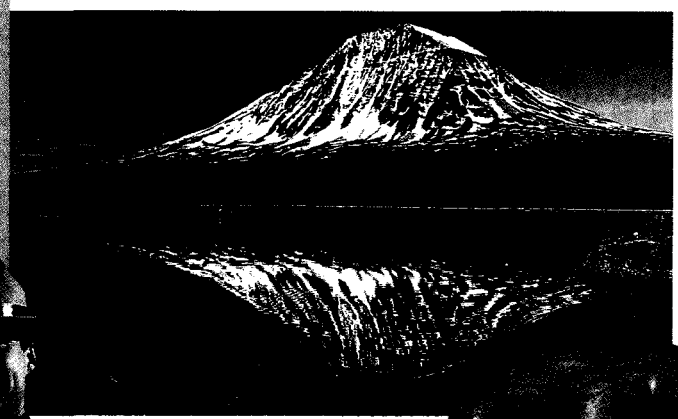
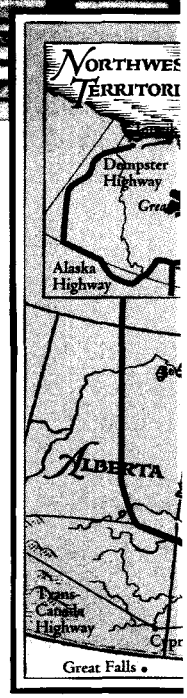
A land of lakes and rivers awaits your pleasure. A plane will take you to a place of splendour where the fish greet the sun.

Paddle your own bright red canoe. Pause alongside Mount Wilson in Nahanni Country. It's an unforgettable feast of the senses.



Pat & Rosemarie Keough



Nelson Eddy may sing for you, but our Mountie smiles for your camera in Regina, Saskatchewan.

No need to fear this bear ... its spirit is caught in soapstone by the Inuit carver. Carvings are works of art and wonderful souvenirs of the North.

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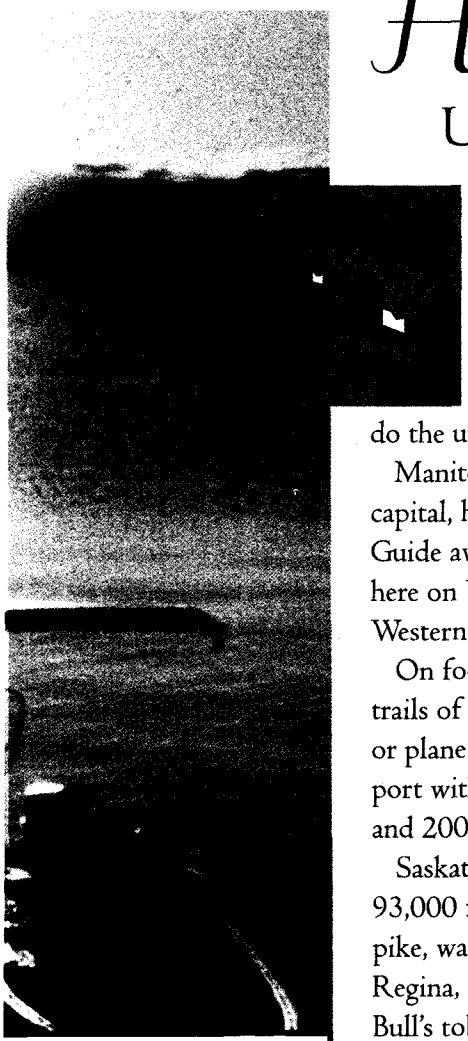
ARE YOU UP FOR R. & R.?



HERE'S 'LAND, LOTS OF LAND'. AND LAKES AND RIVERS, FISH AND BIRDS, FLOWERS AND ANIMALS ... EVEN THE AURORA!

Just the spot to do familiar things, like golf and shop; and elbow-room to do the unexpected, like flight see the wilderness.

Manitoba is mid-continent. Winnipeg, its capital, has so many attractions that the Michelin Guide awarded the city three-star status. Dine here on Winnipeg goldeye (a smoked fish), Western beef and Ukrainian perogies!

On foot, on horseback or on bicycle, follow the trails of Riding Mountain National Park. A train or plane takes you to Churchill, the Arctic sea-port with an 18th-century 'fur fort', polar bears, and 200 species of birds.

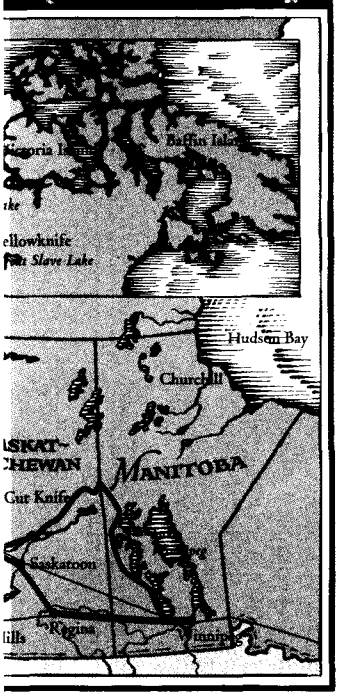
Saskatchewan is wheat-fields, parklands, and 93,000 freshwater lakes that teem with northern pike, walleye, and arctic grayling. The capital, Regina, celebrates the Mounties (see Chief Sitting Bull's tobacco pouch at the RCMP Museum) and hosts Buffalo Days, the exciting country and western fair.

Saskatoon, 'the city of bridges', offers river cruises and stages Shakespeare on the Saskatchewan. The world's largest tomahawk towers over Cut Knife.

To top it all off ... there's the vastness of the Northwest Territories. 'The Land of the Midnight Sun'. One million square miles. Four time zones. Only 54,000 people.

On summer days, expect to wear shorts. Yellowknife, the capital, hosts the Pacific Western Midnight Sun Golf Tournament. Camp beside a mountain; canoe a challenging river. Here's the real wilderness!

'Manitoba. Saskatchewan. The Territories. Widen your horizons. 'Have a good day.' It lasts 24 hours!



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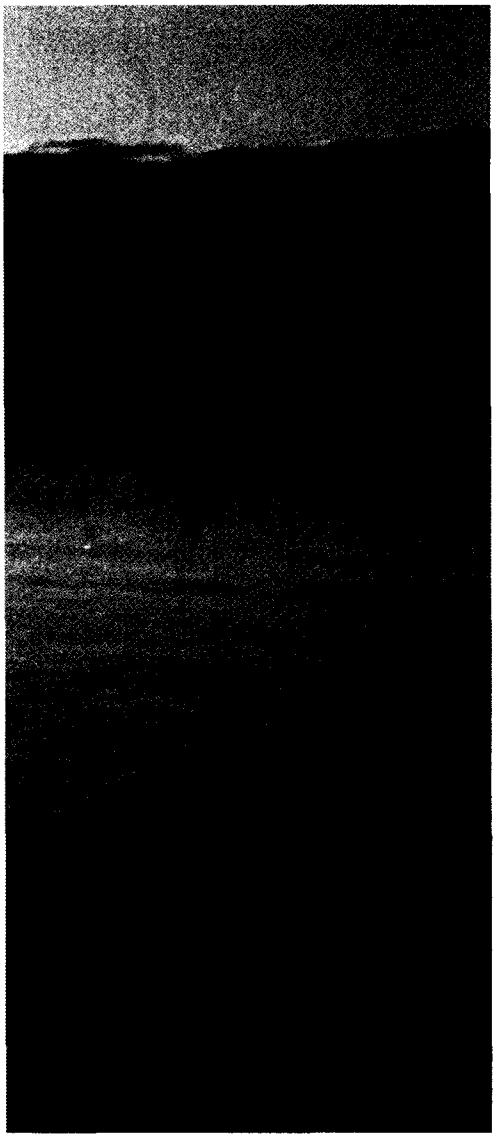
- AIR CANADA FLY/DRIVE.



OUR BALLERINA CATCHES YOUR BREATH. WINNIPEG IS THE HOME OF THE CLASSICAL ROYAL WINNIPEG BALLET AND THE CONTEMPORARY MANITOBA THEATRE CENTRE.

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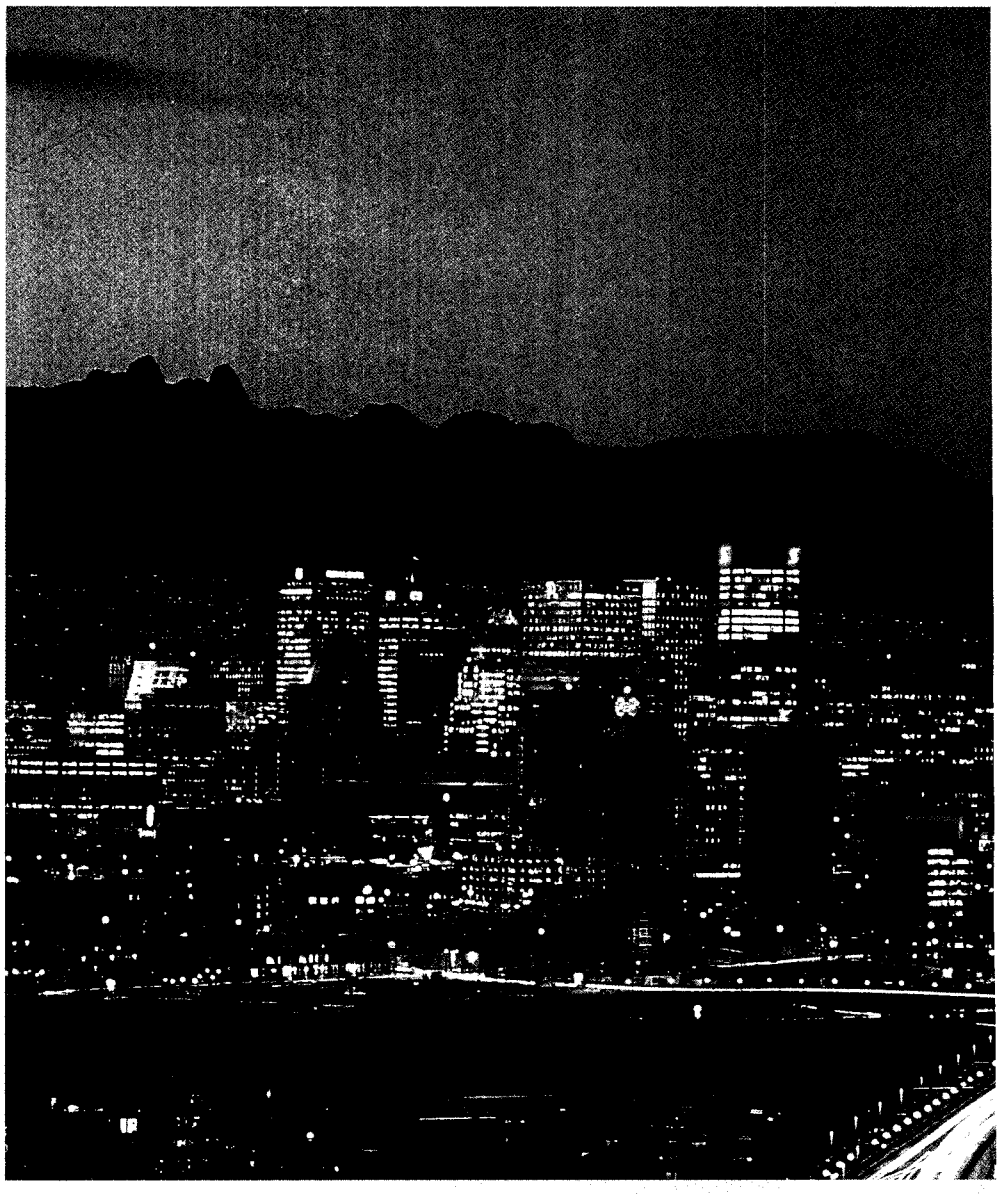
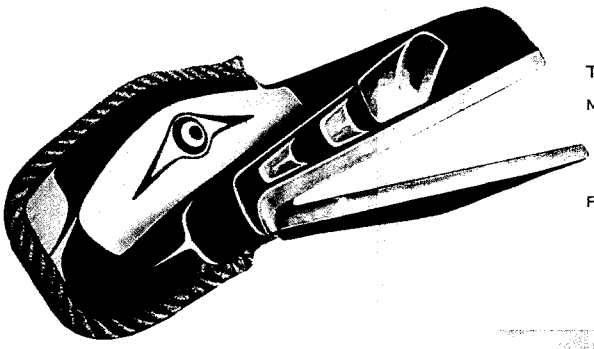
Meet Albertosaurus ... her nickname is Lillian. She stalks the halls of the Royal Tyrrell Museum, Drumheller, Alta.



Vancouver by night with light. Daytime attractions include the Ming Dynasty Garden and Science World (on the site of Expo '86).



The Haida work their miracles in wood. Raven, the trickster hero, is shown in this carved, painted ceremonial mask.

Flight see the Yukon, and opt for a 'copter tour of Canada's highest mountains and most awesome glaciers.

Like a fairy castle, Banff Springs hotel was built amid forest and mountain. It has a room with a view for you.

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REACH YOUR PEAK.

SHAKE HANDS WITH THE MYTH AND MAJESTY OF THE CANADIAN WEST.

Encounter spectacular coasts, lush rainforests, and awesome mountains. Enter a wild world of dinosaurs, totem-pole carvers, ranchers, prospectors, and friendly park wardens.

Begin big ... with the Rockies. Check into the romantic Banff Springs Hotel and ogle the views. For dinosaurs, all roads lead to the Royal Tyrrell Museum at Drumheller.

Edmonton, Alberta's capital, boasts the West Edmonton Mall, the world's largest shopping and indoor amusement centre – over 800 stores and an indoor beach. Calgary has skyscrapers, pioneer artifacts at the Glenbow Centre, and the rollicking excitement of the Calgary Stampede.

British Columbia is a place of splendour. The word even appears in the province's motto! Its capital, Victoria, recalls merry Old England; doubledecker buses ... floral gardens ... high tea at the Empress Hotel.

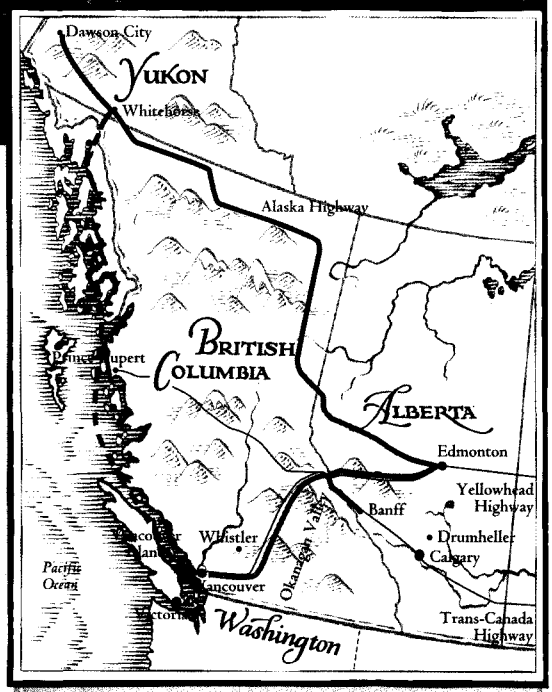
Nestled between ocean and mountain is Vancouver, Canada's third-largest city. It offers Gastown for shopping, Chinatown for food, Stanley Park for totem-poles, and the Super Skyride up Grouse Mountain for the panoramic view.

Cruise the coast; unwind on a Gulf Island. Sip the wines of the Okanagan Valley.

When you drive the famed Alaska Highway up to Alaska, you see a corner of the fabulous Yukon Territory. On the way is Whitehorse, the capital, with guided nature walks, river cruises, flight seeing, canyon tours – even a reindeer farm.

Farther north, discover Dawson City, the frontier Gold Rush capital. Visit the Gambling Casino, then the log cabins of writer Jack London and poet Robert W. Service. Hear an actor recite 'The Shooting of Dan McGrew' where the bard wrote it!

Come be a guest of the Canadian West.



— HERE'S A GREAT LITTLE TOUR TO TAKE IF YOU ONLY HAVE A WEEK.

— HERE'S A ROUTE THAT LETS YOU SEE MORE OF THE WORLD NEXT DOOR.

-- COASTAL CRUISE.

● AIR CANADA FLY/DRIVE.

A REFORESTATION PROGRAM CALLED "PARTNERS IN GROWTH" HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED TO REPLENISH OUR VALUABLE TIMBER RESOURCES. FOR EACH TREE THAT IS USED IN THE PRINTING OF THIS PUBLICATION, ANOTHER TREE IS PLANTED.

REFORESTATION PARTICIPANT PARTNERS IN GROWTH

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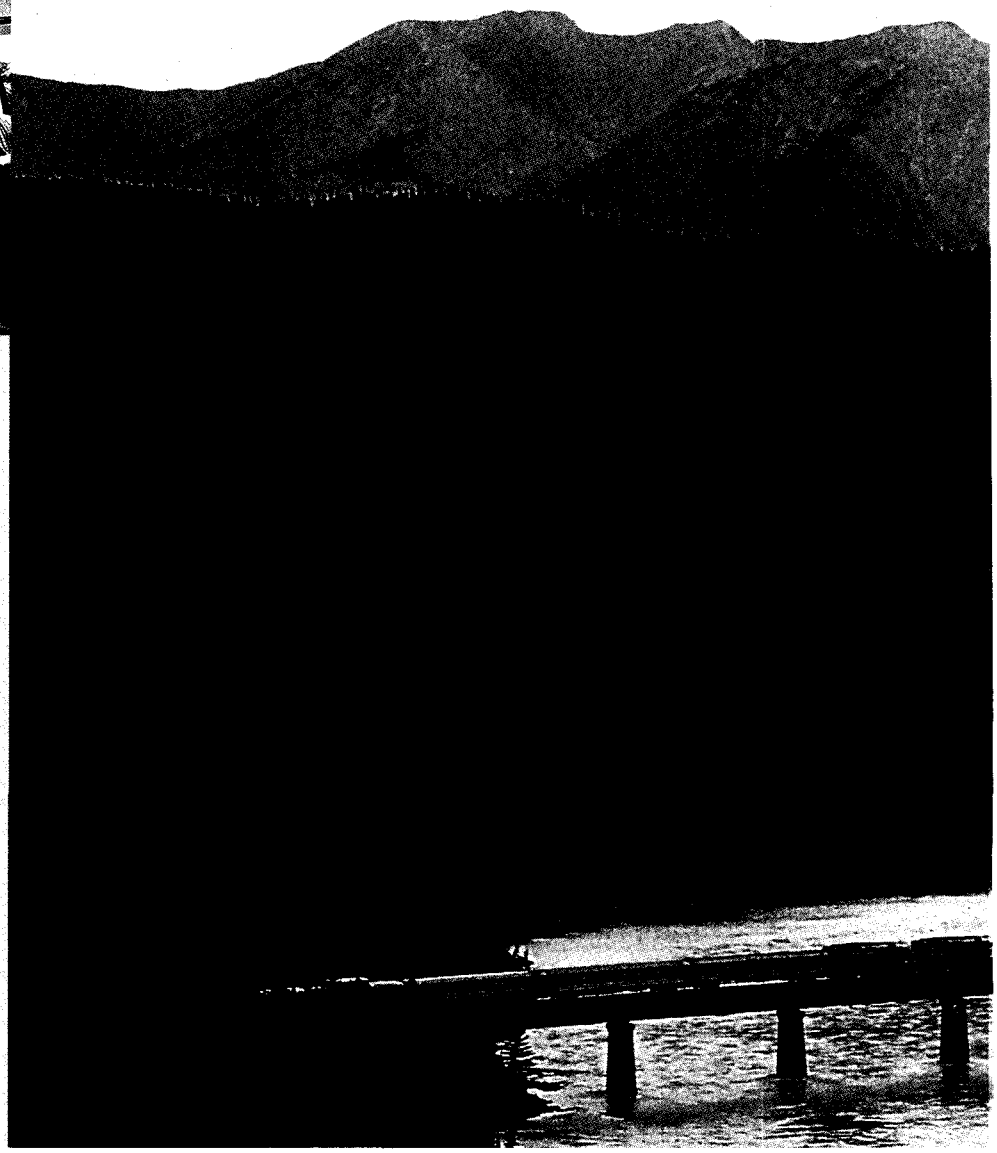
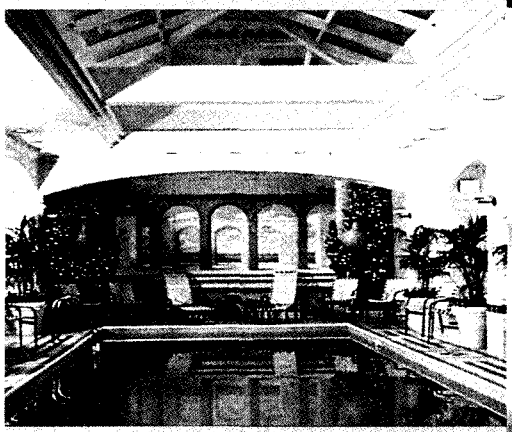
Rise above it all. The views are simply unbelievable from VIA Rail's Dome car.

How sweet it is! Where better to tempt your taste-buds than in an elegant chateau?



Terrific terrain! The Canadian™ traverses the Athabasca River bound for the Rocky Mountains.



Cool pool! Trompe-l'oeil artwork helps better your outlook in the health club of Toronto's Royal York

A sight in itself, the Chateau Laurier overlooks the locks on Ottawa's Rideau canal.

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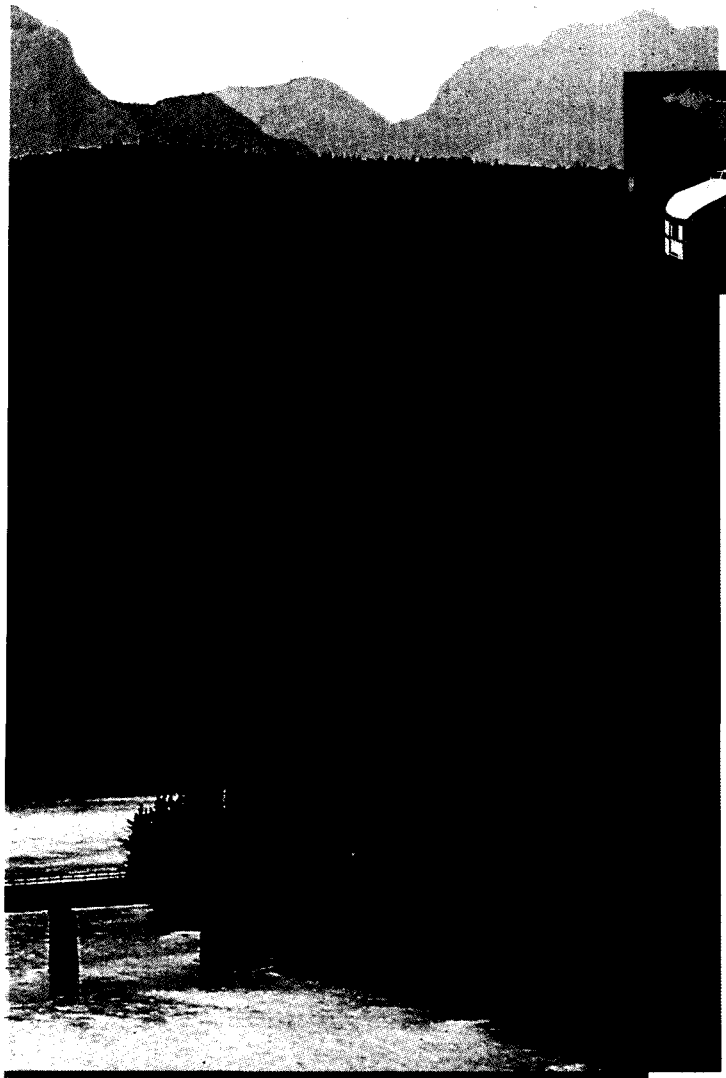
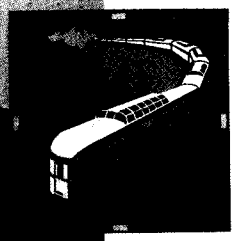
TRAINS *and* BOATS *and* GREAT HOTELS!





ALL ABOARD! Treat yourself to the trip of a lifetime, on one of the smoothest things going – VIA Rail's completely refurbished classic stainless steel train, The Canadian™.

Stroll about the Park Car, the Dome Car, the Dining Car, the Skyline Café. With some of Canada's grandest panoramas just out your window.

Go all the way from Toronto to Vancouver – or vice versa – in just three days and nights. Opt for Silver & Blue™ first class travel or comfortable coach class.

Ask your travel professional about VIA's train services across Canada. And ride the rails in the World Next Door!

Make Waves!

Book yourself – and your car as well – on an ocean-going overnight cruise from Portland, Maine to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

Arrive refreshed, eleven hours later, and having saved 858 miles of driving.

M/S Scotia Prince is a floating resort, a movable feast, with 315 overnight cabins, elegant dining, lively entertainment – and duty-free shopping!

Departures daily from May through October. Call 1-800-341-7540 for package details.

Treat yourself royally!

Why not stay at a landmark? Like Le Château Frontenac in Québec City, Château Laurier in Ottawa, Château Lake Louise in the Rockies, or the ever so gracious Empress Hotel, aptly enough, in Victoria, B.C.

Canadian Pacific Hotels and Resorts recently invested over $500 million to refurbish these magnificent properties. And add to the warmth of your welcome.

And for all you ball fans, from your suite in Canadian Pacific's ultra-modern SkyDome Hotel, see the Toronto Blue Jays at play!

For more on C.P. Hotels, call 1-800-441-1414.

For information on fly-drive packages courtesy Air Canada's Canada, please see the next page.

SET SAIL FOR THE HIGH SEAS, AND TAKE THE SHORT-CUT TO THE WORLD NEXT DOOR, ABOARD THE M/S SCOTIA PRINCE. PACKAGES RANGE FROM A 23 HOUR MINI-CRUISE ($72 US) TO SEVEN DAY SEA/LAND EXCURSION INCLUDING ALL ACCOMMODATION, ($430 US) AND SOME GREAT FALL SPECIALS.

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Of course, you'll need a world class flight *when you come to Canada and wouldn't it be nice if the hotel room was all arranged* *and you had the option of a car* *when you needed one. Then all you'd need would be an intriguing excursion* *or a little adventure* *in the great outdoors with perhaps a little rest and relaxation and seeing the sights to round your trip off.* *And if it was just a phone call* *away...*

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With Air Canada you can put together a package that covers everything. Including great air fares and accommodations like Edmonton's Sandman Inn from just $29*. And car rental for three days from just $92**.

Then we'll introduce you to a host of attractions and activities in the area to let you put together a custom-made vacation.

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The second factor is economic. Operas are written to take their place in the repertory of an opera house, and are not expected to pay for themselves in ticket sales. They may be played from two to ten times in a season. A musical plays eight times a week, and nowadays must run for at least two years to break even. This difference has profound implications for the content of the two genres. A twentieth-century opera, ensconced in its cultural palace, is expected to reflect its composer's personal vision, however troubling. Whatever one thinks of *A Quiet Place* (I find it excruciating), its themes of homosexuality, incest, and marital strife demand operatic treatment. A musical, like other forms of popular art, needs to represent the feelings not of its creators but of its audience. It is a mirror the audience holds up to itself. Nearly all the musicals of the Golden Age are based on the same plot device—intermarriage. Lovers have to overcome the differences between ranchers and farmers, gamblers and Save-a-Soul missionaries, whites and blacks, Americans and Scots, Cockneys and upper crusts, Jets and Sharks. The recurrence of the theme of intermarriage reflected the anxiety of the New York audience, predominantly Jewish or otherwise second-generational, not merely about the literal question of marrying "out" but also in the broader sense of cultural assimilation. The musicals represented the audiences' own aspirations to marry into American culture.

So powerful a subtext had to be hidden. (It's no accident that *Fiddler on the Roof* and *Cabaret*, the two shows that literally put Jewish intermarriage on the stage, marked the end of the Golden Age.) In *Flower Drum Song*, New York's Jewish Lower East Side was simply disguised as San Francisco's Chinatown. *West Side Story* demonstrates a more convoluted masking of its assimilation theme. Originally the gangs were to be Catholic and Jewish, the action taking place at the coincidence of Easter and Passover. Such a plot would have produced a verismo opera (à la Menotti, perhaps) but not a musical: Broadway had shown Jews and Italians on the musical stage only in the crudest stereotypes. Another suggestion for the show moved it to Los Angeles, where the gangs would be Mexican and Anglo—but that would be too exotic for parochial New Yorkers. In the Broadway version the Mexicans were renamed Puerto Ricans, though most of their music is Mexican. The "American" Jets are improbable in New York, where there are no "Americans." Tony was called a Polack as an important clue to the audience: the Puerto Ricans represent the Jews, and the Jets are not so much American as gentile. This identity is further established in the song "America," where the Puerto Ricans are not only sophisticated critics of American society but also sing a variant of a "*greeneh cuzineh*," or greenhorn song, a Yiddish theater genre about the disillusionments of immigration.

Both *South Pacific* and *West Side Story* camouflaged their subtext with a different social issue—racial prejudice in the one, juvenile delinquency in the other. Critics congratulated the shows for their high seriousness, but the audience could still decode the message. A friend pointed out to me that although "You've Got to Be Carefully Taught" is always described as a "daring" attack on prejudice, it only confirmed the audience's own prejudices: they were good *New York Post*–reading Jewish liberals, and the bigotry described in the song was not theirs but rather the prejudice they took for granted in goyim. The lyrics of "Gee, Officer Krupke" reveal a knowledge of the legal system and psychoanalysis and a sophisticated political awareness that flatter the audience but are improbable for the unemployed, illiterate hooligans the Jets are supposed to be. Yet in this number, as in "America," where *West Side Story* drops its realistic pretenses it comes to life as theater.

The great "light" musicals—*Kiss Me, Kate*; *Guys and Dolls*; *Wonderful Town*—gave pleasure by letting the audience in on their jokes. A classic example is "A Bushel and a Peck," from *Guys and Dolls*, which wickedly turned *Oklahoma!*'s farm girls into strippers. Irreverence gave the shows their liveliness and sophistication. In the "heavy" shows of Rodgers and Hammerstein, however, Broadway swallowed its own illusions. The Broadway view of the West was presented, in *Oklahoma!*, as the real thing, by suppressing the urban, jazz elements of the score to make it sound more American (and less African-American). Aunt Eller's butter churn, which took the place of an opening "girlie" chorus, was seen by critics as a holy grail —proof that Broadway had finally shaken off the big-city evils of burlesque. By such ruses Broadway claimed to transcend its provincial limitations: it now spoke for the nation. For a decade or so much of America actually accepted Broadway's image of the nation, and when I hear the irresistible melody of "The Surrey With the Fringe on Top," I can understand why.

West Side Story, really a brilliant theatrical concept for reuniting the talents of Bernstein and Jerome Robbins, generated similar fantasies about its broader cultural importance, abetted by critics who saw in it a realistic (!) depiction of urban conditions. The conceit that New York's gang members in their tight jeans and T-shirts look like ballet dancers in practice clothes works in the theater. The energy of the dance within the confined theatrical space informs every scene, and is spurred on by Bernstein's modernistic mambos. The movie, unfortunately, opened the show up, perhaps in imitation of Italian neorealist cinema: like *La Dolce Vita*, it begins with an aerial view of the city. Such realism turned the theatrical conceit into a cinematic absurdity—you don't find ballet dancers in a real schoolyard. The movie recovered some of the show's focus only when it moved into the stage-like gym. *West Side Story*, like *Oklahoma!* and *South Pacific*, was "grand," and demanded the big treatment on the big screen. No wonder I found the movie phony. I still do, but the score—especially in the form of the Symphonic

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Dances, with its rich variety of forms and genres and unflagging drive—sounds more indestructible every day.

Candide, the show with the most famous case of "book trouble" in the history of Broadway, illustrates the limits of the musical genre. It aspired to real seriousness, harnessing a literary classic to a message about the McCarthy era (Westphalia equals America—get it?), which must have been cut somewhere between Philadelphia and New Haven. With its brilliant overture, the show starts like a fireworks display and goes downhill ever after, despite the surefire "The Best of All Possible Worlds" and the show-stopping "Glitter and Be Gay." The obvious contrast between the Johann Strauss–style music and the violence of the lyrics, which describe rapes, hangings, and mutilations, soon sounds like a sophomore's idea of cleverness. Midway through the first act the show stops making sense to the audience, and in the second act it stops being fun for the singers—the music loses its fizz, and the pastiche style seems pointless. The dual impulses to entertain the audience and to teach it a lesson could never be reconciled, perhaps because neither Hellman nor Bernstein realized just how nihilistic and callous Voltaire's anatomy of the world's miseries finally is. *Candide*, like *Gulliver's Travels*, the *Dunciad*, and *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, none of which have been turned into musical comedy, gives us the Enlightenment's version of the inferno. The final number, "Make Our Garden Grow," is unconvincing musically and morally. Fortunately, the overture, like those to *La Gazza Ladra* and *Oberon*, will live on in the concert halls.

For a decade Bernstein and Broadway seemed made for each other. Musical theater suited his facility, theatricality, and delight in collaboration. He must have hated the isolation of symphonic composition, because he constantly sought out a helpmate—Jerome Robbins, Stephen Sondheim, Stephen Schwartz, or Stephen Wadsworth. He was at his best when he had to produce music on demand. His composer's sabbaticals from the Philharmonic, taken so that he could produce big works—alone—produced little and usually left him in a state of despair. Perhaps, like many another prodigy unused to the struggles of lesser mortals, he became paralyzed when he had to think about what he was doing.

Broadway attracted Bernstein for another and larger reason. He wrote for the commercial theater out of the same impulse that produced the *Omnibus* shows and the *Young People's Concerts*. He believed in the public. Music was for people, all people, not just for musicians or a cultivated concert audience. Musical comedy was what spoke to the public. Theater, movies, and TV were the media that reached the millions—"*Millionen*," as the chorus sings in Beethoven's Ninth, Bernstein's credo. In the sixties, however, the public splintered, politically and musically. Rock music became the cultural expression of those under thirty, modernist composers confined themselves to an academic ghetto, avant-garde composers

Clockwise from upper left: Ruth Orkin; UPI/Bettmann; Amberson Productions; Don Hunstein/Sony Classical; Whitestone Photo/Heinz H. Weissenstein

withdrew to bohemia, and even jazz lost all its ties to popular music. Broadway could no longer claim to define the cultural center. It stopped producing hit songs, and fewer and fewer musicals were turned into movies. The disastrous fate of Bernstein's last attempt at musical comedy, *1600 Pennsylvania Avenue* (1976), mirrored the collapse of the national political consensus as composer, lyricists, producers, and directors squabbled and abandoned a hopeless fiasco. In the aftermath Bernstein turned toward Europe, particularly toward Vienna.

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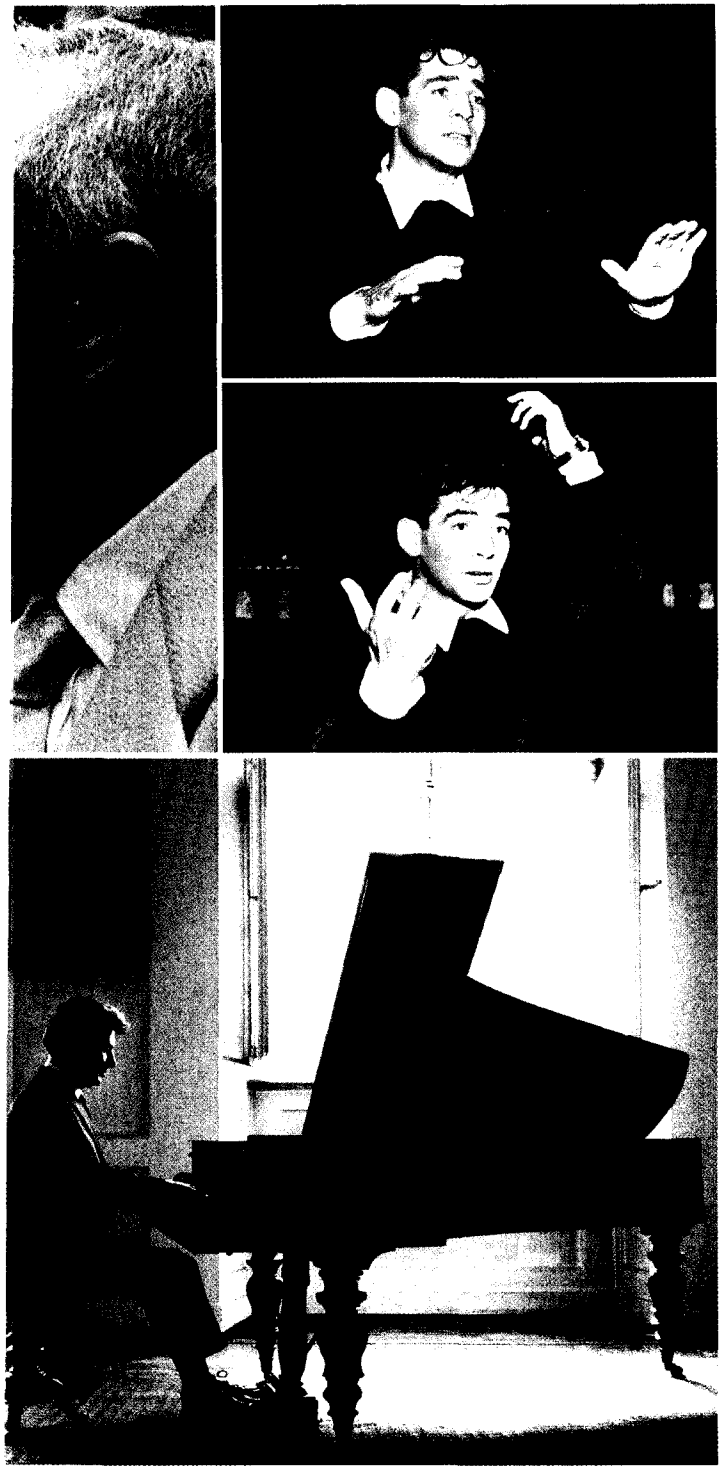

Bernstein as music maker. Clockwise from far left: Bernstein flanked by Aaron Copland (left) and Serge Koussevitsky, both of whom were early music mentors; conducting a rehearsal of the New York City Symphony, in 1945; playing Frederic Chopin's piano, in Warsaw, while on a European tour with the New York Philharmonic in 1959; conducting the Boston Symphony Orchestra at Tanglewood in 1970 as Mahler's *Resurrection* Symphony reaches its climax

The Conductor

WILDLY FLAILING ARMS, FEET LEAPING OFF the floor, the emotional character of each phrase registering on the increasingly craggy face—the familiar images of Bernstein's conducting are misleading. Trusting their eyes instead of their ears, critics accused him of self-indulgent disregard for the musical text and of turning every performance into an advertisement for himself. They assumed that his frenzied dance, which became more Dionysian in the later years, served only as an exhibitionistic floor show for the audience and had nothing to do with the orchestra or the music it was playing. The evidence of the recordings, however, makes for a vastly different impression. A look at the score often reveals that Bernstein, far from being subjective in his interpretations, sounded most self-indulgent when he was being scrupulously faithful to the printed text. The later recordings, made during live performances in which you can hear Bernstein stamping his feet and singing (or groaning) along, are in fact even more faithful to the printed score than the early ones. Almost every time I hear a strange hesitation or a bizarre accent in a Bernstein recording—another symptom of "self-indulgence"—I discover a corresponding indication in the score which most other conductors have chosen to disregard.

Bernstein's recorded repertory was vast—he recorded 500 works for Columbia (now Sony) alone—and he had the broadest range of interpretive sympathies of any conductor of the century. His reading of Beethoven's Ninth is, not surprisingly, definitive, but so are his recordings of Debussy's Prelude to the *Afternoon of a Faun*, Verdi's *Falstaff*, and Copland's *Appalachian Spring*. Neither a strict classicist like George Szell nor a mystic romantic like Klaus Tennstedt—though he could be elegantly classical or prophetically mystical or sensual or jazzy—Bernstein the conductor resists critical pigeonholing. And though he was the first American-born conductor to achieve international fame, his style, which was shaped by three very different Europeans, Dimitri Mitropoulos, Fritz Reiner, and Serge Koussevitzky, cannot be dubbed simply "American." What was his conducting identity?

In a note written for Deutsche Grammophon in 1990, Bernstein said that he had achieved a good performance "when I have the feeling throughout that I am *composing* it on stage, at the event." Some might read this statement as another proof of terminal narcissism, but I find it an honest and poignant key to Bernstein's style. It explains why his live performances on DGG are often more compelling than the earlier studio sessions, and it suggests an explanation for the remarkable maturing of Bernstein as a conductor in his last years, when his composing sputtered. As grand as this sounds, it is not an unusual claim for performers, who come to feel that they have a hot line

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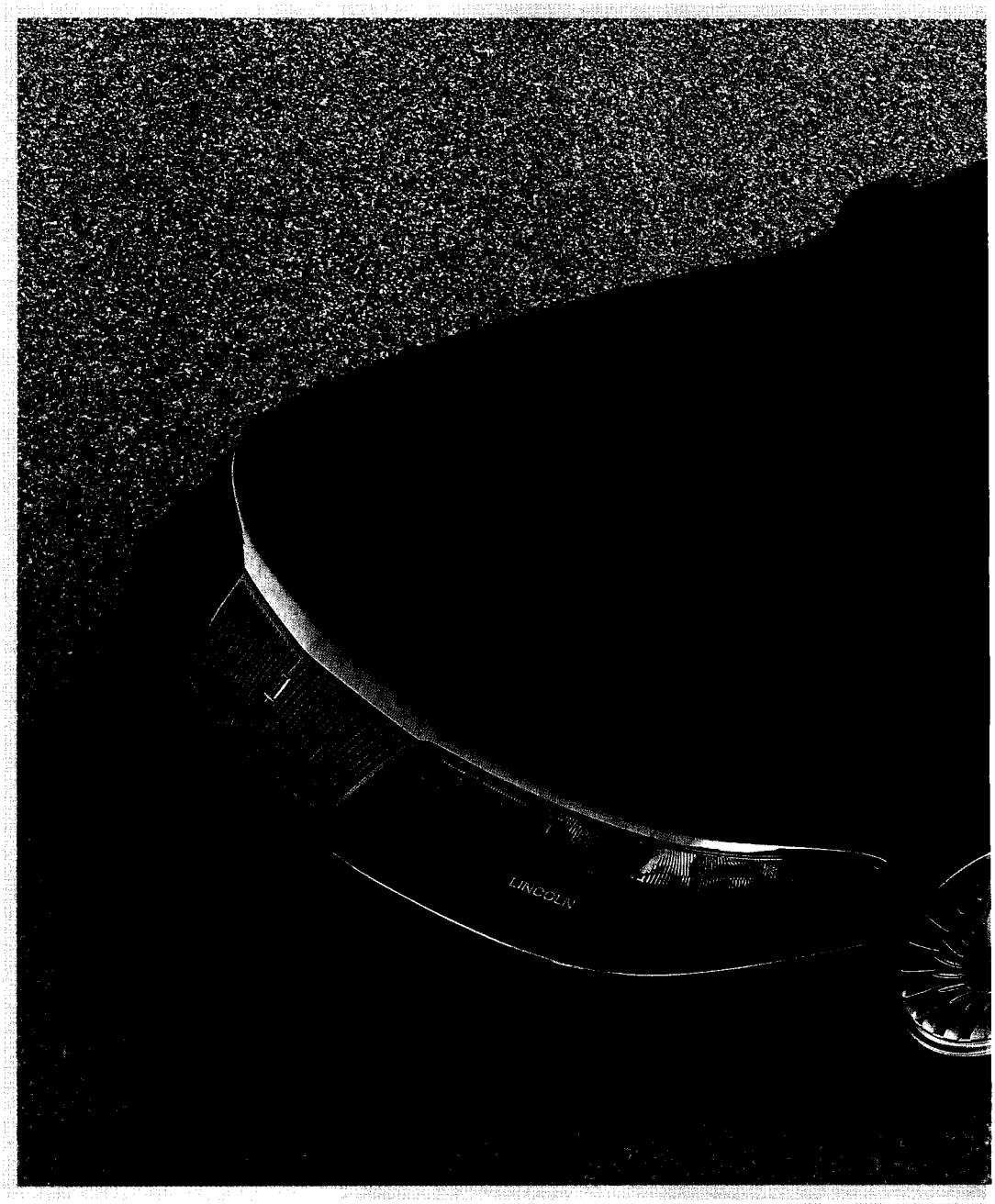

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to the musical afterlife: Wanda Landowska was often quoted as saying, "You play Bach your way, I play him his way."

To my ears Bernstein's conducting identity is clearest in his performances of Haydn, Mahler, and Stravinsky. Classical, Romantic, modern, these three composers would seem to have little in common unless we view them, as Bernstein did, as folk musicians of an ultimate sophistication. All three took folk music as their raw material, bringing it into the discourse of high art while preserving its popular qualities. The fusion of low and high art resulted in works as complex as Haydn's *Creation*, Mahler's Ninth Symphony, and Stravinsky's *Les Noces*, all three of which Bernstein recorded superbly. This music was the precedent for Bernstein's own fervent populism, and in his performances he underscored the connection. The minuets in Haydn's symphonies, for example, are often earthy peasant celebrations rather than formal courtly dances. Bernstein didn't smooth over the peasant element or turn it into a "musical joke," à la Mozart. We laugh with the peasants, not at them, because Bernstein captured the lilt of the folk dance and the tang of the instrumental devices Haydn used to evoke the rough sounds of a folk orchestra.

A landmark in Bernstein's Haydn recordings is the set of the six *Paris* symphonies. Heedless of the small-is-beautiful approach of the authentic-performance movement, Bernstein used a full modern orchestra to get the maximum dynamic range. His rhythmic élan took the music beyond the realm of courtly politeness. Yet Bernstein's big, brash Haydn is never overbearing. He did not impose a Beethovenian manner on Haydn but instead brought to life those aspects of Haydn's wit and inventive powers which Beethoven (also a folk composer, to Bernstein's ears) would incorporate into his own music. Not surprisingly, the bagpipe sounds of the "Bear Dance" finale (No. 82) received their full outdoor flavor, but the logic with which Haydn deployed the drone as a contrapuntal element in the movement, raising low art to high, assumes even greater prominence than the sound's merely coloristic effect.

Critics dispute Bernstein's role in the great Mahler revival of the sixties. Certainly Mahler's symphonies were performed before Bernstein took them up; the magnificent recordings by Bruno Walter of the First, Second, Fifth, and Ninth symphonies (and his recordings of *Das Lied von der Erde*), and Otto Klemperer's definitive Fourth, are ample evidence that Bernstein did not discover Mahler. But until he championed Mahler, the Third, Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth symphonies were hardly ever performed, and Mahler always appeared as a marginal figure. The Germans and Austrians found his music, still, too Jewish. In England and America it was, like Bruckner's, considered too Austrian—or, even more obscure, associated with the closed cultural world of German Jewish refugees and their nostalgia for the "kultur" they had escaped. And in France, Mahler's reputation never recovered from the snubbing he received from Debussy and Dukas, who walked out of his performance of the *Resurrection* Symphony, calling it "too Schubert, too Slav." With one grand gesture Bernstein brought Mahler in from the margins. He opened the new Philharmonic Hall with the first movement of the Eighth, the *Symphony of a Thousand*, which, with its vast deployment of performers, until then had been considered a statistical oddity, something for the *Guinness Book of Records*.

When Bernstein first spoke of Mahler, he emphasized the inner conflicts, with which he had natural affinities: creator, performer; Jew, Christian; believer, doubter; naif, sophisticate. His early performances at times tried to pull the music apart by these internal stresses, which other interpreters had smoothed over. Sometimes Mahler's manifestation of conflict took a startlingly concrete form. In the grotesque slow movement of the First, for example, the music is repeatedly interrupted by a folkish theme. In Bruno Walter's reading, these episodes have a generic peasant quality not too far from Dvořák—the low appropriated by the high. Bernstein, however, recognized in the scoring and harmonies the sound of a klezmer band, and he gave the music an unmistakable Eastern European Jewish quality—a Hasidic lilt and spiritual intensity. Instead of being a passing touch of local color, these "oriental" moments stand in menacing opposition to the European idiom that surrounds them. In a flash Bernstein places us inside Mahler's own alienation.

Mahler's music reached its furthest degree of stylistic disjunction in the enormous Third Symphony, a six-movement, eighty-minute epic whose style ranges from raucous student songs to late-Beethovenian gravity; Bernstein's first recording already captured perfectly every element in the Third's stylistic Babel. With the Fourth Symphony, Mahler began to change his style in the direction of a greater classicism. The music became more integrated and reached for the universal. In his later years Bernstein, too, changed, and so did his view of Mahler. In the great Mahler sermon of the Norton Lectures, Mahler was no longer the outsider or the neurotic. He was instead the musical prophet of the century, as central to the culture of our time as Beethoven had been to that of the nineteenth century. The miracle of Bernstein's later Mahler recordings (on DGG) is that they gained greatly in coherence and in the quality of instrumental playing, no matter the orchestra—New York, Vienna, Berlin, or Concertgebouw—without losing their ability, drawn from sensitivity to the minutest details of the score, to shock.

IF I END NOT WITH MAHLER BUT WITH STRAVINSKY, my reason may be sentimental—Bernstein's *Rite of Spring* was, after all, my "first time." But Bernstein also ended his Norton Lectures with Stravinsky rather than Mahler, and in particular with a work of Stravinsky's

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that has never gained broad acceptance: the opera-oratorio *Oedipus Rex*. This is often described as an unapproachable concept, the neoclassical Stravinsky at his most heartlessly arbitrary. It is sung in Latin by singers who barely move, while an emcee interrupts the music periodically for a telegraphic synopsis in the language of the audience. The sound of the orchestra, scored by the greatest orchestrator of all, is tinny, reminding critics of Meyerbeer, and the style is a similarly unconvincing hodgepodge of elements from composers ranging from Handel to Verdi. Critics have interpreted the work's coldness and stylistic anarchy in terms of *The Waste Land*, hearing in the music a modernist nihilism, fragments shored against our ruin. Yet this unlikely work was an old favorite of Bernstein's; he devoted a television show to it in 1961, using the same kind of actor-singer breakdown he had used earlier with *La Bohème*.

Bernstein always heard *Oedipus Rex* differently—like *La Bohème*, it was popular music. Jocasta's cavatina was a seductive tango, the shepherd's statement of the awful truth sounds like a bouzouki dance from a Greek restaurant, and the chorus that tells of Jocasta's suicide is a brash football march: for the Harvard lectures Bernstein rewrote it as a Crimson fight song. For Bernstein, these styles were not arbitrary; they perfectly mirrored the words and emotions of the most universal of tragedies. The use of Latin was not an alienation effect but a gesture of universality. The music was not cold and heartless; it was direct and expressive, not a parody of Verdi but (as he would restate in the Norton Lectures) Stravinsky's loving homage to Verdi—yet another sophisticated folk composer.

Unfortunately, Bernstein's performance of *Oedipus Rex* with the Harvard Glee Club and the Boston Symphony, which accompanied the Norton Lectures, seems ponderously undergraduate. But Bernstein's view of *Oedipus* points to a more fundamental revisionist view of Stravinsky that informs the precious few recordings he made of Stravinsky's music. Perhaps because he and Stravinsky worked for the same label, Bernstein never recorded much of Stravinsky's music, especially the later music. It is frustrating that Bernstein's DGG recording of the Symphony in Three Movements, which at times sounds like Stravinsky imitating Bernstein, is not available. It is a singularly "hot" work of Stravinsky's "cool" neoclassicism. Bernstein made it sizzle.

In *his* Harvard lectures, given in 1939, Stravinsky made over twentieth-century music in his own image. It was intellectual, *déraciné*, chic, elite. Bernstein saw through all that. He heard the folk songs, the popular dances, the ragtimes and tangos, even the football marches. And he saw that the rhythmic dislocations of the music, unlike Schönberg's tonal dislocations, were not alienating but enlivening—they gave Stravinsky's music a rhythmic verve comparable to that of jazz, and restored to music the ability to make jokes. What Bernstein ultimately found in *Oedipus Rex* and other Stravinsky was that its modernist dislocations did not represent a break in music history or an uncrossable gap between composer and listener; instead, they revived and refreshed the same principles of musical communication that are at work in Haydn and Mahler. Bernstein was asserting the essential normality of Stravinsky's music and, by extension, of much modernist music. His performances of Stravinsky, particularly *The Rite of Spring* and *Les Noces*, of Bartók (he recorded the definitive Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celesta), of Berg, Britten, and Copland, beautifully substantiate this claim. Under his leadership these works are never arcane artifacts. They speak. We can only regret that Bernstein never recorded *Wozzeck* or *The Rake's Progress* or *Agon*—or even *Pierrot Lunaire*. He would have brought them to life in a way that no one yet has been able to.

I end by talking about records that were never made. Perhaps Bernstein's greatest legacy will be in performances to come and in works not yet written. In his recordings, writings, and compositions there is ample inspiration and instruction for the future. Bernstein remains a teacher. And, according to the Talmud, that is the greatest legacy of all. □

RECOMMENDED RECORDINGS CONDUCTED BY LEONARD BERNSTEIN

- Beethoven: *Missa Solemnis; Choral Fantasy*. Haydn: *Theresia* Mass. Sony SM2K47522.
- Bernstein: Symphonies 1–3; *Serenade* (with Zino Francescatti), *Chichester Psalms*; Prelude, Fugue and Riffs. Sony SM3K 47162.
- Bernstein: *Serenade* (with Gidon Kremer); *Fancy Free*. DGG423 583-2.
- Copland: *Appalachian Spring*; *Rodeo*; *Billy the Kid*; *Fanfare for the Common Man*. Sony SMK 47543.
- Copland: *El Salón México*; Clarinet Concerto (Stanley Drucker); *Connotations*; *Music for the Theatre*. DGG 431 672-2.
- Haydn: The 6 *Paris* Symphonies. Sony SM2K 47550.
- Mahler: 10 Symphonies. DGG 435 162-2.
- Stravinsky: *Les Noces*; Mass. DGG 423 251-2

BOOKS BY LEONARD BERNSTEIN

- *Findings*. New York: Simon and Schuster, 1982.
- *Leonard Bernstein's Young People's Concerts*, revised and newly expanded. New York: Doubleday Anchor, 1992.

VIDEOCASSETTES

- *The Unanswered Question: Six Talks at Harvard by Leonard Bernstein*. Six videocassettes. Kultur no. 1570.
- *Bernstein on Beethoven: A Celebration in Vienna*. One videocassette. Kultur no. 1329.

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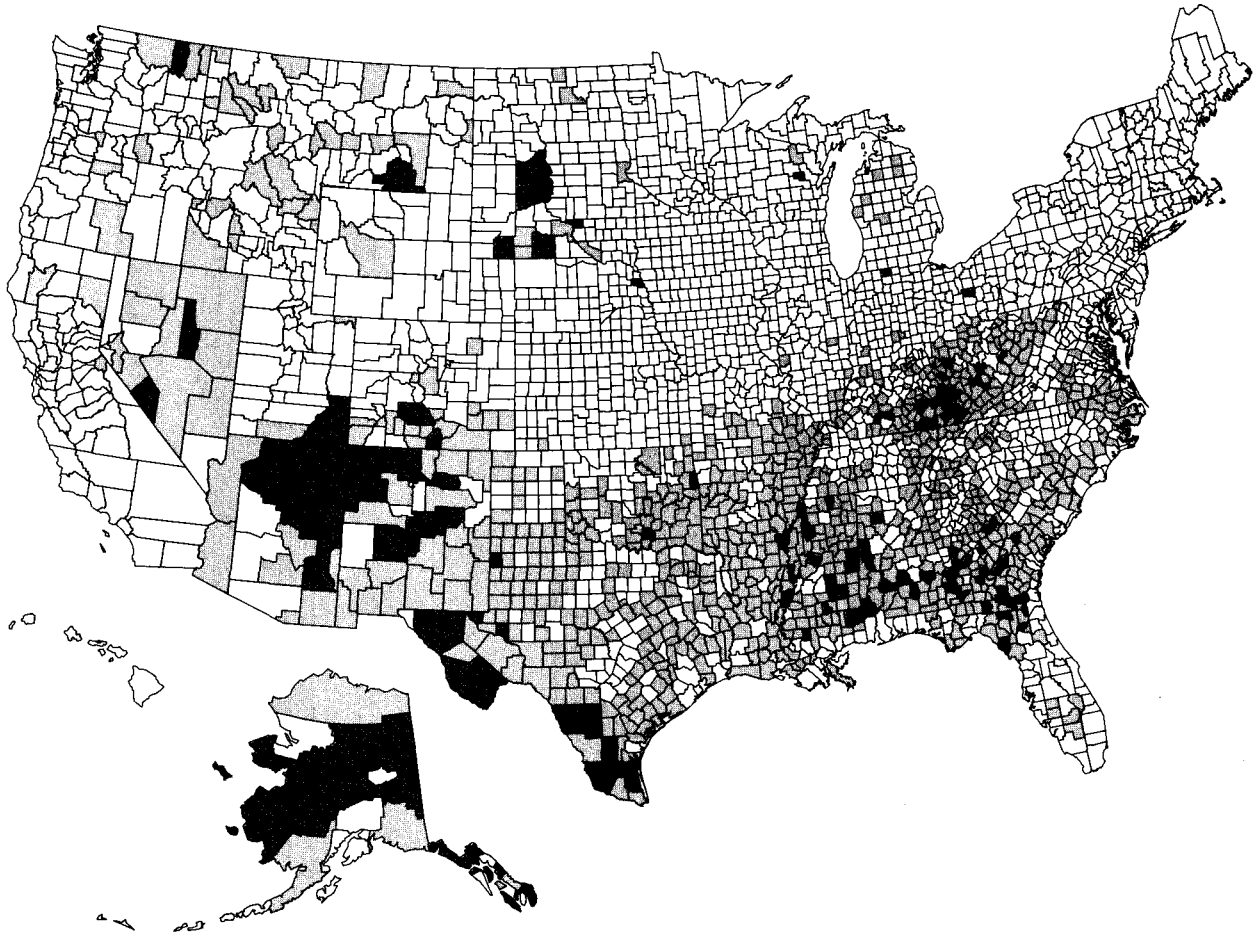
AT LAST COUNT

NO-PHONE HOMES



IN THIS ERA of cellular telephones, modems, and fax machines there are surprisingly large gaps in the nation's telecommunications network. According to the 1990 U.S. Census, almost five million of the country's 92 million housing units lack basic telephone service. Overall, only five percent of white households lack a phone, whereas 15 percent of black and Hispanic and 20 percent of Native American households lack one.

In most housing units without telephones, a telephone is an unaffordable luxury; two thirds of the families below the poverty line do not have a home phone. A majority of the homes without telephones are in urban areas. Among the nation's hundred most populous counties, Bronx County, New York, contains the highest proportion of families without phone service (12.5 percent) and of families below the poverty line (26 percent).

While poor urban counties have the most phoneless homes in terms of absolute numbers, the percentage of phoneless homes is higher in rural areas. In some rural areas service is simply unavailable. For about 200,000 remotely situated houses, many of them in the Rocky Mountain states, stringing up wires would be either physically impossible or prohibitively expensive for the regional phone companies.

Percentage of occupied housing units with no telephone

- Less than 10 percent
- 10 to 19.9 percent
- 20 percent or more

Source: 1990 U.S. Census

But as in urban areas, a far more significant cause of phone gaps in rural America is poverty. Even when poor families can afford basic service, they often cannot get a phone owing to bad credit ratings. Rural phone service is scarcest in Appalachia, which is home to many poor whites, and in areas with large minority populations, such as counties in the Southeast where African-Americans predominate, areas of the Southwest where Mexican-Americans are most concentrated, and Native American enclaves in Alaska, the Southwest, and the West Central states. In rural Apache County, Arizona, which has a large Navajo population, 60 percent of housing units have no phone. —*Rodger Doyle*

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A Short Story

DMZ

by *Allen Dixon*

THEY WERE FIGHTING AGAIN. THEY DISAGREED while they drove, occasionally lapsing from argument to remark about the design of a house or the particular color of a horse grazing beside the highway. Then one of them would continue as if the interruption hadn't occurred.

"I usually help you with the dishes, or we trade off," he told her. He drove with his right hand, straight-arming the steering wheel while resting his other elbow on the bottom of the window frame, his head leaning on his left hand.

"You're not always home. I'm not always home. We don't always have the time. We both work."

"Whatever happened to 'You wash and I'll dry'? Remember?"

"We're not newlyweds anymore, Walter."

"Oh, I see. The thrill is gone, right?"

"That's not what I meant," she said. She sat looking straight in front of her and spoke without a glance at Walter.

Ahead, several hundred yards from the highway, they could see a huge old farmhouse on top of a hill, at the end of a long winding driveway.

"Look," he said. "A big porch all the way around the house. Do you know what you'd pay to put that on a house today?"

"Weeping willows," she said. Two enormous weeping willows were in the front yard, on either side of the driveway. "You don't see many weeping willows anymore," she said. "Not in the city, anyway."

The trees looked to Walter like two female sentries with wild hairdos, guarding the house.

"There's a city ordinance against planting them," he said.

"Really?"

"Yeah. They have a large root system. The roots head for water and tear up water and sewage lines."

The house was so beautiful that they both turned as they passed until their view was blocked by the shell of a two-story Motel 6 under construction.

"What about the money? We're not rich, you know," he said.

He looked over and saw that she was taking a moment to refocus.

Finally she said, "It's not as though a dishwasher is some extravagant newfangled gadget for the rich. We're the only couple I know without one. It's very little money for the convenience."

"Convenience," Walter said. "Everything has to be convenient. Convenience stores. Convenient drive-through car washes. Automatic tellers. I saw on the news where somewhere in the U.S. you can drive through and have your pet groomed."

"We don't have a pet," she said. "Besides, that's probably in California. It's not part of the U.S."

"It's getting so you could spend entire weeks or months without contact with a single human being."

"You're exaggerating," she said. "But what does that have to do with owning a dishwasher?"

"Humans," he said. "Us. We wash the dishes as people have washed dishes for thousands of years, since the first primate with an imagination grabbed a flat rock to hold the ants he was eating."

She shook her head. In a disgusted monotone she said, "Humans load and unload dishwashers."

"It's not the same, and you know it," he said.

"How about we stop and trade the car for a horse and buggy? Or better yet, hire some humans to pull the buggy—or you could pull it yourself. It would take us three days to get home, but what the hell, if it will make you happy."

He looked at her. "Cute," he said.

They passed an Ohio state highway sign informing

His father had told him that one day he would wake up in the morning, look at his wife on the other side of the bed, and wonder what he was doing there

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD BRIANT

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them that they were leaving Fairfield County and entering Hocking County.

"You know it's not the money. And you're not worried about the loss of newlywed bliss, either," she said.

He didn't answer.

"You don't like to buy anything for the house. It makes you feel permanent."

"That's not true," he said, but it was true. A dishwasher would add another large, heavy appliance holding him to their one-floor, two-bedroom, ranch-style house in the Corn Belt, in which the empty extra bedroom (perfect for a nursery, or so she had said) remained to be filled with a responsibility and a weight that he had yet to let himself fully imagine. Lately he thought that he had caught himself walking around with his shoulders stooped just from the thought of it all.

It was a late Sunday afternoon in autumn, and they kept passing cars that were similar to theirs, containing couples that looked similar to them, taking the same Sunday drive to see the turning of the color of the leaves. The only difference was that in many of the other cars small heads were bobbing up and down in the back seat. He disliked their car. It was practical. Four cylinders, four doors, with velour-and-vinyl seat covers.

The straightness of the highway and the white lines bordering the asphalt irritated Walter. He felt like turning off and down the embankment, breaking through a fence, and plowing through the fields of corn. It was only a thought. All he did was to allow the right tires to slip partly onto the berm for a moment. Gravel hit the bottom of the car.

"You're off the road," she said.

"Sorry."

He looked over at her. He was thinking that she was still lovely, but he had always thought that her arms were too thick.

Then he turned off the main highway into rolling hills sixty miles southeast of their house in Columbus. Walter knew this area. As a teenager he had gone hunting with his father near here. He thought about his father and the advice that his father had given him before Walter's marriage.

"Son," he said, "one day you're gonna wake up in the morning, look over on the other side of the bed, and say to yourself, What the hell am I doing here? But don't get excited about it. Emotions change back and forth. You can't expect to be crazy in love every minute. Your mother and me have had our problems, but we always knew that we wouldn't trade each other or you for anything. Getting married these days is like having your hair cut. If it doesn't grow out right, you just find another barber. Hell, half don't even bother to get married. Why buy the cow when you can get the milk for free?"

Walter knew that a problem had developed during his parents' marriage, a short period, early on, before Walter was born—an estrangement or a separation mentioned only by accident during the telling of another tale of the early days, the reference always ending in an incomplete sentence. But for the most part things seemed very simple to Walter's father. Problems were identified and then overcome. Conflict was clear-cut, like the Second World War. An aggressor bent on taking over the world had to be defeated. His father had been in the Normandy invasion and had received a Purple Heart for being wounded during the Battle of the Bulge.

Walter had been in Vietnam. That was not so clear-cut. There was the division between North and South Vietnam—the demilitarized zone—but that was only on maps. And then there was the conflict at home. Walter had a Purple Heart too. Miles from the enemy he had stepped on a sharpened stick concealed just below the surface of a shallow stream.

"During the war, before I enlisted," his father had told him, "if someone was driving too fast, wasting gasoline, people along the road or in other cars would make the V-for-victory sign with their fingers, and the driver would send the V back and slow down. Everyone knew a war was on. Your mother worked in a factory. Everyone had to do their part." At that point he would pause before saying, "That was the good war."

For the twenty years before he retired, Walter's father had worked in a factory on the same machine. The machine coiled various sizes of wire into springs.

"YOU WON'T DO ANYTHING TO IMPROVE YOUR home," she said. "You won't take care of the yard, and God forbid that you should plant any trees. In the summer we get sunburned sitting in the living room."

"So wear a hat," he said. He was getting tired. He knew that she was looking at him.

"You won't put our name on the mailbox."

"The mailman knows who lives there," he said.

She shook her head.

He had gone as far as to buy the letters for the mailbox. They were gold-enameled tin with adhesive on the back. He had never found time to put them on.

Walter liked the smaller road. The trees seemed larger and denser. He thought about frontiersmen and the stories he had read as a child, of forests so thick that people could walk for days without seeing the sun.

He looked over at his wife. *Wife.* He could recall the first time he had ever referred to her in that way. It had been on the steps of the church after they were married. Relatives and friends filed out to them in a single line. One of Walter's uncles from out of state appeared, and Walter shook his hand, turned to the girl at his side, and said, "Uncle George, this is my wife, Ruth." It had sounded strange. It still did.

The leaves of the trees mixed colors in a blend of dark orange, deep red, and yellow which made Walter think of

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a bowl of Trix cereal. Trix had been his favorite cereal as a boy.

Ruth was looking at the dashboard of the car. She said, "Just like my father and all those years in the Army. Sometimes when we moved, he wouldn't let us unpack things for months, expecting to be transferred again, overseas or to another sta—"

"Why did you stop?" he asked.

"We've been all through that," she said.

"Have we?"

"You know we have."

Walter wanted to go to Texas to live. She couldn't stand the thought of leaving their house. He worked for the newspaper in Columbus, but had been offered a better job at a paper in Dallas. Ruth worked for a bank.

In the best John Wayne impression he could muster, he said, "Don't ya wanna go ta Texas with me, Missy?" She smiled.

At work lately Walter had begun to imagine that his desk and his humming word processor had become his father's vibrating spring machine. The job, Texas, and thoughts of the prairie plains intrigued him, he supposed, in much the same way the empty bedroom in their house enticed her to procreate.

A sign ahead by a gravel road read SAM'S CREEK ROAD—NO THRU TRAFFIC. Walter slowed the car and turned onto the road, which disappeared into the tree-covered hills. Ruth made no objection and seemed content to explore. We don't disagree about everything, he thought. They were silent for a while. The road was dusty, but as long as the car was moving, the dust stayed behind them. He looked in the rearview mirror and saw the dust billow out from the back of the car like a trail from the engines of a jet plane and then spread at angles like the wake of a boat.

Houses, barns, and trailers clung to the hills; clothes of all sizes and shapes, and of more colors than the leaves, hung drying on ropes strung between tree trunks. Rusted shells of cars rested on cement blocks surrounded by tall grass. Almost everyone waved at them, from porches, from tractors: fat women, skinny men sucking on cigarettes, shaggy-headed boys holding back mongrel dogs who wanted to chase their car. Ruth smiled and waved back. Then for miles they saw no buildings, just the trees hanging over the road, making dark, cool tunnels for them to drive through.

Several times Walter almost turned back, thinking of the NO THRU TRAFFIC sign and the time that it would take to return to the highway. He sensed the same feeling in Ruth. She would frown as though she thought they had gone too far, and then in the next moment become engrossed in the view of a stand of pine trees, their trunks slicing the sunlight as if they were vertical Venetian blinds.

Walter was glad that they had stopped arguing. He began to think that if he stopped the momentum of the car, the moment he turned north toward the city and the house they would begin again. He wished that they could continue on south across the Ohio River, and down the Mississippi to the Gulf, and beyond to the islands, where he imagined people eating out of shells, in a place where dishwashers didn't exist.

A building was just ahead, after miles of no houses or other signs of people. Walter drove on and found what had once been a church. Nearly all the paint had peeled off it, and plywood was nailed over the windows. Weeds and grass grew in the decaying foundation. Across the road from the church was a small graveyard surrounded by a sagging wire fence. The gravestones leaned in all directions.

"Shouldn't we be getting back?" Ruth asked.

"I suppose so," he said. He didn't want to go back. "I need to stretch. Want to look at some of the stones?"

"All right," she said.

He parked the car next to the church, and they walked across the road. At a low place in the fence Walter jumped over and held Ruth's arm as she stepped across. They had

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awakened that morning in the same bed; they had shared a bathroom, she showering while he shaved, and then the two of them passing each other, he to shower and she to brush her hair. They had eaten breakfast in the same kitchen, passing again, one to check the eggs and the other to blend the juice. She had pushed eggs onto his plate with a spatula. He had poured coffee into her cup. They had eaten sitting at the same table and then they had sat together in the car for hours. Holding her arm late that afternoon, as she crossed the fence into the graveyard, Walter realized that it was the first time all day they had touched. He felt a tenseness in her arm and thought that she was aware of it too.

Between the rows of graves someone had recently cut the grass. Walter looked at the lines made by the mower wheels, and thinking of the distance they had covered without seeing any houses, he pivoted once, checking to see if they were alone. He saw no one but Ruth, bending down to rub the dust off a stone with her long thin fingers. He let his eyes follow her fingers up her arm to her face, linger for a moment, and then move down her back, along the inward curve at her waist, and outward over the larger half circle of her denim-covered hip.

She turned toward him. "Some of these—" She saw Walter watching her.

He turned and walked up the row. "What?" he asked over his shoulder.

"Some of these are very old," she said.

Walter knelt down to an old-looking, plain stone and read the chiseled letters.

JOHN A. MONROE BORN 1902 DIED 1944

Forty-two years old. Walter had a birthday coming up. He would be thirty-eight.

They found the graves of infant twins and of a man who was a hundred years old when he died. The old man's stone was joined at the base by an eroded rectangular slab of granite that covered the grave. It made Walter think of the concrete slab on which his and Ruth's house was built. Ruth had wanted a basement, but the houses built on slabs were cheaper. Their feet stayed cold all winter.

In the back corner of the graveyard on the right was one large stone surrounded by a short picket fence. They walked there together and stood by the fence. The stone was for two people, and flowers were engraved around its border and down the middle. On one side was JAMES BOYD 1932–1951. On the other was WIFE CARLA BOYD 1934–1952 OF A BROKEN HEART. They smiled for a moment at the sentimentality of it, but only for a moment.

Walter wondered whether he or Ruth would be stricken with a broken heart if the other died, or if anything resembling a heart could be found inside him. He had recently renewed his driver's license, and the girl behind the counter had asked if he would like to donate his organs if he met an untimely end on the highway. Without thinking about it Walter had said, "I guess so. Sure." It had seemed like the generous thing to do. He imagined being surrounded by surgeons and nurses in an operating room. Outside, the helicopter waits, engine running. The incision is made, and one of the surgeons searching the chest cavity of the victim looks up and says, "There's something wrong here."

HE HEARD THE SOUND OF CRACKLING LEAVES and turned around so fast that the man behind him jumped back a step.

"I didn't mean to scare ya," the man said.

Walter smiled uneasily. "That's okay," he said, and then looked around for a car. "We didn't expect to see anyone so far from any houses."

What were left of the man's teeth were rotten. He was heavy, and his belt buckle was hidden by his stomach. The work pants he wore ended inches above ragged tennis shoes. A tuft of blond hair was visible behind his leg, and a small hand clung to his thigh. They belonged to a boy of about six or seven. The boy would timidly glance around the man's leg and then disappear again.

"We live over there," the man said, motioning across the road beyond the church with one hand and pulling the boy out from behind him with the other. The boy's eyes were green.

"See the smoke?" the man asked. Walter looked and saw a thin gray stream rising above the trees behind the church.

"I'm Raymond," he said. "I take care of the cemetery."

The boy was watching Ruth. Walter introduced Ruth and himself and glanced at the mowed aisles between the graves, nodding his head. "You do a good job," he said. Raymond stood up straighter and wiped his nose on his shirt sleeve.

Raymond rubbed his chin. "I'm from West Virginia," he said. "I used to live in the city. Took care of a cemetery there. Worked in a factory for a while. Made nothing but ball bearings. Hated that. Moved to Circleville, where I took care of another cemetery. Then my wife ran off with my uncle and left me with the boy. This woman I'm with now has family out this way. We don't see many people, though." He licked his lips.

The boy had slowly moved closer to Ruth. She leaned down and spoke to him. He said something indistinguishable.

"He don't talk so good," Raymond said. Ruth knelt closer to the boy and listened.

"You live in the city?" Raymond asked, looking at Walter's shoes.

"Yes."

"What do you do?"

"I work for a newspaper."

"Used to have a cousin that worked on a press. That what you do, work on a press?"

"No, I write for the paper."

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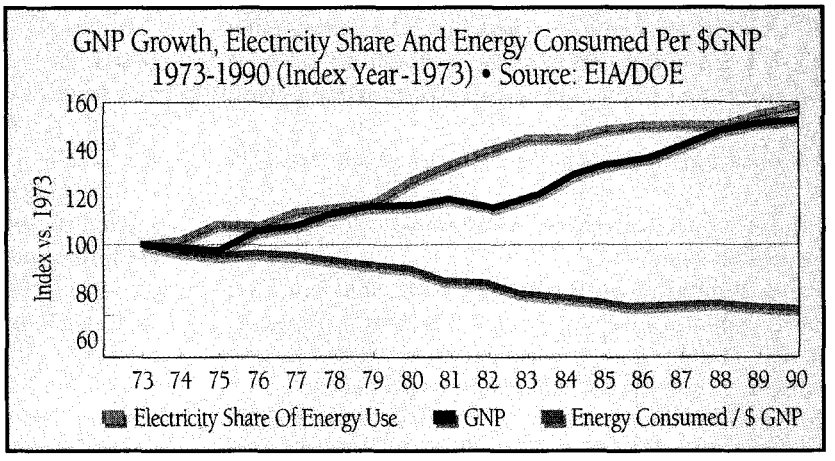

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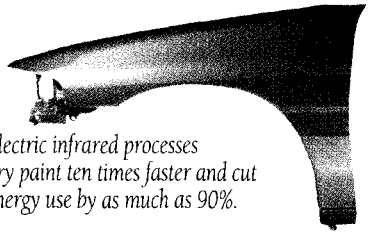

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"You mean tell about the news?"

"Yeah, sometimes."

He looked at Walter and then gazed out over the graveyard. "See that grave there? That's the old lady's father's grave. The one with the flowers around it."

The flowers were dried up, but the ground looked freshly dug, the dirt still in a mound.

"Put him down a couple weeks ago," he said nonchalantly. "He got a little crazy at the end. Got to talkin' to beech trees. You know, the ones with the almost-white bark?"

Walter shrugged. "I don't know much about trees," he said.

"There's one over there," Raymond said, pointing high into the woods.

Walter sighted down Raymond's finger and saw a tall tree with smooth, silvery-gray bark. "So that's a beech?"

"Yeah. The old man wouldn't say a word to a hickory or a maple, but he'd talk a blue streak to a beech."

Ruth and the boy were talking. "See ma birts," the boy said, and pulled Ruth's hand so that she would follow him. He kept running back to her, pulling her hand, and running on again. Ruth began to run, and Walter heard her laugh. The sound seemed a striking contrast to the graves and the barren church.

Raymond and Walter followed.

"You have a house in the city?" Raymond asked.

"Yes, we have a house."

"I bet you don't have a cow or a goat."

"No, I'm afraid not."

"We got a cow and a goat. Cow's milk or goat's milk, we got either one."

Ruth was on her knees listening to the boy as he pointed at what looked like a bird's nest under the decaying front steps of the church. As they got closer, Walter could see baby birds stretching their necks, their mouths wide open. He looked at Ruth and knew that her jeans would be dirty and that she wouldn't complain about it.

Then the boy led her into the trees, and Walter could see down a path into the woods to where the smoke was rising from the top of a small structure that looked more like a shack than a cabin. He was surprised to see an electric-power cable leading from the direction of the road to its roof. He hadn't noticed utility poles. He wasn't as far from the city as he had thought. If the cable was long enough, it could be the other end of the cable attached to his own house. It could be the same cable that fed into the wiring inside the walls and supplied power to run all their appliances.

It was almost dusk. They should be going. But driving

THE LITTLE BOOK OF HAND SHADOWS

You who began inside me,
see a tortoise, a stork, a wolf come out of my hand.

Stand behind me, your shadow eclipsing
my shadow.

Make the cock crow by opening and closing
two fingers.
We can be anyone now.

We can be spirit, ships homing, ten brothers in heaven.
Can you feel the sweet wind of their wing beats?

Can you smell the damp forest
as the walls fill up?

They breathe with things.
Crook your right forefinger which forms a paw.

Remember a crab moves a little sideways.
Pick me up like you used to and whirl me around.

Mother Hubbard's dog's begging.
Your Dapple Grey appears to be running.

Our shadows spill shadows.
They pool, they molt.

They grow out of the dark, they grow
out of themselves.

They crowd the ark, they crowd the world with their
finger-ears
and thorny toes and their broken beaks

and knuckled hearts,
their broken beaks and knuckled hearts.

—Deborah Digges

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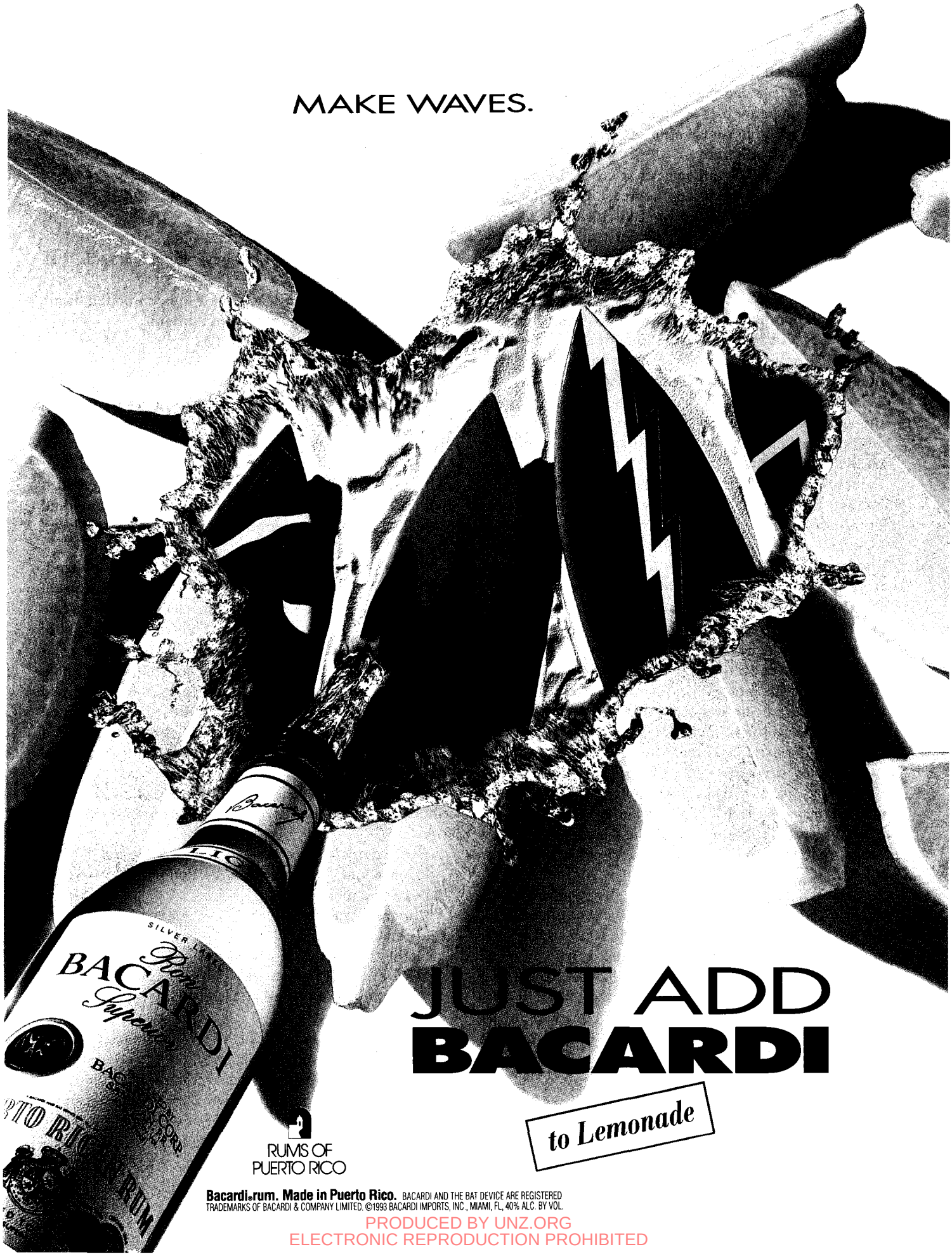

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was supposed to be dangerous at dusk. Your depth perception changed. He remembered dusk in autumn when he was a kid, playing baseball, waiting to be called for dinner, chasing a fly ball that seemed to hang in the sky and then descend in slow motion, as if the consistency of the air itself were altered.

He and Raymond walked farther down the path and into the cool dampness under the trees. Beside the shack was a shed and a pile of firewood. A chicken-wire fence divided the shed's open space. On one side stood a cow, slowly chewing on something. At the edge of the other section Ruth was standing with the boy, petting a goat.

Walter did not often see Ruth out of doors at such a distance. Their house was connected to a two-car garage. When they arrived home from their jobs, they used their remote garage-door openers, so their first sight of each other in the evening was inside the house.

He looked at Ruth at the end of the path, and his first thought was of her at the end of the aisle in the church where they were married. She had appeared at the door on the arm of her father, as Walter stood by the altar and the waiting minister. Suddenly all nervousness and doubt had left him. She had been so beautiful. It hadn't been the dress or the occasion that moved him; it was her, looking not at friends and relatives in the pews, or at the photographer, but only at him. And all he had been able to think was How in the world can I possibly be this lucky?

The memories came in flashes, like the fading sunlight through the branches of the trees as he walked. The first time he had ever seen her was at the other end of a hospital corridor: his mother had pneumonia, and Ruth's father had had a heart attack. They had waited together, watching the waiting-room phone on the wall. She was a listener and a patient waiter. After both parents had improved, they laughed together, the laughter of relief, at nurses, doctors, people passing. But her laughter had never been mean-spirited. Then they had played gin-rummy games, in which, by the end of their parents' convalescence, neither cared who won or even what cards were played.

As he got closer, he could see that the goat was licking her arm and that there was dirt on the knees of her jeans. He watched the trail of wetness left on Ruth's arm by the goat's tongue and he remembered other things. Dirt and wetness make mud, he thought. Mud not just on her jeans but on her knees and on his knees. Mud in their hair, mud all over them, the car parked at an awkward angle above a creek bank after a summer shower during just such a drive as this. Broad daylight, the passenger door hanging open, keys dangling from the ignition, light on inside, the ignition buzzer sounding, their car like one abandoned by suspects in a TV cop drama, and her strong arms holding on, never letting him slide off. Ruth looked up from the goat and watched Walter approach.

"That's Sheila," Raymond said. Walter hadn't noticed that a woman was standing at the door of the shack. She was as heavy as Raymond, but she had fewer teeth. She wore polyester stretch shorts over her stomach and had a soiled white patent-leather handbag over her shoulder. She looked as though she were going shopping.

"I didn't hear anybody drive up," she said. "I usually hear when people drive up."

"Yeah, you got eagle ears, all right," Raymond said, without looking at her.

"You from Columbus?" Sheila asked.

"Yeah, they're from Columbus," Raymond said. "I already asked them."

Over the door of the shack was a square wooden board, and on it letters made from aluminum foil.

THE HOWARDS
RAYMOND, SHEILA, DANIEL

Behind Sheila a single bare light bulb hung from a cord.

"We got chickens," Raymond said. He walked a short distance behind the shack to what looked like an oversized doghouse. Hens clucked and strutted out the door, flapping their wings as he reached inside. He pulled out a brown egg and brought it to Walter, placing it carefully in his hand as if it were a gold watch. Walter remarked at its beauty, and Raymond carried it back and replaced it.

Walter looked toward the fence where Ruth was standing with the boy. A breeze blew through the branches of the trees, which swayed while Ruth's hair blew about. She turned to face the wind so that her hair would blow out of her eyes. It was tangled. She bowed to let her hair hang almost to the ground and then stood straight up, whipping her hair back and smoothing it with her hand. Walter had always loved that, the split second when she straightened up with her hair flung back, her chin raised. It reminded him of one of those carved women on the bows of old ships. He walked over to Ruth and stood beside her.

"You don't know Jack and Etta Rhinegarten, do you?" Sheila asked. "They live in the bottoms on the west side."

"No, I don't believe we do," Walter answered.

"How about James and Juanita Simms? They live on Parsons Avenue."

"Simms," Walter said, taking a moment to think. "No." Ruth shook her head.

"James works at General Motors."

"No, it doesn't ring any bells," Walter said.

"You didn't know Freda Mason, did you? She used to—"

"Don't say that name," Raymond said, almost yelling.

"She's your cousin," Sheila said.

"I don't care. I told you I never want to hear about her again." Raymond turned to Walter. "What do you think of a woman married to a man twenty years—"

"They weren't married," Sheila said.

"They were so. Common law. That's as legal as anything else."

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"Huh," Sheila said, and looked away.

"Twenty years," Raymond repeated. "Twenty years she lived with that man. Had children with him. One day she gets out a jar of home-canned string beans. Sees a bulge in the top. So she gives the cat some. The cat gets as stiff as a two-by-four in about a minute."

"He deserved it," Sheila said.

"Shut up," Raymond told her. "So what does she do? She gives them beans to her husband for dinner." Raymond shook his head. "She as much as admitted it. In the courtroom there's them jar of beans with a tag on it. She's now at the state prison for women, where I hope she stays."

"That man beat her for years," Sheila said.

"That man treated her like a queen."

"If you call being black-and-blue a queen."

Ruth hid a laugh against Walter's shoulder.

"He got drunk once or twice and hit her," Raymond said. "She probably needed it."

"Once or twice, hell—twice a week is more like it," Sheila said. They glared at each other, and then Raymond turned his back on her.

It was nearly dark. Walter looked at Ruth and asked, "Are you about ready to go?"

She looked up at him. On the other side of her the boy had taken hold of her free hand and was looking up at her. Walter thought that the expressions on their faces were almost identical.

"Are you?"

"Any time," he said.

They all walked to the car together as if they were old friends. Across the road the graves were barely visible against the dark backdrop of the woods. The boy was still holding Ruth's hand. Raymond and Sheila stood by the church. Sheila had her arm through Raymond's.

"Come back," Raymond said.

"Thanks for showing us around," Walter said, as he slid behind the steering wheel. Ruth leaned out of the car and kissed the boy good-bye. Walter turned the headlights on and drove slowly, closely watching the curves. They were silent until they were almost at the end of the gravel road.

Finally Walter said, "Cute kid." Ruth looked at him to see if he was being serious. He was.

"He has a speech problem," she said. "The city schools would have a special class for him."

"Let's buy a goat."

She smiled and said, "I don't think the neighbors would approve."

She was right, Walter thought: they wouldn't.

He couldn't take his eyes from the road for very long, but when they reached the end of the gravel road and pulled onto the pavement, he could look away. She was watching him. Beyond her, through the car window, he could see trees and houses moving past. Walter thought of a movie set where the fake car is stationary and the landscape rolls by the windows, creating the impression of movement for the camera. He drove with his left hand now, his right hand resting lightly on the edge of Ruth's seat.

After a while they could see the headlights of the cars on Route 33 speeding by on the embankment ahead. He drove onto the entrance ramp and they began to climb toward the lights.

"Are you getting hungry?" he asked.

"What? Oh, I'm beginning to," she said. She was turned in her seat, her left ankle pulled up under her right leg.

"Where would you like to eat?"

"It doesn't matter," she said.

Walter began checking the rearview mirror. "I don't care so long as the vegetable of the day isn't string beans."

Ruth laughed. "How about that new Mexican restaurant downtown?" she said, as they merged with the main highway and into the traffic headed home. □

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An open letter to the G-7 leaders—the Presidents and Prime Ministers of the United States, Japan, Germany, France, Britain, Italy, and Canada—from a leading Japanese industrialist, the chairman of Sony

TOWARD A NEW WORLD ECONOMIC ORDER

BY AKIO MORITA

GENTLEMEN:

You will soon assemble in Tokyo for the next G-7 summit. You will be asked to consider many important questions. I would like to add one more to your agenda—one that I believe has an overarching significance to your task as stewards of the world economy.

I am a businessman, not a statesman or a politician. However, I know that all of you share a belief in the new importance of business and economics as dynamic forces underpinning the peace and prosperity of our world.

So perhaps you will be willing to listen to an ordinary businessman whose company does a great deal of business in each of your countries, and hear out my argument for how all of us in North America, Europe, and Japan might be able to work together to remove barriers to the free-market system and make it more open, more inclusive, and freer than it is at present.

The proposal I ask you to consider is that we begin to seek the ways and means of lowering *all* economic barriers between North America, Europe, and Japan—trade, investment, legal, and so forth—in order to begin creating the nucleus of a new world economic order that would include a harmonized world business system with agreed rules and procedures that transcend national boundaries. You, as political leaders, have the power to take the steps necessary to make the increasing de facto globalization of business the most creative, positive, and beneficial force it can be, rather than the source of new

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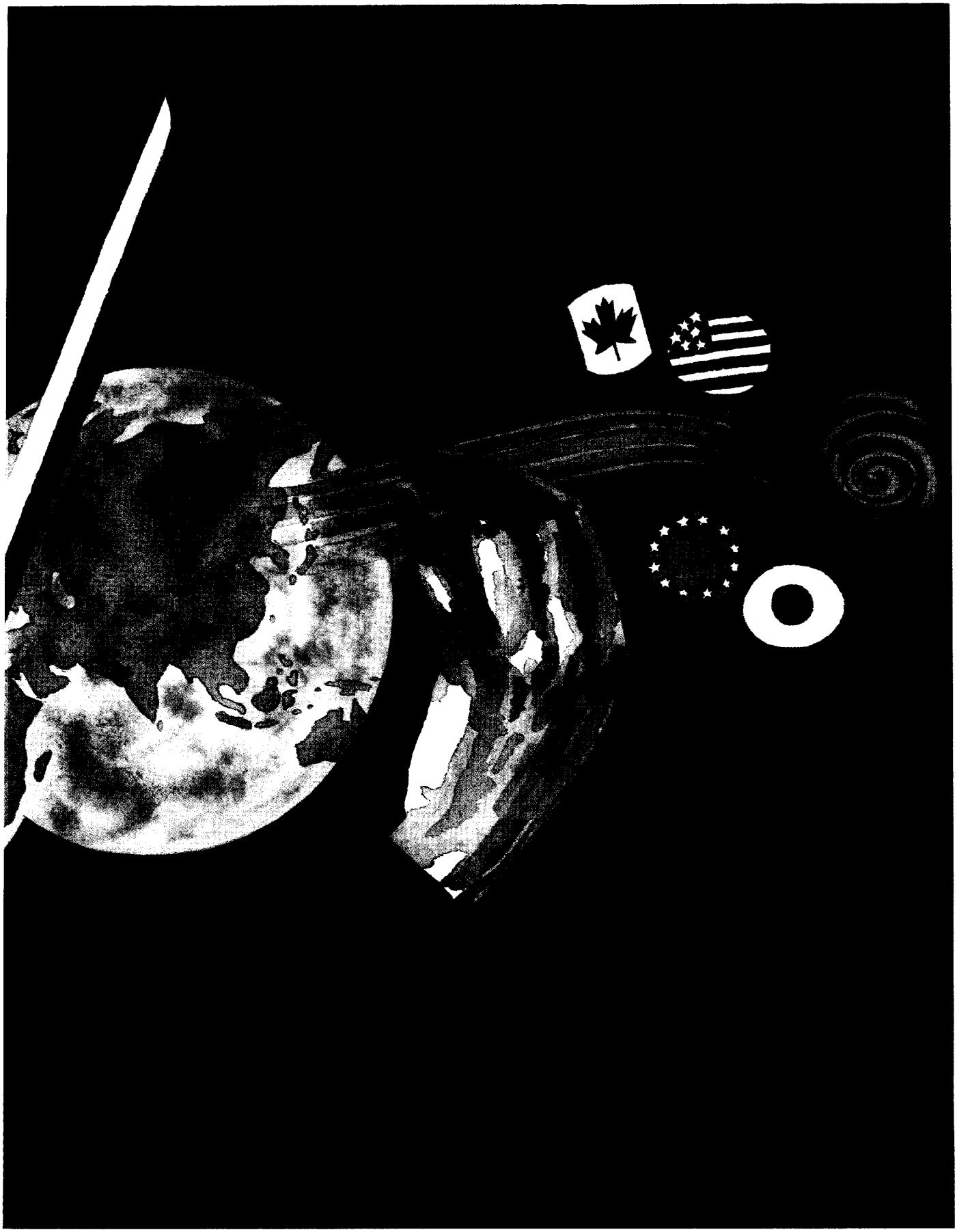

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international conflict. I believe that if we can go down this road together, we will also establish the basis for a much more equitable sharing of the burdens, responsibilities, and costs of international leadership.

Perhaps you will find it surprising that such a proposal comes from a Japanese businessman. Many people are skeptical about Japan's commitment to free and fair trade. Let me assure you that I recognize the reasons why outsiders consider Japan "unfair." My proposal to you is closely connected to proposals I am making inside Japan that action be taken to break down the walls of what often appears to outsiders to be a "Fortress Japan." It is clear that Japan has much work to do to open its domestic market and to help create a favorable climate for harmonization of the global trading system. Japan cannot and should not deny that reality.

During the Gulf War, U.S. President George Bush spoke about the need for a "new world order." What he meant by that was a new political and military-security order to deal with the challenges of the post–Cold War period. Certainly we need that. But the world also needs a new economic order, focused on international economic security.

Some will say the program outlined here is overly idealistic. But new appeals for greater global cooperation almost always sound too idealistic at first, with critics rushing to point out the likelihood that they will founder on contradictory national politics, reflecting contradictory national interests.

As we are increasingly discovering, however, all our nations have a "national interest" in doing what is best for the global economic interest. My proposal is offered in that spirit.

At the Edge of the Twenty-first Century

JUST AS WE HAVE ARRIVED IN SIGHT OF THE TWENTY-first century, the leading economies of the world find themselves at a startling and unexpected juncture. The Cold War is over. What used to be called the Soviet threat is disappearing, and the triumph of democratic values and free-market economics is taking place worldwide.

And yet . . . Amid what might have been considered near-utopian conditions just a generation ago, we face new and complex challenges that threaten the peace and prosperity we have achieved. Throughout the "Triad" (the developed economies of North America, Europe, and Japan) recent economic downturns have revealed troubling long-term structural questions. Some big corporations have lost their way. Political systems are ossified and corroded, unable to deal with new challenges and suffering declining popular trust. Meanwhile, the extreme nationalisms that are splintering many countries and societies with such tragic results threaten to influence the world to move in a more nationalist direction.

We all pay lip service to the notion that we live in an increasingly interdependent global village. Yet we seem willing to forget about interdependence when it comes to problems that require national governments to emphasize the "give" part of the give-and-take equation. We all talk about how we favor global growth and ever-freer world trade, and yet we rarely comment on what we are willing to give up to achieve those aims.

All of us are also paying for the mistakes of the past decade. As it turned out, the 1980s were a bit like Alice's descent into Wonderland. The border between economic reality and fantasy was blurred. To differing degrees this is true of the "Roaring Eighties" of America, the wave of "Europhoria" that swept the European Community, and the "Bubble Economy" in Japan.

The 1990s have emerged as a decade of sober awakenings. Economic growth rates for the industrialized world as a whole have plunged from an average of four percent in 1988 to less than two percent in 1992. The need to pay off excessive debts taken on in the past, the downsizing of large corporations, the demographics of graying populations, the shift away from manufacturing economies to service businesses in which productivity gains are often elusive, and other factors combine to suggest that average annual economic growth in the Triad may continue to hover in the two percent range over the next few years—unless creative action is taken to nurture and stimulate sustainable growth.

True, we are witnessing some cyclic economic recovery in the United States. Europe and Japan will probably follow. But many indicators suggest that while we will have growth, it may be slow. We face not just a cyclic challenge but a systemic one that requires an overall rethinking of some long-held views on global business.

Slow growth constrains the financial resources of governments and the investment plans of business. When business lacks confidence, it is hard to invest for the sake of long-term objectives. Under such conditions it is doubly hard to find the investment capital needed to tackle our huge responsibilities to help less developed countries and the emerging market economies trying to rebuild after decades in communist straitjackets.

In truth, many of the biggest security challenges are no longer primarily military in nature. The fact that the total output of Eastern Europe and the former Soviet Union has shrunk by a third since the fall of the Berlin Wall is a dangerous early-warning signal of possible threats to democracy and stability. Today's international security requires economic peacekeeping as well as traditional military peacekeeping. But to do our job as economic peacekeepers—to be able to provide the kind of aid that Russia and other countries emerging from communism need over the long term—we must have both the political will and a positive economic climate in our own countries to back it up.

The atmosphere of slow growth also highlights the pre-

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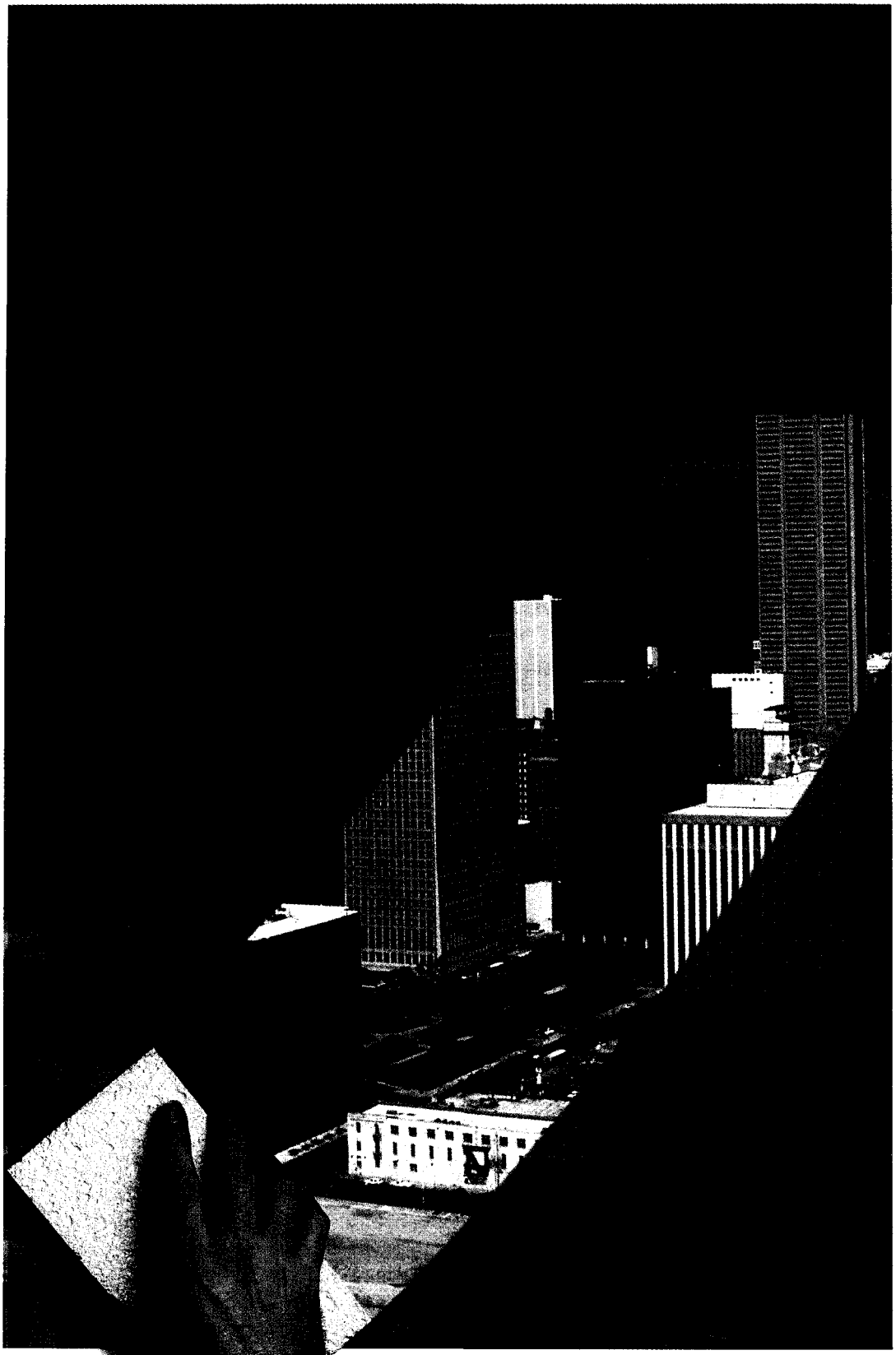
Don't you wish we could just do this to CFCs.



In a way we can—if we cool our buildings with natural gas.

Natural gas absorption cooling equipment cools with water, rather than with CFCs, which deplete the ozone layer.

It also has fewer moving parts than conventional cooling systems, which means maintenance costs are lower.

And, because it costs much less to operate, it cuts the energy costs of cooling—by up to 50%.

There's another big benefit, too. It saves electricity during the heat of the summer, when demand is at its highest.

As a result, we can help our cities avoid brownouts. And help reduce the need for power plants. Best of all, we can help America balance the use of its energy resources.

No doubt about it, natural gas is a high-tech, low-cost way to keep cool without CFCs.

It's a cool way to help save our ozone layer, too.

Clean, economical natural gas. Think what we'll save.

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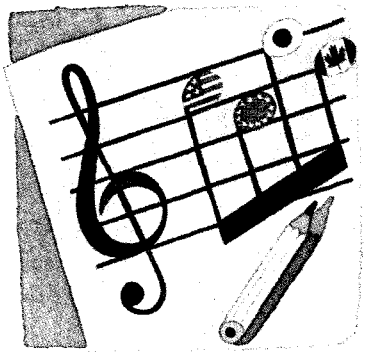

The right prescription for restarting global growth on a new, sustainable basis must involve an intensification of efforts to harmonize the inner workings of major economies and business systems.

carious balance between the economic and political clocks of history. The inspiring drive toward a single Europe slowed down significantly in the past year. Superficially, the cause appeared to be public fear of ceding too much power to a supranational European Community. But underneath, public concerns were fueled by poor economic performance in key countries. Similarly, the North American Free Trade Agreement (NAFTA) has faced a series of new obstacles even after having been agreed to and signed by the leaders of Canada, the United States, and Mexico. In U.S.-Japan relations both sides have found it more convenient to focus on their own domestic problems than to consider what kind of new, cooperative initiatives befit two such interdependent economies. And the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT), the world's most far-reaching multilateral economic institution, has experienced a wrenching, traumatic period of conflict as some small but powerful national lobbies have managed to stall progress on a new framework for freer global trade.

This bit of recent history underscores the fact that we cannot count on market mechanisms alone to create a new economic order. We also need political vision, organized discussion and debate, and new institutions that are capable of pressing on toward the goal of a borderless economy even in difficult times and even when dealing with difficult questions about how to allocate benefits and sacrifices.

Although structured political efforts to enhance cross-border free trade and establish workable global economic rules have encountered difficulty of late, we must not abandon them. In my view, the right prescription for restarting global growth on a new, sustainable basis, as well as for coping with the new challenges of our times, must involve an intensification of efforts to harmonize the inner workings of major economies and business systems.

Economic Harmonization

THE FREE-MARKET SYSTEM HAS CLEARLY SHOWN itself to be superior to the failed system of centrally planned socialism. About this there can be no doubt. However, the United States, the European Community, and Japan practice somewhat different types of free-market capitalism, and each has its own strengths and weaknesses. What is needed to cope with new challenges is not a replacement of the free-market system but a strengthening of it through the harmonization of business practices.

By making the whole of the developed world essentially one big market, the harmonization of major economies can provide the stimulus needed to emerge from what otherwise might be a prolonged period of slow growth worldwide. This is particularly true for the increasingly technology-intensive manufacturing sector, which requires global markets to justify its huge investment needs. A thriving high-tech manufacturing sector, generating ever newer and more innovative products, is the key to a growing positive spiral of market demand and employment. Harmonization is also crucial to the expansion of the advanced, innovative service sector of the economy, where few international rules now exist. Financial, information, and telecommunications services, for example, have inherently global markets, yet face a myriad of conflicting regulations and standards in different countries which prevent them from growing efficiently on a global scale.

All business people desire a level playing field on which to compete. But it has become clear that a level playing field cannot be declared into existence, even when tariffs are removed and even when certain of the obvious nontariff barriers disappear. The history of each country and region generates political, social, economic, and cultural factors that result in a business environment unique to that nation or region. This in turn gives rise to a variety of competitive factors unique to each market, any of which can be seen as nontariff barriers by those seeking to enter from outside.

I believe that, as the engines of the world economy, the G-7 countries should commit themselves to the goal of eliminating the barriers that now stud the playing field of global competition. Over time we should seek to create an environment in which the movement of goods, services, capital, technology, and people throughout North America, Europe, and Japan is truly free and unfettered. In such an environment international businesses could minimize waste and bureaucracy. Companies could focus their competition on the truly creative areas of enterprise which yield innovation, new technology, and improved

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service. When business is allowed to focus on these creative areas, quantum leaps in productivity, output, and quality of life are possible.

To achieve meaningful harmonization, a variety of government regulations, along with business practices on issues from trade and cross-border investment to patents, currency rates, financial and securities regulation, tax treatment, and environmental protection, would need to be brought into rough parity. Practical agreements on particularly controversial issues—dumping, transfer pricing, and local content, to name but a few—should be developed. Multilateral institutions capable of enforcing such agreements would need to be established.

As a result, markets would become open to the full force and benefit of global competition—not just in theory but in practice. Japanese rice farmers would not be able to keep their market closed, nor would Japanese *keiretsu* be allowed to exclude foreign suppliers from their production systems or imported goods from retail shelves. But neither would Americans be able to deal with perceived unfairness through methods such as unilateral tariffs. And Europeans would not be able to sit in unilateral judgment on what is or isn't a "European" car.

The European Example

"HARMONIZATION" APPEARED AS AN IMPORTANT international economic concept several years ago, during the European Community's debate over how best to create a single internal market among its twelve member nations. It arose as an idea distinct from standardization. Even in Europe, where geography and history closely link many countries, it was understood that trying to standardize varying business practices would be impossible. But "harmonizing" them—bringing key laws, rules, and procedures into general conformity—was deemed possible.

After an exhaustive period of discussion and debate the EC eventually agreed on nearly 300 specific areas of harmonized rules, on issues from baking to banking. Every country has made concessions; every interest group has given up something it wanted in order to keep the process going and to achieve the broader benefits. Through this process of cross-border give and take, the exit path from the conflicts bred by the era of nationalism has begun to take shape.

Today, of course, there are still those who focus on the difficulties the European Community faces in achieving greater unification. I believe, however, that history will eventually show that the Europeans are on the right road in creating an economy without national borders. Indeed, buried amid news about the EC's well-publicized difficulties is the bigger story: supranational institutions have been created to govern many aspects of European business and economic affairs—and these institutions are actually working rather well.

The EC experience with harmonization is the most advanced. But a similar process is taking place in North America, through NAFTA. In East Asia discussions about regional coordination are also ongoing at a variety of levels. While there has been concern that these regional agreements could turn into closed "fortresses" and mutually exclusive economic blocs, I take an alternative view. Particularly with regard to the EC and NAFTA, countries have already made many sacrifices and accepted certain limits on their national sovereignty. They have transcended their national boundaries and taken concrete measures to open up their markets.

What I am proposing is not at all in opposition to these regional agreements. Rather, it is the next logical step—the interregional harmonization of these three dynamic parts of the world, using groundwork already laid by the existing agreements.

Beginning the Process

TO SOME ECONOMISTS, THE WORD "HARMONIZATION" may connote simply a lot of bureaucratic intervention in the private sector. As that is certainly not my goal, it might be useful to look more specifically at the kinds of efforts I have in mind when thinking about the harmonization of the global business infrastructure.

Market access. All the major economies have taken important steps to reduce tariffs and to liberalize and deregulate their marketplaces over the past generation. Even in Japan, often criticized by foreigners as "closed," huge strides forward have been taken, so that Japan now imports more than $230 billion worth of goods annually from around the world—up more than 80 percent since 1985—including more than $50 billion from the United States.

Yet market access remains a highly contentious issue. Whether a market is open or closed, and whether foreign companies are treated fairly or unfairly, is often in the eyes of the beholder. This is especially true when it comes to product health-and-safety standards, differing rules on intellectual property, and differing systems of distribution. In addition to clearer rules and greater multilateral consultation, couldn't we benefit from the establishment of a supranational arbitration panel that would investigate quickly and independently complaints about practices in specific industries, and propose specific remedies to facilitate foreign entry in areas found to be unfair or insufficiently open?

In all our countries government has emerged as a very large sector of the economy. Yet most government procurement policies provide the last bastion of a protected market for "national champion" and domestic companies. From supercomputers to automobiles, there is a strong tendency for governments to buy domestic, rather than using government's powerful platform to encourage

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buying global. Can't we start with this field, which government controls directly, and make a sweeping change quickly?

Anti-dumping laws. Because of the nature of the Japanese production system, companies can accept razor-thin profit margins that Western competitors find intolerable. This fact alone often leads to charges of dumping against Japanese companies when, technically speaking, they are not actually engaging in dumping. Structural, legal, and accounting differences between the Japanese business system and others add to the confusion. Currency fluctuations distort even the most objective efforts to establish whether or not a company is selling a certain export product below its domestic price or cost of manufacture. The inefficiency of the Japanese retailing system—which ends up charging *Japanese* consumers unfairly high prices for many goods—further complicates matters.

I am not arguing that no Japanese company has ever been guilty of dumping. On the whole, though, I believe that the culprit here is not any Japanese desire to undermine the competitive framework in other countries but rather the extent of the differences between the business systems. Even in cases where American or European companies have been unfairly victimized by dumping practices, the adjudication process is usually so long and drawn out that by the time a determination is made, the companies have suffered irreparable losses. The only sure beneficiaries of this process are lobbyists and lawyers who get involved in these issues and are paid whether they win or lose.

In a world where ever more products are globally traded, new, harmonized anti-dumping laws are needed to take better account of the many complexities of product pricing in domestic and foreign markets. In addition, it would seem we need an enforcement system somewhere between the slow-moving GATT and the sometimes arbitrary or at least unilateral decision-making practiced by individual government bodies. Isn't this an area where an ombudsman-type system could be set up to get quick, fair, objective rulings, as well as practical solutions to structural differences among different business systems?

Antitrust law. The United States, the European Community, and Japan have their own sets of laws in this area. What is called antitrust law in America is called competition policy in Europe and anti-monopoly law in Japan. The objectives are generally the same, but the actual practice is very different in each part of the world.

American business has been highly critical of the Japanese *keiretsu* system, which is seen by outsiders as a cartel-like approach to production and distribution. But the *keiretsu* system also has many virtues, some of which are readily recognized even by American and European critics. Similarly, the American antitrust approach, while it obviously has great benefits in spurring competition and promoting the interests of consumers, also has noticeable shortcomings with respect to the difficulties companies face in sharing research and development, carrying out joint manufacturing, or forming various kinds of beneficial partnerships and alliances.

The basic principles of American antitrust law were developed in the first half of the twentieth century, when "competition" meant mainly competition in the domestic market among domestic companies. The laws as they were written did not foresee the day when U.S. companies would need to compete with those from other countries. Japanese attitudes, on the other hand, were shaped in a period when Japanese companies were trying desperately to recover from the ruins of war and compete in world markets.

Our systems need to be brought up to date. It would seem to be common sense that the Japanese approach to antitrust problems is probably too lax, while the American approach is probably too severe and narrow to reflect the needs of business in today's global economy. Couldn't joint study and discussion of this problem lead to simultaneous reforms of differing systems throughout the Triad, so that the gulfs between them would be narrowed? Couldn't some sort of joint arbitration panel be established to respond to complaints?

Patent rights. In a technology-driven economy, patent rights become an increasingly important issue. Discussions are in progress on harmonizing patent systems. The United States appears willing, as part of a concrete package of tradeoffs being proposed in current multilateral world patent negotiations, to consider replacing its traditional "first inventor rights" with the "first application rights" to which both Japan and Europe subscribe. This progress should become the cornerstone for broader trilateral harmonization, in which Japan and the EC would change a number of their laws in order to arrive at a global system that equally and fairly protected inventors and innovators in each country.

Environmental protection. A new issue coming to the fore is the environmental regulations under which products are manufactured in different countries. If one country has stringent environmental regulations that add costs to manufacturing a certain product, should companies from another country be able to export directly competing products made under less stringent environmental rules? This issue has been central to the recent NAFTA negotiations and must be seen as an increasingly important part of all trade negotiations. The goal of the harmonization process here should be to harmonize "up," not "down"—to encourage raising all concerned to the level of those countries with the most effective environmental regulations.

The free-floating exchange-rate system. Requiring not just harmonization but active and ongoing policy coordination is the problem of the volatility of currency values in today's free-floating exchange-rate system, which acts as a kind of nontariff barrier preventing greater cross-border investment and business development. This system is a

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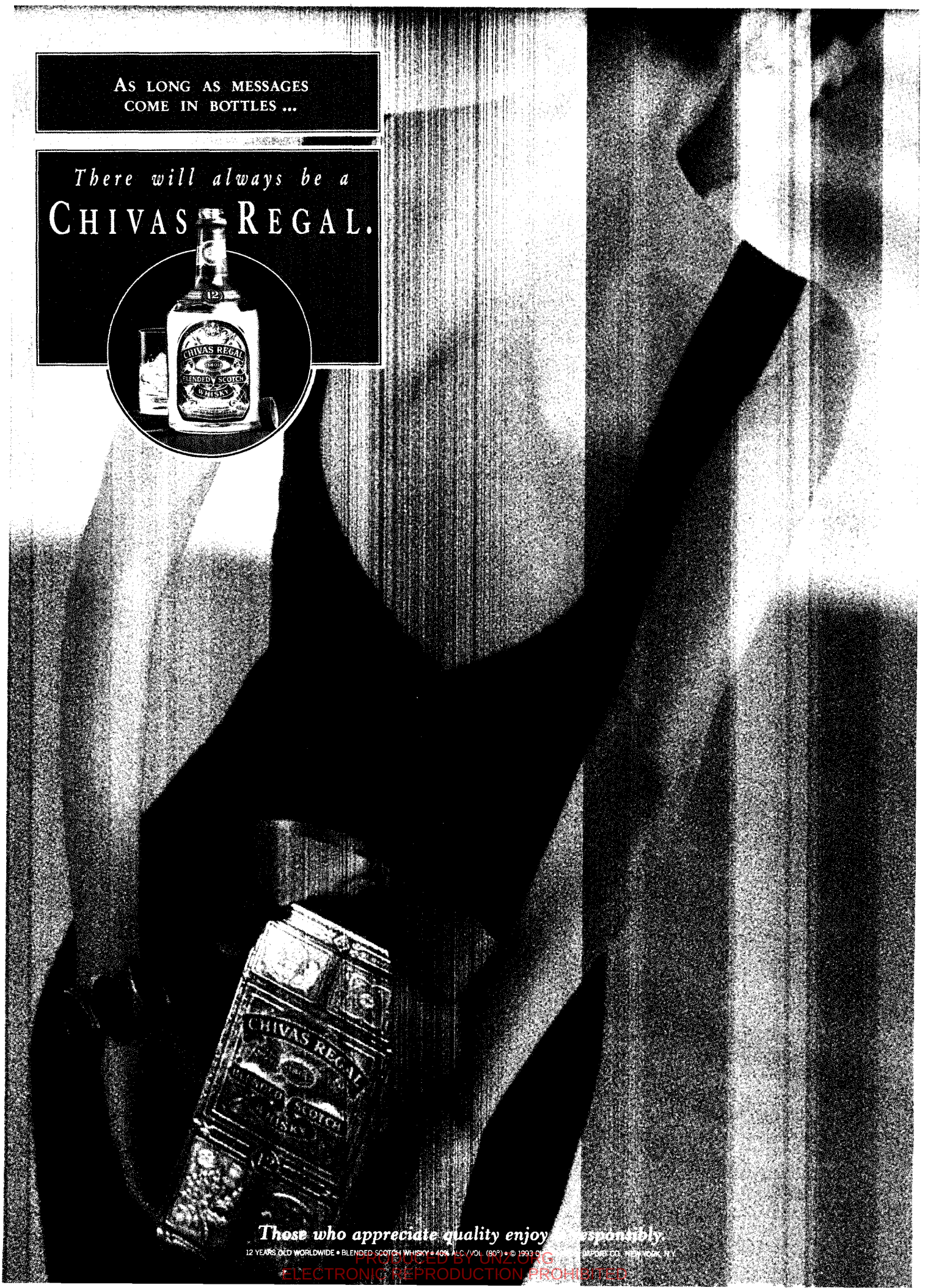

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factor that keeps the global playing field in a permanently unlevel state, although one never knows to whose advantage the field will tilt.

Manufacturers who import raw materials and parts can never be sure of final production costs; those who sell in global markets can never be confident of future selling prices or profit margins. As a businessman, I find nothing more frustrating than discovering that our product, which was designed with a certain target price in mind, must now suddenly sell for a much higher price simply because currency rates have changed. I find it incredible that our investments in a certain country can lose 10 percent, 25 percent, or even more of their value almost overnight, just because a few currency traders have turned bearish on a certain currency. Consumers, naturally, cannot escape the burden of these exchange-rate-induced price distortions.

Certainly, big companies are capable of dealing with some of this volatility through currency hedging. But when industrial companies become wrapped up in financial-engineering stratagems, there is both a financial cost to be paid and a nonquantifiable cost in terms of loss of focus and efficiency. The high volatility of currency rates becomes another factor to promote short-termism, because the vast bulk of currency-futures trading is focused on the next contract, usually no more than a few months away. The huge volume of funds flowing through the system of currency speculation dwarfs the value of what flows through the trading system in physical goods and services. As a result, it is the speculators' opinions and biases that become the arbiters of value, in place of more-objective indices such as purchasing-power parity and real production costs.

It is said that free-floating currencies promote economic efficiency. Nothing could be further from the truth. What they really do is impose the irrationality of the speculator's culture on the daily lives of business people and consumers everywhere.

What is needed here is an evolutionary harmonization of the dollar, the major European currencies represented by the European Currency Unit, and the yen, so that over time we could create a common currency system throughout the Triad. We need not get rid of national currencies or lock rates in permanently. We could start with target zones, coupled with close policy coordination on the part of the major countries to keep currencies within those zones. This kind of approach has been successful at various points in taming some of the excessive volatility in currency markets, but it has yet to be truly institutionalized. Alternatively, we could move to a system of flexible currency fixing, in which values could be locked in for a certain period of time and readjusted according to agreed-upon criteria (such as purchasing-power parity) only during set review periods. Many other solutions are also possible.

The point is, we need leadership to take us out of exchange-rate anarchy and toward some kind of sustainable order that will again allow currency to play its true role in the international system: as a public-utility means of exchange for goods and services, not a commodity unto itself to be controlled for profit by a handful of speculators.

The above areas are only illustrative highlights. Many others need to be addressed—taxation and accounting systems, labor law, securities and banking law. Because the goal I propose is only a kind of rough parity, not a completely unified market, we do not need a program as comprehensive as the European Community harmonization agenda. But all the same, there is a vast amount of work to do just to establish the broad outlines of a harmonized system across the Triad.

An End to "Fortress Japan"

TO ACHIEVE GLOBAL HARMONIZATION, EVERY country must adapt. But there is no question that the greatest burden of change would fall on Japan. The Japanese business system is more different from the United States and Europe than the United States and Europe are from each other. Although there is much to commend in Japan's economic system, it is simply too far out of sync with the West on certain essential points.

Before worrying that the EC will establish a "Fortress Europe," or NAFTA a "Fortress North America," Japanese business and political leaders should look at our situation in Japan, which is perceived by outsiders as the biggest fortress of all. Japan has been late in opening its markets to the world and in ensuring the transparency of those markets. Change has come piecemeal, and often only under intense foreign pressure. Although overt protectionism has been curbed, it is clear that many foreign products still have trouble with entry into and distribution in the Japanese market.

But there are more subtle—and perhaps more important—ways in which Japan stands apart from the world. I have been writing and speaking about these problems in recent months, encouraging my fellow Japanese to understand that despite our great success, we now need nothing so urgently as to "reinvent Japan"—to change fundamentally many of our ways of doing things. I have called into question, for example, the long hours and short holidays of Japanese workers. The fact that the average Japanese work year is still nearly 20 percent longer in hours than the average American work year not only detracts from the quality of Japanese life but also constitutes a subtle kind of advantage in the global competition between Japanese manufacturers and their foreign counterparts. A similar advantage is found in the low dividend-payout ratios of major Japanese companies, the way in which suppliers can be squeezed in the production system, and many other facets of the relationship be-

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The greatest burden for change would fall on Japan. Although there is much to commend in Japan's economic system, it is simply too far out of sync with the West on certain essential points.

tween Japanese companies and their broader network of "stakeholders."

Inside Japan, moreover, there continues to be a producer bias, rather than the shift toward a consumer emphasis which many of our political leaders and economists have called for. Japan's great wealth remains primarily corporate wealth, and the benefits have not sufficiently filtered down to the average Japanese in terms of such things as better housing and a better material standard of life. This situation not only causes frustration among the Japanese people but also accounts for at least some of the difficulties foreign companies have in competing.

A good illustration of the problem is the way in which since the Plaza Agreement of 1985 the distribution system has worked to minimize the positive impact for consumers of the strong yen. The prices of imported goods in the Japanese domestic market have not come down in tandem with the lowered values of foreign currencies. If we were to see true price competition in some of the highly protected sectors—and a fair, sustainable method of determining currency rates on an ongoing basis—the retailers of many kinds of Japanese goods would be forced by market mechanisms to find ways to bring their prices down. In the process we would likely see increased consumer demand, a rise in imports, and the invigoration of the whole economy.

It is no longer heresy inside Japan to point out what foreign experts have long said: the Japanese system regulates excessively. According to one estimate, government regulation affects economic activities composing 40 percent of Japan's GNP. The consumer-oriented, competition-enhancing kind of deregulation that we have seen in areas such as transportation, broadcasting, telecommunications, and financial services in the United States and to some degree in Europe has not taken place as fully in Japan.

In short, certain parts of the same political and economic system that provided the foundation for developing Japan's economic power over the past forty years are today hindering progress toward free and unobstructed competition. And this outmoded system continues to present the image of a Fortress Japan to outsiders.

I have called for making nonregulation the rule rather than the exception. And I have made the case that today's Japan will not lose its competitive advantage by giving up some of the aspects of its system which it has inherited from the past. Japan's industrial and business fundamentals will become stronger if we allow the dynamics of the free market to affect our economy more forcefully. Thus we will help ourselves at the same time that we rid ourselves of the "unfair" label that keeps Japan apart from the rest of the world. And if Japan can make such changes, it will show Americans and Europeans that harmonization, with all its market-enlarging and stimulating benefits, is possible.

Not everything can be accomplished overnight. I have stressed that the right place to begin is with harmonizing concrete rules and procedures involving business and economic practices. But business harmonization must take place alongside another kind of harmonization—a kind of geo-economic, geopolitical harmonization in which Japan continues to assume more burdens of world leadership. Many commentators have pointed out that the competitiveness of American business has paid a price for America's outsized responsibility in keeping world peace, and that Japan, with many fewer responsibilities and obligations, has been able to focus more narrowly on what is best for its own economy.

Of course, Japan is making progress in shouldering its global political responsibilities. Our Diet has finally passed legislation that allows limited numbers of Japanese Self-Defense Forces to be dispatched as peacekeepers to world trouble spots, for example. In those areas where Japan has been willing to assume leadership (and where other major countries have supported a larger Japanese role), the record is generally quite good. Individual Japanese who have assumed high-visibility positions—among them Sadako Ogata, the UN High Commissioner for Refugees—have been able to inspire much greater Japanese awareness of global issues, and the commitment of Japanese resources to them. Inside Japan people are beginning to talk about the need for our country to play a more active role in the UN and to find a way to qualify for a permanent seat on the Security Council. But in the years ahead there must be greater harmonization of costs, burdens, responsibilities, and powers for maintaining the peace and stability of a global system from which Japan benefits so directly.

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Helping Each Other Do the Right Thing

JAPAN IS NOT THE ONLY COUNTRY THAT NEEDS TO change in order to promote economic harmonization and lay the basis for a new world economic order. Indeed, change and adaptation are incumbent on every country.

European leaders, for example, have a huge responsibility to ensure that their countries continue to evolve on the path of economic harmonization and unification. They need to respond with creative, flexible solutions to the objections and problems that have arisen. What is more, Europeans must resist the impulse to become narrow, inward-looking, and protectionist. This has not always been so clear. For example, the EC has resisted American efforts to liberalize European agricultural markets and has taken positions on automobile imports which Japanese business people have trouble seeing as anything other than blatantly protectionist.

Europe faces trade deficits with both Japan and the United States, and many large European companies are in the throes of major structural changes and downsizing. The political pressures on European governments are obvious. But I believe that the EC has chosen its road carefully and that EC leaders will continue to show that a borderless internal European market means one in which companies from the United States, Japan, and elsewhere can also compete fairly and freely.

As for the United States, the election of Bill Clinton last year signaled the American people's serious desire to renew the U.S. economic base in order to become more competitive. A deep recognition of the challenges involved is now unfolding, and a consensus is beginning to form on tackling problems like the budget deficit, health care, infrastructure, education, capital formation, productivity, and manufacturing quality. Nevertheless, the road is not easy and many difficult choices must be made and sustained—including a measure of what President Clinton has termed "sacrifice."

America's success at reinventing its competitive prowess is crucial to the rest of the world, because the $6 trillion U.S. GNP is still the most powerful single engine of world economic growth, and America still plays the primary leadership role in maintaining global security. America's ability to provide global leadership is truly exceptional. No other single country can now perform that critical function so well. But since no one can expect the United States to continue to bear such outsized international responsibilities without a strong, vibrant economy at home, it is in the interests of all concerned for the United States to succeed at renewing its economic vitality.

President Clinton must find a way to steer the U.S. economy in the direction of competing harder, smarter, and better, without succumbing to the false temptation of protectionist solutions. It would be a severe setback to the growing momentum of international cooperation if the United States, so long the world's most open market and the prime proponent of free trade, were to seek a politically popular but economically dangerous course along the path of protectionism. Although I think it is worth pointing out the dangers of following such a course, that is not the course that I believe the United States will take.

It is interesting to note that Bill Clinton is not just the first American Baby Boom President; he is one of the first of his generation to emerge as the chief political leader of a major country. His election was motivated by a deep-seated desire for fundamental change on the part of the American people. But that desire for change—particularly for innovative solutions commensurate with the demands of the fast-approaching twenty-first century—is becoming a worldwide phenomenon. And over time we may find that the next generation of political leaders in the major countries will be better able to bridge the culture gap, more aware of new approaches to global economic issues, and more able to work collectively toward meaningful consensus and action.

We should help one another to see the right thing to do —and to do it. None of us should be afraid to point out the shortcomings of others. And all should be prepared to respond constructively to such criticism. I do not think this is a utopian notion. In the U.S.-Japan dialogue known as the Structural Impediments Initiative we have seen an example of a process that allows detailed criticisms and observations about the basic structures of one another's societies to be put on the table.

Changes that are difficult for one country to make on its own may be easier to make in the context of a Triad in which each economy is undergoing a specified program of change. The moral force of an arrangement in which we become responsible to one another can serve as a kind of supranational conscience to the process.

In that spirit, let us not shrink from the task of developing a bold vision of what we can do together to promote the best interests of our own economies and the global order as a whole. For the G-7 leadership to miss the opportunity presented at this historic juncture would be nothing short of tragic. If we, the wealthy and successful nations of the world, cannot find the vision and action to steer the world back on the track of global growth and increased cooperation, history will judge our collective failure harshly. □

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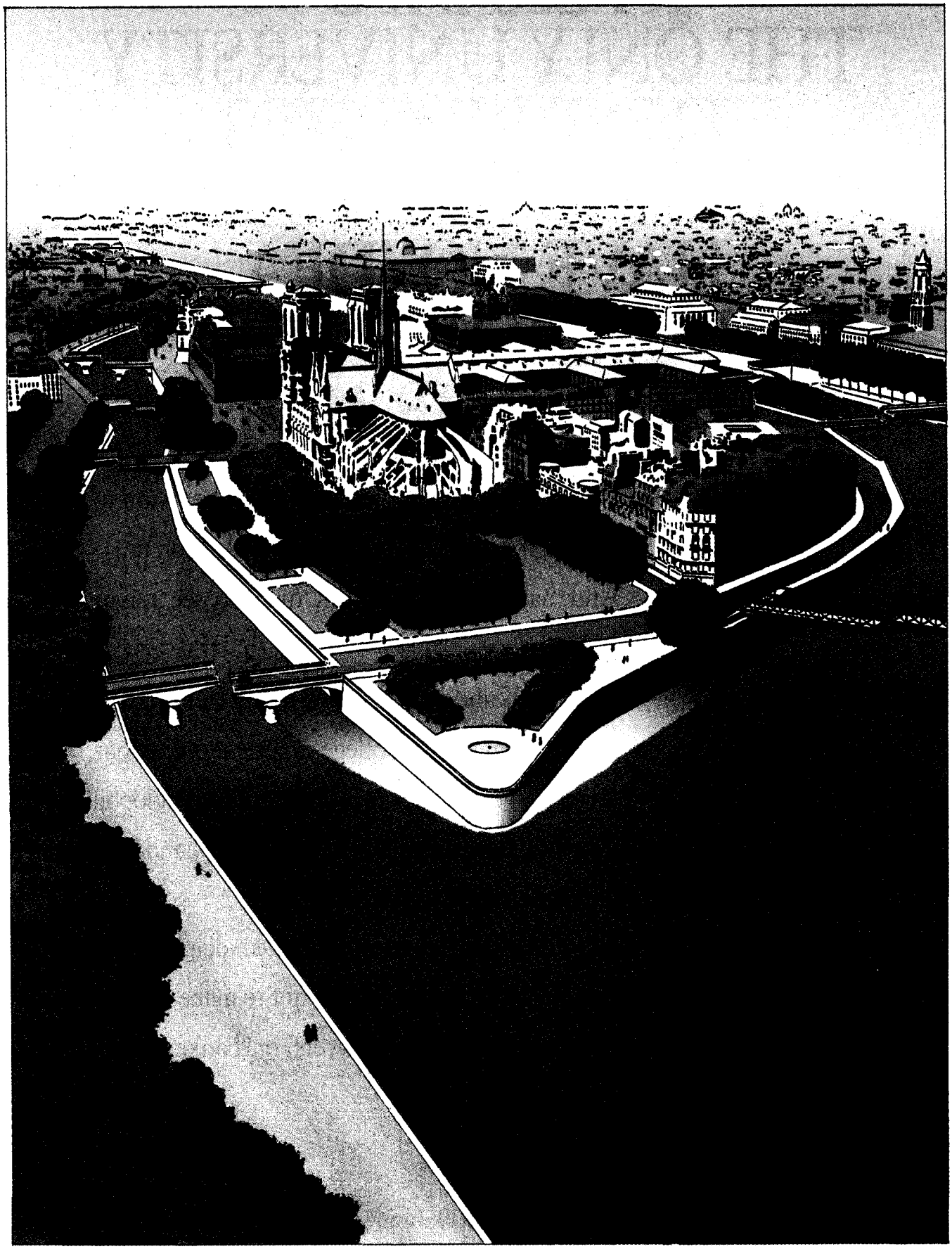
SECESSION

BY GUY BILLOUT



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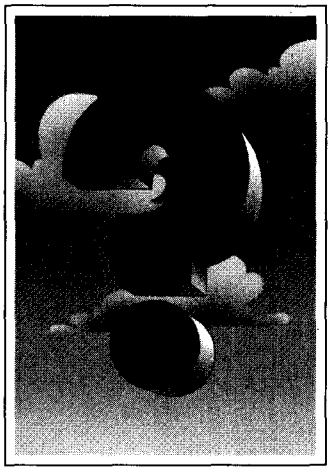
PERHAPS THE ONLY UNIVERSITY THAT REALIZES MOST 18 YEAR-OLDS HAVE NO IDEA WHAT THEY WANT TO DO WITH THEIR LIVES.



Most 8 or 9 year-olds know exactly what they want to be when they grow up. Most 17 or 18 year-olds don't.

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A return by Jean-Bertrand Aristide to the presidency from which he was ousted less than two years ago may little affect Haiti's fortunes. A meaningful shift from the country's long tradition of authoritarian rule, poverty, illiteracy, and bloodshed will require a cultural transformation that may be made possible only by an influx of diaspora Haitians

VOODOO POLITICS

BY LAWRENCE E. HARRISON

AT TWILIGHT ON November 10, 1991, six weeks after President Jean-Bertrand Aristide was ousted in a military coup d'etat, a mission of the Organization of American States headed by former Colombian Foreign Minister Augusto Ramírez Ocampo arrived in Port-au-Prince on an Argentine military jet to try to negotiate Aristide's prompt return to power. I was the American member of the mission. A noisy, mildly hostile crowd of people who supported the coup, well dressed by Haitian standards, lined the route from the airport to the Parliament building on Port-au-Prince's seamy waterfront, where our first meeting was to be held. Many waved anti-OAS placards at us. I recognized among the demonstrators the owner of La Lanterne, a posh restaurant in affluent Pétionville, which had closed a few years earlier.

I was visiting Haiti for the third time that year. I had spent four weeks there at the time of Aristide's inauguration, on February 7, working for the U.S. Agency for International Development on a program to strengthen democratic institutions, and I had returned briefly in April. The election, on December 16, 1990, that brought Aristide to power was often referred to as the first clean election in Haitian history, although some may argue that the 1957 victory of François Duvalier—Papa Doc—was comparably clean. Papa Doc came to power with a reputation as a distinguished humanitarian, public-health expert, and proponent of black power; he initiated a dynasty of tyranny and greed that lasted through early 1986, when his son, Jean-Claude—Baby Doc—fled to opulent exile in France. Aristide's election followed five years during which military governments repeatedly rose and fell.

That the Haitian military decided to go along with the 1990 election reflects sustained international pressure, chiefly from the United States, for a democratic solution to Haiti's political problems. The country has virtually no democratic tradition and no infrastructure for elections, so outsiders, particularly the United Nations, the Organization of American States, and the governments of Canada and the United States, were needed to make the elections work. The U.S. role was in some measure ironic. Although Aristide had been removed from the Salesian order by the Vatican, he had built his political base on liberation theology, the left-wing Catholic doctrine that promotes statism and the redistribution of wealth, and views imperialism, above all U.S. imperialism, as the root cause of poverty in the Third World. Thus most American officials were anxious about Aristide and probably would have been more comfortable with Marc Bazin, a former World Bank official, who ran a distant second to Aristide in the balloting—and became the second post-coup Prime Minister. But whatever its preferences, the United States gave full support to Aristide

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following his election, and my work on the democratization program was part of that support.

I got some of the flavor of Aristide's views when, shortly before his inauguration, I was asked to speak with a large group of his young followers in the town of Ouanaminthe, in the northeast, near the border with the Dominican Republic. The discussion was supposed to give me an opportunity to learn what could be done to help promote democracy in Haiti, but it quickly degenerated into repeated, often vehement attacks on the United States for its "exploitation" of Haiti, for its "support" of the Duvaliers and the military, for the "suppression" of the Haitian people. When I told them that the United States had never had any significant economic interests in Haiti, and that we had cut off all aid to Papa Doc, they were incredulous.

I expected a similarly difficult conversation, a few days later, with René Théodore, the head of the Haitian Communist Party, particularly after I noticed, beside the staircase leading to his office, a mural depicting a fierce-looking Uncle Sam holding a bloody dagger aimed at a map of Latin America. I couldn't have been more mistaken. Théodore was among the wisest of the dozens of politicians with whom I spoke. He understood fully the significance of and reasons for the collapse of communism in Eastern Europe, and had developed a considerable respect for democratic capitalism.

I also discussed the democratization program with Jean-Jacques Honorat, then the head of the Haitian Center for the Defense of Public Liberty, who a few months later received an award from the American Bar Association for his work in defense of human rights. Honorat had been forced into exile in the United States during the Duvalier years. He had developed a great respect for American democracy, he told me, in part because he once joined a protest march in front of the White House and, to his astonishment, saw the police *protecting* the protesters. Just before the inauguration we had another long chat, during which he expressed concern about Aristide's unfamiliarity with democratic ideology and institutions.

Port-au-Prince, its gingerbread charm long ago overwhelmed by the dirt, dilapidation, and human misery that attend Haiti's extreme poverty, experienced a rebirth for Aristide's inaugural. The residents of each block tidied up or even painted their houses and joined neighborhood cleanup platoons. Streets were swept, and curbs, telephone poles, and trees were painted. The mood of the city was atypically upbeat, almost jubilant. One sensed that the poor viewed Aristide as a savior, but many among the small middle class, and even a few of the affluent, enjoyed Haiti's day in the sun with their new President.

Watching the inauguration on television, I was surprised that the President's speech included the dismissal of several senior military officers who were present at the ceremony. I remember thinking that it was neither the time nor the place for that sort of thing, but concluded that Aristide must have had good reasons.

On my brief return to Haiti in April, to finish my work on the democratization program, I noticed an ominous change in the atmosphere. Aristide had been slow to organize his government. His relations with the bicameral Parliament, chosen in the same elections that brought him to power, were deteriorating, in no small part because his goons had threatened and even roughed up some opposition legislators. Some in the military believed that he was out to destroy their institution—as did some in the judiciary.

From then until the coup, on September 30, what I knew about Haiti was what I read in *The New York Times*, which did not give cause for alarm. When I heard that Aristide had been ousted, I accepted media reports that the coup was the work of the military in cahoots with the right. My first intimation that support for the coup was broader came when I read that the Prime Minister of the new government was Jean-Jacques Honorat.

THE CROWD AT THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING HAD been waiting for many hours—our OAS delegation almost always ran behind schedule—and its mood was hostile. I was among the last of the delegation to enter, and got caught in a crush that I escaped only after a well-timed shove from a U.S. embassy security officer. When I finally entered the chamber, I got my second intimation of broad support for the coup. Many more senators and deputies were present than I had expected—a majority of both houses, I would guess. Not all were sympathetic to the coup, and in the subsequent months of negotiations the solidarity of the moment often broke down in the intransigent divisiveness that has characterized Haitian politics since independence. But in that early evening a year and a half ago, most of the parliamentarians were unified in their support for Aristide's overthrow, and cool if not antagonistic to our delegation. I remember admiring Augusto Ramírez Ocampo's fortitude in unflinchingly reading his instructions from the OAS, which called for the prompt return of Aristide.

In the endless meetings of subsequent days we all realized that the crisis was, in important ways, of Aristide's making. His critics came not only from the right but also from the center and the left, and included elements of his electoral coalition. Among the politicians who felt that the democratic experiment had gone awry under Aristide's stewardship was René Théodore, who, after three months of skillful work by Ramírez Ocampo, emerged as a compromise candidate—never ratified—for Prime Minister. Predictably, private-sector representatives felt threatened by the Aristide government. But so did most of the labor unions.

We also met with General Raoul Cedras, whom Aristide had appointed acting chief of the armed forces. Aristide has since blamed Cedras for his overthrow—though

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Cedras does not have full control over Haiti's security forces and was not one of the coup's principal architects. Contrary to his U.S. media image as a bloodthirsty brute, Cedras conducted himself professionally and flexibly during our four-month mission—at least by Haitian and Latin American military standards. He also has a sense of humor: when the highly respected U.S. ambassador, Alvin Adams, assured him that rumors of an impending U.S. military invasion were unfounded, he responded with a grin, "That's because they know we'd beat them."

Haiti's government since the coup has often been labeled "military" by the media, but that is inaccurate. No Haitian officer has taken a civilian post—atypical for military governments in Latin America and elsewhere—and although it is clear that the Haitian military has excessive influence on civil policies by the standards of advanced democracies, that influence is not enough to warrant the label.

Most of the people we spoke with charged Aristide with undermining the constitutional autonomy of the military and the judiciary, countenancing, if not provoking, intimidation of parliamentarians, and establishing a private military unit that some likened to Duvalier's Tontons Macoutes. But he was feared above all because of his encouragement of violence, particularly "Père Lebrun"—the lynching of opponents by "necklacing" them with burning tires.

Aristide told the *New York Times* correspondent Howard French shortly after the coup that during his time in office "there was never one case of Père Lebrun." In a November 17, 1991, article French quoted Kenneth Roth, of the human-rights monitoring organization Americas Watch: "To say that there was no Père Lebrun is ridiculous. By our count there were at least twenty-five cases. . . . The biggest problem is not that Aristide did nothing to stop these incidents, despite his tremendous moral prestige. But in the last couple of months of his presidency, he actually gave two speeches encouraging 'Père Lebrun.'" In a speech two days before the coup Aristide strongly implied that the rich should be necklaced, referring to Père Lebrun as "a beautiful tool! . . . it looks sharp! It's fashionable, it smells good."

WROUGHT FIGURE

As though you were rare, you confessed
at our second candle-lit dinner to your
history: your women. I must confess
each name stung, each one's beauty, gifts
and wit, each one's second language, hair
and eyes, height, even the fights
in which each ended it, or you did.

I'm hard on women, you said. It was
July and night, heavy and fragrant
all around the table set for the
short season out on the porch. Shells
of lobsters, broken, were heaped
on plates, each gruesome body part

a woman scorned. You faced the red
barn, your salt-and-cayenne beard, your
profile inviting the still light my eyes
followed, still wanting you, around and
through the names, the scattered tasty
bits of crustacean. *I love women,*

you said to the barn with a sigh
almost of dread, *especially smart and*
pretty ones, Linda, to the fireflies,
then turned your head to face me, indict
me as victim in the sweet fresh crime.

I took a week, ten days, to think it
through, what you'd said, seeing myself some
time ahead named with the others over
drained shells to some pretty other
woman—and smart—listening. *I'm hard*
on men, I did not confess when you did,
used to not saying so, used to the *used*

in the figure/ground problem of *use.*
Ten days I took to trace the problem
through—figure and ground, ground and
figure, used and user, user and used—
and worked that line back around to its
start, your confession and a circle:
and I love men, pretty and smart, as you are,

and am not rare in this but, as you
confessed, successful, meaning bested by
fewer than I best. Let us dance, then, on
the lawn of what's left of summer, and be
not wary as we dance, the smart and the pretty
in the arms of one another, a woman turned by
a man who loves women, and a man turned
by a woman who loves men.

—*Linda McCarriston*

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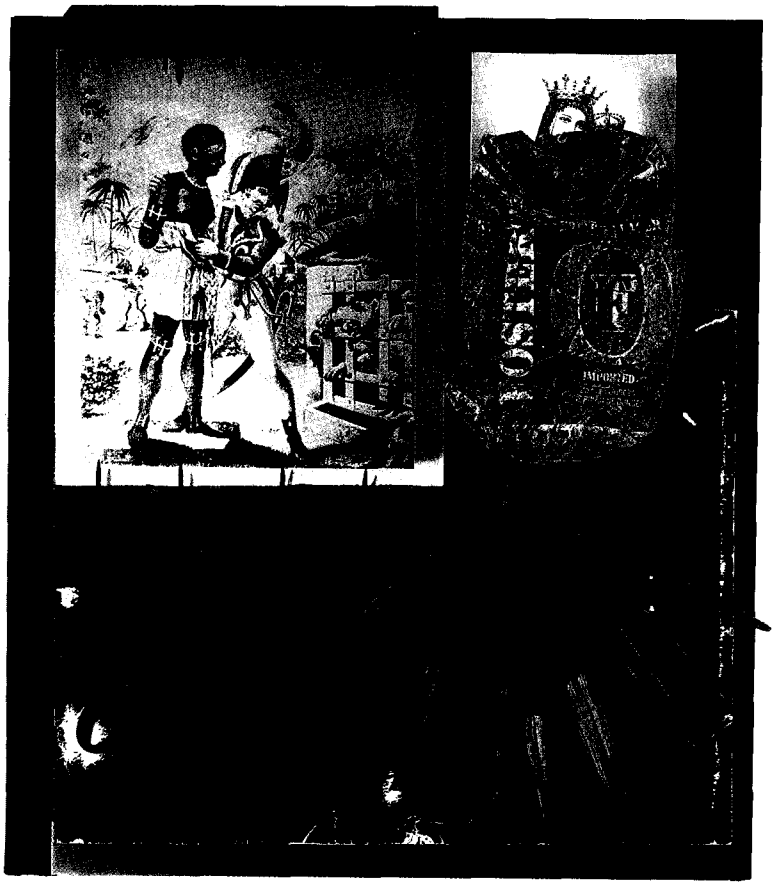
A Disproportionate Punishment

IN THE AMBIGUOUS MORAL ENVIRONMENT SURrounding the coup, the Organization of American States should not have invoked an embargo, which has heaped further hardship on the millions of Haitians who live near the edge of subsistence, but has done little more than inconvenience the affluent and powerful who were its target. In fact, some may have enriched themselves further through contraband operations made possible by the embargo. The embargo has proved to be a punishment—particularly of the poor—disproportionate to the crime. One glaring example: tens of thousands of jobs have been lost in one of the few sectors of economic hope, the assembly industries.



The embargo is also a bad precedent, with double-standard overtones. Are we prepared to impose embargoes on all Latin American countries in which the military overthrows an elected government? Would we have invoked an embargo against Venezuela—a major oil producer and a major source of our oil—had the coup attempts against President Pérez succeeded? Some observers, Augusto Ramírez Ocampo among them, believe that our treatment of Peru after President Alberto Fujimori's "auto-coup" was far less aggressive than our response to the Haitian crisis, feeding allegations not only of a double standard with respect to weak and vulnerable Haiti but also of racial motivations.

By exacerbating the daily struggle for survival of most Haitians, the embargo has intensified their incentive to take to leaky boats. It has also added credibility to their claims of political persecution: if the ouster of Aristide was so heinous and post-coup governments so bad as to warrant such a harsh policy, the presumption of persecution should be all the stronger.

I feel certain that the vast majority of the boat people are motivated by Haiti's grinding poverty. Most Haitians live on a good deal less than a dollar a day. Illiteracy approximates 75 percent. Malnutrition is widespread. Persecution, even murder, of political opponents has surely occurred since the coup. But abuse of power has been an unrelenting fact of Haitian life since the country's emergence as a French slave colony 300 years ago.

During my stint as director of the USAID mission in Haiti from 1977 to 1979 (fairly stable and prosperous years by Haitian standards), an anthropologist friend asked 200 Haitian villagers one question: "If you could migrate to the United States, would you?" All responded yes. Five million or more Haitians live in extreme poverty and hopelessness, and thus are potential emigrants to the United States. This is one reason that I agree with President Bill Clinton's decision to continue the Bush Administration policy with respect to the boat people, particularly at a time when we are falling so short of meeting the needs of unemployed and poor U.S. citizens.

If the embargo was a bad idea, what *should* have been done? His abuses of power notwithstanding—and they were not as bad as many of his predecessors'—by virtue of his election Aristide remains a symbol of democracy in a country where few such symbols exist. And he would almost surely win another election because of his support among the masses, who are unlikely to accept any political outcome that he does not accept. Yet his return, unless he is accompanied by a peace-keeping force, could lead to widespread bloodshed and his own death.

We should have used a denial of aid to the de facto governments as leverage—admittedly, it would have required considerable time—for a negotiated solution acceptable to Aristide and his followers. Rather than deliver aid to the governments, the United States and other donors could have expanded humanitarian and developmental aid administered through private organizations such as CARE and Catholic Relief Services, whose programs have continued to function throughout the crisis, and expanded direct aid to the private sector as well. This approach is similar to the one we used during the Papa Doc and early Baby Doc years.

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THE RISE AND FALL OF JEAN-BERTRAND ARISTIDE, and the tragic consequences for Haiti, are not an isolated episode of the country's history but directly in its historical mainstream. Many recent articles have chronicled Haiti's unending tragedy of abuse of power and abuse of people, but none have asked "Why?" In 1776 Adam Smith described Haiti, then a French slave colony, as "the most important of the sugar colonies of the West Indies, and its produce is said to be greater than that of all the English sugar colonies put together." After slaves ousted the French, Haiti was strong enough to overrun what is now the Dominican Republic, in 1822, and to rule it until 1844. Today Haiti is the poorest country in the hemisphere, and among the twenty-five poorest in the world. It is a denuded, eroded environmental disaster confirming Thomas Robert Malthus's dire predictions that population growth will outstrip the means of subsistence—despite the emigration of about a million Haitians to the United States (many illegally) and several hundred thousand more to Canada and France, for a total of perhaps a quarter of Haiti's population.

In recent decades, particularly in academic circles, the Haitian disaster and, more broadly, Latin America's underdevelopment have been attributed to Yankee imperialism, consistent with the tenets of "dependency theory," which argues that the advanced countries got rich by exploiting the poor countries. But the collapse of Marxism-Leninism, in which dependency theory is rooted, and the astonishing successes of Taiwan, Korea, Hong Kong, and Singapore within a system that was supposed to assure continuing poverty for all Third World countries, have left the theory in tatters.

Applying dependency theory to Haiti is especially nonsensical. The United States has never had any significant economic interests in Haiti. Reynolds Aluminum mined bauxite there for about twenty years, starting in 1957, but the operation was small, particularly by comparison with projects in Jamaica and Guyana. At the time of the coup that ousted Aristide, about 35,000 Haitians were employed in export assembly industries—making, for example, baseballs and garments—that had been attracted by Haiti's low wages. But these are essentially portable industries, and most have moved to a stabler Caribbean Basin country, such as Costa Rica.

From 1804 to the Civil War, the United States quarantined Haiti out of fear that the slave uprising would spread to the U.S. South. Subsequently the only real U.S. interest in Haiti focused on its strategic position astride the Windward Passage and particularly its deepwater port at Môle St. Nicolas, facing Cuba. When, after the Spanish-American War, the United States acquired the base at Guantánamo Bay, in Cuba, Haiti was forgotten.

From 1915 to 1934 the United States occupied Haiti out of concern for the security of the approaches to the just-opened Panama Canal, coupled with the prospect of German manipulation of Haiti's financial chaos. (Essentially the same motives prompted U.S. interventions in Nicaragua in 1912 and in the Dominican Republic in 1916.) The occupation was demeaning to the Haitians; some joined guerrilla bands to harass the occupiers. And some of the Marines abused their power (although one gifted young Marine, Faustin Wirkus, was asked by the inhabitants of La Gonâve island to become their King). But the occupation government did far more for Haiti—building schools, training teachers, building roads and communications systems, professionalizing public service, and promoting the ideas and institutions of democracy—than any Haitian government, before or since.

Part of the dependency myth as applied to Haiti was alleged U.S. support for the Duvaliers. In fact the United States stopped all aid to the Duvalier governments from 1963 to 1973. I was involved in the State Department's decision to renew assistance, which was based on Haiti's extreme poverty and the belief that Baby Doc's government was less abusive than his father's. Most of my time as USAID director from 1977 to 1979 was spent pressing the government for reform, and I came within a whisker of being declared persona non grata as a result.

Culture Is the Problem

IF HAITI IS NOT A VICTIM OF IMPERIALISM, HOW CAN its tragic history be explained? Why has this benighted country experienced since independence a virtually unbroken chain of brutal and corrupt leaders? Why have repeated efforts to encourage democracy and due process—including the U.S. occupation—failed? Why are the vast majority of Haitians illiterate? Why has abuse of power at all levels permeated Haiti's history? Why is the country that was once the richest in the Caribbean now the poorest?

Haiti's is a case that underscores the vulnerability of the position, principally of economists, that the solutions to the problems of poverty depend largely on economically correct policies. Sending the right market signals may make a lot of difference in China, where people are imbued with the Confucian and Taoist values of education, work, merit, the future, and saving. But those signals are not going to do much good in a country like Haiti, where the ability of people to receive and act on such signals is minimal. Moreover, Haiti is unlikely to produce many leaders who will promote economically rational policies.

I believe that culture is the only possible explanation for Haiti's unending tragedy: the values and attitudes of the average Haitian are profoundly influenced by traditional African culture, particularly the voodoo religion, and by slavery under the French, which lasted from the second half of the seventeenth century through much of the eighteenth. The Haitian people see themselves, their neighbors, their country, and the world in ways that foster autocratic and corrupt politics, extreme social injustice, and economic stagnation. The mindsets of three groups

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—the mulatto elite, the black elite, and the masses—have to be considered, along with some values and attitudes common to all three.

To this day many of the mulatto elite reflect the values of the eighteenth-century French plantation owners, although the more enlightened among them, many educated in the United States, have grown in numbers. Traditional mulattoes consider themselves innately superior by virtue of skin color. They view blacks as not entirely human, and they doubt, in the words of James Leyburn's classic *The Haitian People*, "the wisdom, even the possibility, of enlightening the masses." They disdain manual labor. They are aristocratic, yet without any sense of noblesse oblige. One symbol of the elite's historical narcissism and irresponsibility is Haiti's 75 percent illiteracy rate.

The black elite, which has governed for about half of Haiti's existence as an independent nation, should have been the engine of progress for the black masses. But this has not happened. Almost without exception, black chiefs of state, including the former champion of "*négritude*," Papa Doc, have been as indifferent to the needs of the people as mulatto ones. Black leaders could have done the one thing most likely to assure progress for their people—educate them. They have not done so. Why? Leyburn may not have been wide of the mark when he quoted William S. Gilbert: "When everyone is somebody, then no one's anybody." This kind of cruel snobbery is often found in societies characterized by a limited radius of trust and identification, usually confined to the family. Haiti is patently one of these. It may also reflect the adoption by former slaves of the values of the masters, a phenomenon notable in Liberia's sad history.

Haiti's disastrous conditions are comparable to those in many African countries—eighteen of the poorest twenty-five countries in the world are in Africa—and the best-known anthropological study of Haiti, Melville J. Herskovits's *Life in a Haitian Valley*, concludes that West African values, attitudes, and institutions are palpable there—above all voodoo, which most scholars refer to as Vodun.

Leyburn observes that "Vodun is a true religion. . . . it is a set of beliefs and practices which claim to deal with the spiritual forces of the universe and attempt to keep the individual in harmonious relation with them as they affect his life." For most Haitians, Catholicism is a thin veneer over Vodun. Vodun profoundly influences the way Haitian peasants, and indeed Haitians in general, see the world. A mulatto colleague in the USAID mission in Port-au-Prince, who holds a master's degree from a U.S. university, told me in 1978 that no Haitian, himself included, wholly rejects Vodun.

Vodun focuses its adherents' attention particularly on the present but also on the ancestral past. It is little concerned with progress. It explains the events that affect people's lives as the consequence of the actions, often capricious, of a pantheon of hundreds of spirits called *loa*. At the heart of the religion is the requirement that the adherent propitiate the *loa*—particularly the one or ones who take special interest in him—in ceremonies presided over by Vodun priests, in which the adherent is "possessed" by a *loa* who speaks through him. Propitiation often takes the form of animal sacrifices.

Magic, practiced by Vodun priests—the male *houngans* and the female *mambos*—but especially by magic specialists called *bocors*, is a key element of the religion. The Vodun clergy thus exercise enormous power over the faithful. Because the clergy's interest is principally in the preservation of that power—it can be a source of substantial income, among other benefits—Vodun has usually acted as a highly conservative force with a large stake in the perpetuation of the stultifying peasant world view.

Vodun is not a religion that concerns itself with ethical issues. Wallace Hodges, an American Baptist missionary who had spent more than twenty years in a remote Haitian town, told the Baltimore *Sun* in 1981 that Haiti has a "special vision of the world" derived from its African roots and tempered by its experience of slavery.

> "Haitians see the nature of events much differently than we do," he said.
>
> The basic difference is that the Judeo-Christian tradition makes man responsible for his destiny. "By internalizing guilt we hold ourselves responsible for what happens, and what we do about it," Dr. Hodges said.
>
> In contrast, the Haitian externalizes his guilt. He attributes everything, the good as well as the bad, to the spirits. Since this limits his responsibility, according to Dr. Hodges, it also limits his potential.
>
> At its simplest, it means that if a Haitian steals a jug of milk from Dr. Hodges's hospital, he has no shame because he believes he was given the opportunity by the spirits.
>
> On a more complex level, it means that there is a limit to the "intensification" of Haitian society: to how organized that society can become, how advanced its agriculture can be.

One may reasonably infer that the "jug of milk" phenomenon contributes to the motivation of the self-enriching despot, the ruthless businessman, and the corrupt low-level bureaucrat: "The *loa* gave me the opportunity, and I shall seize it." Nor do Haitians experience the kind of community identification that would propagate social conscience. Widespread nepotism and limited cooperation are the consequences in a country where the extended family largely describes the radius of trust. Robert Rotberg, an expert on Haiti and Africa, observes in *Haiti: The Politics of Squalor*, "Nearly all Haitians share the attitudes of rivalry, suspicion, and intrigue that are so particularly apparent in rural life. . . . To persuade rural and urban Haitians to cooperate . . . is difficult and usually unrewarding." Cooperative enterprises, typically promoted by foreigners, have most often failed.

While Haitians do identify their interests with those

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of family members, family life is far from idyllic. Rotberg writes, "The extent of vitriol, invective, bitterness, and discourtesy toward one's compatriots, relatives, or mistresses surpasses imagination." Rotberg believes that this incivility, as well as many of Haiti's broader problems, can be traced in part to child-rearing practices. He writes,

> Most Haitians seem to rear their children in a manner that is traumatic and conducive to later conflict. . . . Haitian children are highly indulged. They receive and learn to expect immediate and intense physical gratification, but lack the concurrent satisfaction of equally fundamental ego-sustaining and ego-developing nurturance.

But by the age of seven or eight, hitherto totally dependent, the Haitian child

> is encouraged to become completely independent. When he disobeys . . . [he] is faced with tantrums and severe corporal punishment. He rapidly learns to submit totally, to repress his aggressive, masterly responses, and never to express independent autonomous resistance to authority. . . . He learns helplessness and despair.
>
> The Haitian boy is unready for justice, stunted in his appreciation of the meaning of moral responsibility. . . . Because of the harsh ways in which he is forced to grovel before authority, he begins to think of himself as inferior and inadequate.

The experience of slavery reinforced the Haitians' anti-progress values. Alexis de Tocqueville's comment on slavery is representative of a vast literature on the subject: "Slavery . . . dishonors labor; it introduces idleness into society, and with idleness, ignorance and pride, luxury and distress. It enervates the powers of the mind and benumbs the activity of man."

Slavery forces people to focus on the present, on survival. It teaches abusive authoritarianism. It inculcates pessimism and antisocial attitudes. It reinforces the zero-sum world view, common in poor countries, in which one can gain only at the expense of another. It undermines the sense of community.

The imprint of African culture, particularly Vodun, and slavery on Haiti, sustained by long years of isolation from progressive ideas, open political systems, and economic dynamism, is, I believe, the only possible explanation for the continuing Haitian tragedy. If I am right, then Haitian progress depends above all on changing the way the Haitian people see themselves, their neighbors, their society, their world. That transformation cannot, of course, happen quickly, nor can it be guided by outsiders. It depends, rather, on modern Haitian leadership at many levels—leadership that understands the cultural roots of the Haitian tragedy, leadership that can initiate and nurture a cultural transformation.

Three such transformations in the past 125 years—Japan's late-nineteenth-century Meiji Restoration, Kemal Atatürk's leadership of Turkey following the First World War, and the Spanish "miracle" of recent decades—suggest the kinds of initiatives that are necessary: the involvement of trained people who understand and are committed to modern norms of public administration, administration of justice, and business administration, together with leaders who have a vision of a modern society; heavy emphasis on universal education; the creation of a good university (nothing worthy of the name exists in Haiti); a movement away from religious orthodoxy and toward secularization, or at least a reformation of Vodun or a conversion of its followers to more-progressive religions; the promotion of independent, professional communications media. A focus on constructive child-rearing, perhaps in secondary-school courses, might be especially helpful.

Haitian emigrants in the United States, Canada, and France have been exposed to the progressive values and institutions that largely explain the success of those societies. The Haitian diaspora represents a unique source of the leadership and trained people necessary to stop the unending tragedy. Even with a tremendous aid program, real progress in Haiti may well depend on the willingness of diaspora Haitians to return to their homeland. □

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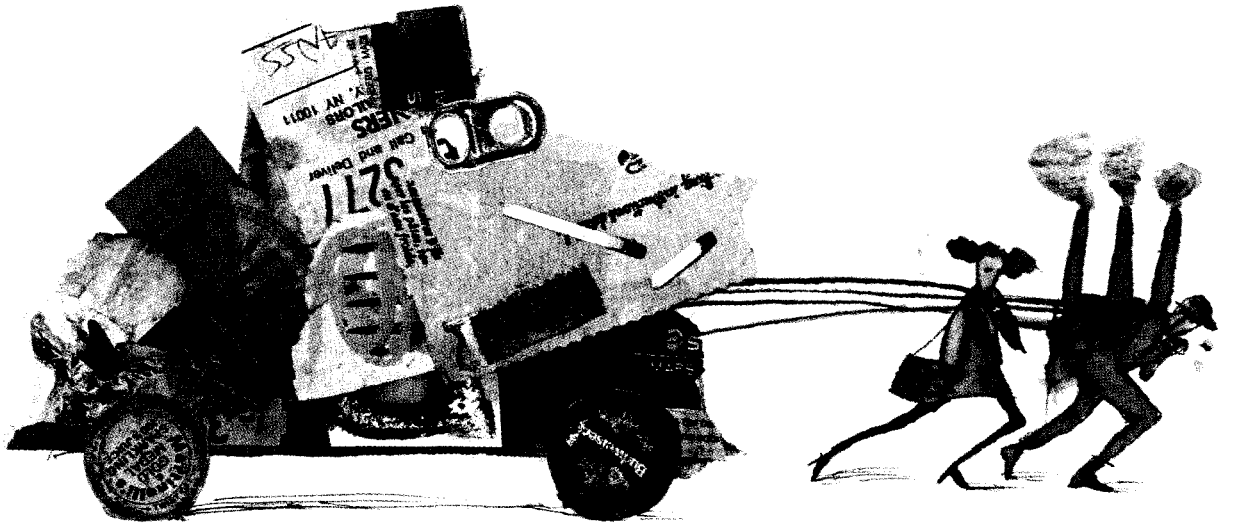
The management of garbage has for a century been largely a public responsibility, its cost borne by taxpayers. Now garbage disposal is busting budgets in communities across the country. There is a better way—one that would shift responsibility to manufacturers and consumers, and dramatically promote recycling in the process

HOW GARBAGE COULD MEET ITS MAKER

BY ALLEN HERSHKOWITZ



WASTE IS A GOOD MEASURE OF EFFICIENCY. The more waste generated by any activity, the less efficient it is. The less waste generated, the more efficient it is. America in 1993 is not a shining example of efficiency. Half of the municipal solid waste produced in all of the world's most industrialized countries is generated by people living in the United States. We should be concerned about this not because coping with large volumes of garbage is an insuperable problem. It isn't. But excessive garbage is a symptom of economic laxity and also a cause of great financial strain. Of all the wastes generated in the United States—mining wastes, agricultural wastes, oil and gas wastes, food-processing residues, demolition debris, hazardous wastes, incinerator ash, cement-kiln dust, and everything else—municipal solid waste (about two percent of the total) is essentially the only one managed at taxpayers' expense. The cost of managing this waste is increasing rapidly. Sanitation generally ranks behind only education and police and fire protection as a burden on municipal budgets. Last year routine garbage disposal cost U.S. taxpayers $30 billion. The investment bankers at Morgan Stanley estimate that in 1995 we will spend $45 billion to manage garbage. These staggering costs make continued taxpayer financing of garbage-disposal programs untenable.

At the heart of America's municipal-garbage problem is the fact that the consumer-products industry passes off to local governments—"externalizes," in the language of economists—the economic and environmental consequences of the waste its products create. Some would have us adopt a system that would charge consumers a per-bag fee for garbage disposal, a system that only indirectly—and only weakly—sends the right signals to manufacturers. This is not the way to go. Reducing the tax burden associated with the disposal of municipal solid waste will be possible only when responsibility for the recovery and use of its constituents is assigned to the manufacturers themselves—that is, when municipal-waste-management costs become *internal* to the cost and pricing of consumer goods. Indeed, the nation's economy would be well served if municipal waste was reclassified as manufacturer's waste—and the waste itself became the financial obligation of the consumer-products companies. This logic conforms with fundamental economic principles: those responsible for costs in a competitive context have an incentive to manage them efficiently. If manufacturers were responsible for the cost of garbage, they would have an incentive to reduce the amount of garbage they built into their products. As long as noncompetitive government agencies use tax dollars

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to finance the disposal and recycling of garbage, consumer-products companies can choose to market a diamond ring in a refrigerator box and not worry about the consequences. The costs of managing municipal wastes and of recycling must become part of the cost of doing business.

HOW SUCH A SYSTEM MIGHT ACTUALLY WORK IS quite simple. Once government assigned the financial burden of both recyclable and nonrecyclable garbage to the "responsible companies," those companies would form or finance local or regional collection consortia. Each consortium would then calculate how much it would cost to set up a collection company run by the consortium, how much it would cost to contract out collection to existing private carters, and how much it would cost to finance an existing program, should one exist, operated by the public sector. In all cases the choice of a collection program would be based on straightforward cost criteria. This is not now the case with programs operated by public-works departments and financed by tax dollars.

If manufacturers were held responsible for garbage-management costs, they would be encouraged to reduce the amount of garbage their products generated and to design products compatible with recycling. Furthermore, the expense of recycling and solid-waste-management programs would ultimately be reflected in the price of consumer goods. Once the responsible companies figured out how much it would cost to collect and use recyclable materials and dispose of the rest, they would factor this cost into the price of each product they marketed. The cost of waste disposal would thereby be transferred from taxpayers to consumers. The logic here is crucial: as economic units, taxpayers and consumers are not identical. I am always a taxpayer. But I am only sometimes a consumer, and then consume only certain items. Economic logic dictates that my waste-disposal costs should reflect the amount of garbage I generate. The clumsy, politically determined assignment of tax dollars to public-works departments to collect and market recyclables fails to follow this logic. Making the price of collection and utilization internal to each product follows it precisely.

Assigning responsibility for garbage to manufacturers corrects the price signals sent to all the parties involved in waste generation: the consumer, the collector-processor, and the manufacturer. Consumers would become more aware of the cost of waste management and recycling because it would be incorporated into the price of every product. Collectors and processors of recyclables would get paid not on the basis of government-determined (and taxpayer-supplied) fees but on the basis of market forces. Manufacturers currently get incomplete market signals as to the relative costs of producing nonrecyclable and recyclable commodities, and no market signals at all regarding the relative costs of having to recycle something and incinerating it or sending it to a landfill. If they were responsible for recycling and disposal, they would get market signals unequivocally.

IF ASSIGNING TO MANUFACTURERS THE COSTS OF managing and recycling our solid waste sounds far-fetched, consider this: it is already the law in Germany and the Netherlands, and will soon be the law in Sweden. Germany in 1991 assigned legal and financial responsibility to its manufacturing, distribution, and retail sectors for recovering and reusing at least 80 percent (by 1995) of the paper, plastic, glass, tin, cardboard, and compound materials used in packaging. Germany has since expanded the list of covered items to include newspapers and other nondurable products. The Dutch have adopted a similar policy, identifying and targeting twenty-nine products and packaging components for recovery and, if possible, reuse by manufacturers.

Although it was motivated primarily by skyrocketing landfill and incineration costs, the German ordinance has won a fair amount of support from industry, in part because recycling tends to lower the acquisition costs of certain materials. Considering the money and energy needed to refine crude petroleum into consumer products, and all the upstream environmental controls on doing so, the incentive to recover an already refined product for reuse is obvious. German papermaking concerns that rely entirely on the recycling of newsprint, magazines, and telephone books to produce office paper, stationery, and computer paper use far less energy per ton than do American paper companies that rely on virgin timber.

It may not be far-fetched to argue that the U.S. paper, plastics, and packaging industries are today where the U.S. auto industry was twenty years ago. At that time consumer demand for a fuel-efficient car was viewed as a fad by U.S. auto executives, who failed to invest in high-mileage cars. Responding to that same consumer interest, German and Japanese car manufacturers were simultaneously able to modernize their manufacturing facilities and capture a greater market share. Today there is an evolving consumer demand for packaging and nondurable goods made from recycled materials. And once again, the most competitive economies are responding to that demand by investing in new manufacturing facilities.

Can Americans bring themselves to manage their garbage the way the Germans and the Dutch do? Legislation that would begin shifting the burden from municipalities to manufacturers is being considered by Congress this year—and, not surprisingly, is being opposed by nearly every industry group in sight. Opposition is pointless. The growing strain that sanitation places on local budgets will one day force us in a frenzy down the very same path that we could today calmly and rationally choose. It is a path that is good for business, good for garbage disposal, and good for all the other services that governments will now be freer to provide. □

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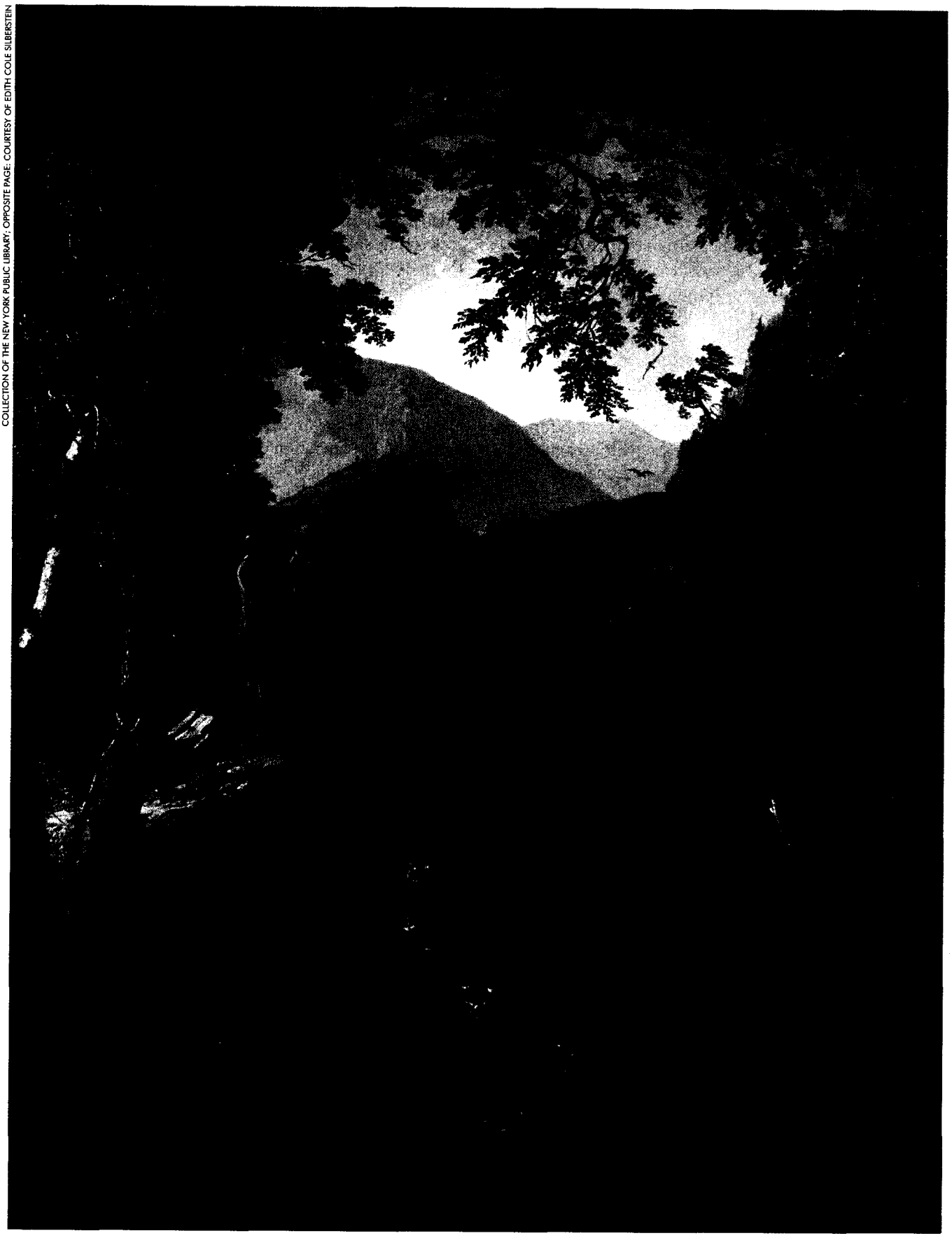

ABOVE, DURAND'S PAINTING *KINDRED SPIRITS*, 1849, LOCATING WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT AND THOMAS COLE IN AN IDEALIZED CATSKILLS SETTING. AT RIGHT, COLE'S HOUSE, AS PAINTED BY CHARLES HERBERT MOORE, 1868

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Travel

The Other Catskills

A convenient and historic place to go backpacking near New York City

by Nicholas Lemann

As a kid at summer camp I fell in love with hiking, but it was not an activity that I could easily work into the fabric of my life—I grew up in New Orleans, which is about as far from any mountains as it's possible to get. When my wife and I moved to New York, a few years ago, it didn't occur to me that I was getting an opportunity to take up hiking again. Like many provincials, I thought of the entire New York metropolitan area as extensively and unrelievedly urban, to the point where you'd be able to hail a cab on the street anywhere within a hundred-mile radius of Times Square.

Lately outdoor-gear stores seem to be proliferating in big cities. Poking around in one shortly after we moved, I noticed a book called *Walks in the Catskills*, by John Bennet and Seth Masia, which, I was amazed to find, was a real hiker's guide to an area barely two hours' drive north of Manhattan. I bought the book and read it, and soon I had become a hiker again.

Southern New York State looks like a giant funnel, with the Bronx as the spout. The term "Catskills" tends to be used indiscriminately to refer to just about everything at the top of the funnel, all the way from the Pennsylvania border on the west to the Massachusetts border on the east. The borscht-belt Catskills, home to Grossinger's and other famous Jewish resorts, and the fly-fishing-paradise Catskills are not the same as the hiking Catskills, which are a small, steep mountain range, "swelling up to a noble height and lording it over the surrounding country" (as Washington Irving once put it), near the west bank of the Hudson River. The spiritual epicenter of the hiking Catskills, my Catskills, is an area called Kaaterskill Clove—"Kaaterskill" being an alternative spelling for the mountains, and "clove" being a regional version of "gorge" or "canyon." On a two- or three-mile stretch of New York State Highway 23A, between the towns of Palenville and Haines Falls, you ascend nearly 1,500 feet into a dark green forest punctuated by small, fast streams, with, because of the rapid gain in altitude, wonderful views.

During the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries this tiny, out-of-the-way area occupied a central place in the American mind, because it represented pure, savage, beautiful, threatening wilderness: the sublime thing that we had and Europe hadn't. At the time, the more spectacular sights of the West—and, for that matter, of the southern Appalachians and the White Mountains of New Hampshire—were either undiscovered or extremely remote. What set the Catskills apart was their relative accessibility and their complete disjunction from the calm agrarian plain beneath them, which makes them seem more miraculous than most mountains of the eastern United States. Thomas Cole, Albert Bierstadt, Frederic Edwin Church, Asher B. Durand, and the other painters of the Hudson River School used Kaaterskill Clove as one of their prime subjects, often giving it a grandly Edenic quality. Washington Irving had Rip Van Winkle take his magical twenty-year nap in the clove (Palenville was supposedly the model for the village where Rip lived). In *The Pioneers*, which is the earliest volume of James Fenimore Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales*, Natty Bumppo describes the most famous sight in the clove—high, narrow, remote Kaaterskill Falls:

> There the water comes crooking and winding among the rocks; first so slow that a trout could swim in it, and then starting and running like a creatur' that wanted to make a far spring, till it gets to where the mountain divides, like the cleft hoof of a deer, leaving a deep hollow for the brook to tumble into. The first pitch is nigh two hundred feet, and the water looks like flakes of driven snow afore it touches the bottom; and there the stream gathers together again for a new start, and maybe

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flutters over fifty feet of flat rock before it falls for another hundred, when it jumps about from shelf to shelf, first turning thisaway and then turning thataway, striving to get out of the hollow, till it finally comes to the plain. . . . To my judgment, lad, it's the best piece of work that I've met with in the woods; and none know how often the hand of God is seen in the wilderness, but them that rove it for a man's life.

The Catskills were, in effect, the Hamptons of the late nineteenth century. Having been (like the Hamptons) discovered as a recreational spot by artists and writers, they then became a vacation mecca for the rich and prominent, from ex-President Ulysses S. Grant on down. Two grand resort hotels were built in the clove, the Catskill Mountain House and the Hotel Kaaterskill, and a new rail line brought tourists up the escarpment from the Hudson Valley. During the same period the surrounding area was ruthlessly exploited by tanners, who devastated the mountains' virgin hemlock forests to obtain bark used in curing hides. By the early twentieth century the Catskills were essentially finished, both as a fashionable resort, because the well-to-do had shifted their interest from the mountains to the beach, and as a tanning capital, because all the hemlocks were gone. Just about the only things of more than purely local note that have happened there in the twentieth century are the metamorphosis of the town of Woodstock, at the southern edge of the mountains, into an artists' and musicians' colony, and the establishment of ski trails and snow machines on Hunter Mountain, a few miles to the west of Kaaterskill Falls.

I FIND THE Catskills strangely unappealing except as hiking terrain. Of the towns in the area, only Woodstock and next-door Bearsville are at all charming; most of the pleasures of rural touring, such as good restaurants, inns, and antique stores, are absent. In human terms the Catskills are a blue-collar neighborhood: the roads are lined with mobile homes, gun stores, diners, and auto-repair shops, and the mountains rise too steeply for there to be any picturesque rolling farmland. The only really pretty parts of the built environment I've seen there are three small, gated late-nineteenth-century summer colonies in the vicinity of the clove: Twilight Park, Elka Park, and the Onteora Club.

But the obscurity of the area is a great plus for hikers. Most of the Catskills are now part of a beautifully maintained state park. Only two areas of the park—Slide Mountain, which was memorialized in John Burroughs's essay "The Heart of the Southern Catskills" and which is, at 4,180 feet, the highest point in the Catskills; and a large campground accessible by car at North Lake, in the Kaaterskill Clove area—are regularly complained about as being too crowded. The rest is amazingly empty, considering how close it is to the biggest concentration of people in the country. Writing a hundred years ago, Burroughs described the Catskills in terms that today would almost have to be reserved for a Himalayan expedition. Still, of the thirty-five Catskills peaks above 3,500 feet, sixteen have no trails to their summits. On most Catskills trails you're unlikely to see more than a couple of people a day on weekdays, or more than a dozen on weekends.

The Catskills would not be a good place to take a big finding-yourself hike: the two longest trails, the Devil's Path and the Escarpment Trail, are each only about twenty-three miles long and can be covered in a trip of two or three nights. What the area is ideal for is day and overnight hiking for people living or visiting in the vicinity of New York City. Most places in the Catskills are not much more than a hundred miles from the city, and the area is by a wide margin closer to being wilderness than anyplace else within that range. For people with jobs and children, who have to work hiking into the interstices of their lives, it can take years of small darting trips to explore the whole park.

Many people I know are tremendously put off by the idea of sleeping outdoors. To them I'd recommend an inn near Elka Park called The Redcoat's Return, which has good food and hiking trails almost at its door, but my true impulse would be to say, Get over it. Outfitting yourself for backpacking is not very complicated or expensive: the big-ticket items (boots, pack, tent, sleeping bag, stove) together cost less than $1,000 even if you buy pretty fancy stuff, and that's pure opportunity cost: your second trip will be almost free. Sleeping outdoors greatly enhances the feeling of being away from civilization, partly because it lengthens your tether beyond three hours' distance from a parking spot and partly because spending the night in a place provides a sense of true passage into a different environment.

Of course, it isn't just New Yorkers who can pretty easily engineer this kind of escape: anyone living within half a day's drive of mountains can be a weekend hiker. The easiest way to find out where to go is to stop in at an outdoor-gear store. Recreational Equipment Inc. is a reliable national chain, but there are many other good ones. Just check the Yellow Pages under "Camping Equipment." The store will have a section devoted to guidebooks and maps of nearby wilderness areas. These places often rent equipment and mount guided trips, too.

As an introductory day hike in the Catskills (though one less isolated than most), I'd recommend starting at the North Lake campground, taking the Escarpment Trail up to North Point, and, to avoid retracing your steps, returning to the campground on the Mary's Glen Trail. It's a trip of about four miles, with one steep ascent. After about half a mile you come to Artist Rock, where there is a view of the Hudson River far below, dividing two strips of farmland. North Point itself is a windswept, treeless spot from which you can see not just the river but the surrounding Catskills peaks, the Berkshires off in the distance, Nelson Rockefeller's Albany Mall to the north, and entire weather systems sweeping across the area. On this hike you get mostly scrubby, coniferous summit vegetation. For another (longer and pretty strenuous) day trip with more of a forest feeling—freshets, ferns, hardwoods and birches, deer—you can begin at the terminus of the Devil's Path, in Plattekill Clove, a few miles north of Woodstock; ascend 1,500 feet to the summit of Indian Head Mountain; and complete the circuit on the Jimmy Dolan Notch Trail: 7.7 miles total. An easy overnight hike would also begin in Plattekill Clove, but you'd quickly leave the Devil's Path for the Overlook Trail and head for Echo Lake, headwaters of the Saw Kill river, which is especially beautiful when the leaves are turning colors. All these, and every other conceivable Catskills hike, are delineated in a series of five folded "Catskill Trail Maps" published by the New York–New Jersey Trail Conference and available at outdoors stores in New York or from the conference at 232 Madison

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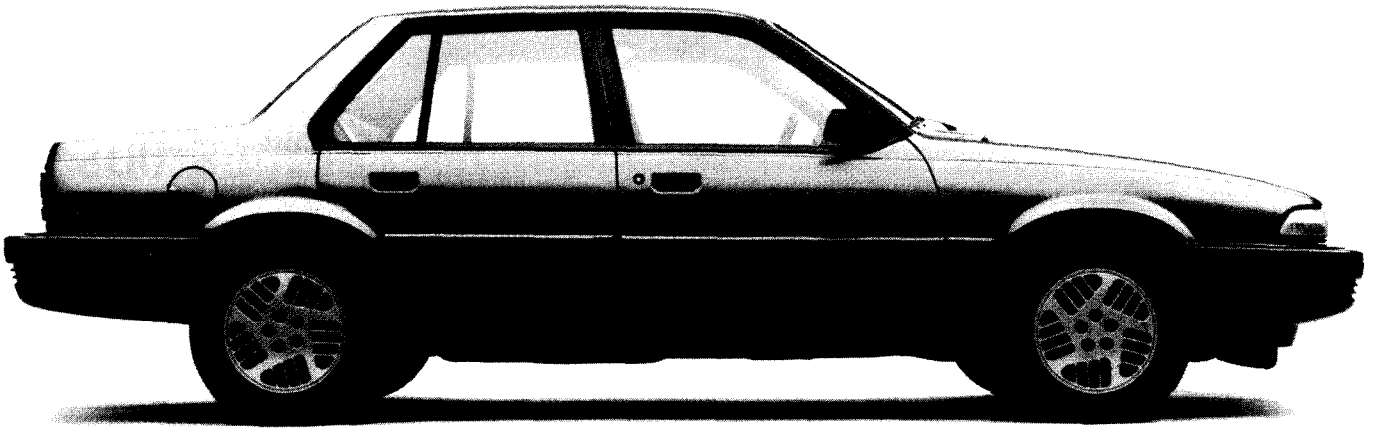

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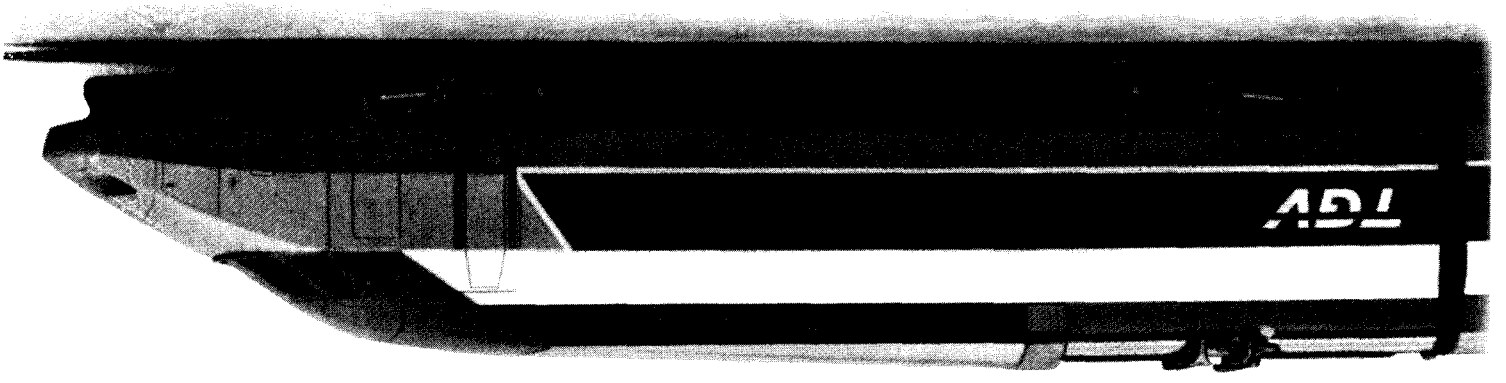

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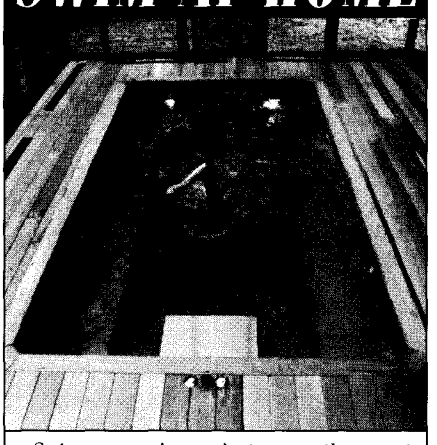

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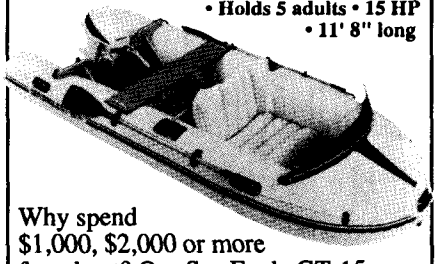

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Ave., New York, N.Y., 10016. The conference also publishes the best recent general guidebook to the Catskills, *Hiking the Catskills*, by Lee McAllister.

When we moved to New York, my older son, Alex, had just gotten too big to be carried places, but he was much too little to go hiking. When he turned five, I started breaking him in with overnight camping trips in the back yard. (Kids are just the opposite of adults: to them, sleeping in a tent and cooking over a camp stove are the alluring parts of hiking, and have to be displayed in the store window, so to speak, in order to get them to sign on for the walking part.) After a year or so he was ready for real mountains but not the Catskills, with their thousand-foot ascents. On the advice of John Bennet—the co-author of *Walks in the Catskills* and now, by coincidence, a neighbor of mine—I took Alex to a place called Tom Jones Mountain, in Harriman State Park.

Harriman Park is the former country estate of E. H. Harriman, the robber baron who owned the Southern Pacific Railroad. It's at the northern end of the Ramapo Mountains, and has a strange, moody, windswept terrain that alternates between boggy fens and outcroppings of rock. It's only lightly forested in most places, lacking the Catskills' deep-in-the-woods feeling—but that makes for better views. Harriman Park adjoins Bear Mountain State Park, named after a mountain on the bank of the Hudson, which is notoriously crowded. The crowds, though, stick to Bear Mountain. Despite having been much worked over by the Civilian Conservation Corps, which constructed roads and beaches on dammed lakes there in the thirties, Harriman Park usually can deliver near-solitude.

Tom Jones Mountain rises a few hundred feet from the side of a road in the park. The summit is only about a half mile from the place where you park your car. On the day designated for our first overnight trip there, it was raining. We waited and waited for the weather to clear, to no avail; the neighbors who were supposed to go with us canceled; it was getting late; finally, submitting to the relentless logic of childhood expectation, we went anyway. During the drive the rain stopped, the clouds parted, and the sun came out. We got to the rocky top of the mountain in time to make camp before sunset. We pitched the tent on a grassy ledge just east of the summit, which Alex calls "the living room," and from which there is a view of Lake Sebago and of the sunrise. Everything looked preternaturally clear, almost magnified, because of the end of the rain, and of course nobody else was there. This was only a forty-five-minute drive from our house! My hope was that Alex would be imprinted with this early camping experience, in the manner of those experiments that graduate students in psychology perform on newborn monkeys, and would forever after long for the wilderness. This year it's probably time to take him to the Catskills.

The last time I was in the Catskills was on a Thursday in February. I sneaked up for the day. Not having either the time or the winter gear to undertake anything ambitious, I decided simply to go to Kaaterskill Falls.

Can there be any monument of American culture less denoted than this? The trail to the falls begins at a hairpin turn in Highway 23A as it ascends Kaaterskill Clove. It's marked only by a painted wooden sign no bigger than the top of a shoebox. On the day I went, the trail, which follows a creek bed, was icy and hazardous; in other seasons you can reach the base of the falls in an easy trip of fifteen minutes or less. Judging by the footprints in the snow, someone had been there a few days earlier, and various animals had turned up much more recently. The creek was frozen over in most places, with just a small sluice of water running fast under the ice. The snow on the ground killed all sound except that of the creek. The cold air had a faint coniferous odor. By moving myself hand over hand between tree trunks, branches, and shrubs, I worked my way up to the falls: an elaborate campanile of translucent ice, buttressed by ice stalactites and other fretwork that covered the surrounding cliffs and rocks. Inside, as if it were running through a pipeline, was a thin column of falling water, which made a small black pool surrounded by snow and then went on its way. The scene couldn't possibly have looked very different to someone who bushwhacked up there 200 years ago—someone with whom I could momentarily imagine I had a lot in common, since I, too, know what God's hand wrought in the wilderness only because I rove it. □

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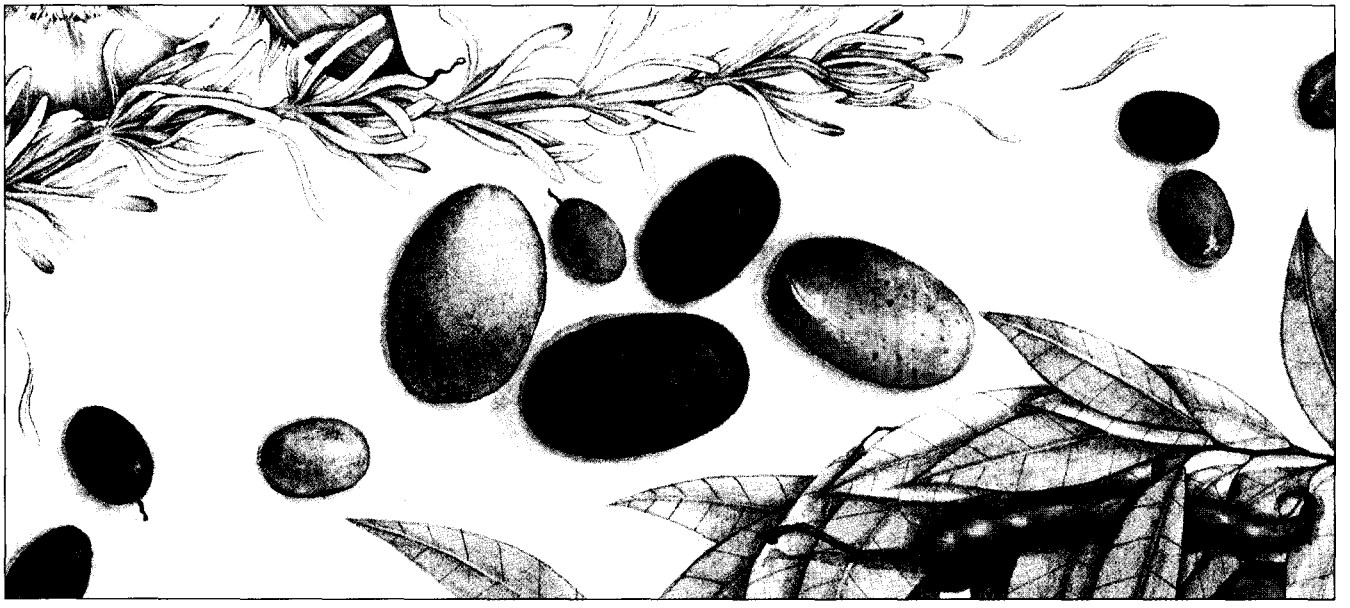

Real Olives

In praise of an Old World treat, pits and all

by Corby Kummer

AN OLIVE GROVE of any size is a majestic sight. The trees, with their dusty silver-green leaves and gnarled gray trunks set in dry red-clay soil, seem biblical, and of course they are. Olive trees have been considered sacred for thousands of years: they figure in both Testaments of the Bible and in Greek and Roman mythology, where the oil of their fruit is used more for ceremonial anointing, lighting lamps, and encouraging lustrous skin than for eating.

Now olive oil is sacred again. Nutritionists may be debating just how much olive oil we should consume, but for the most part they're telling us that we should indeed consume it. Noting the very long lives enjoyed by people who live in Crete and southern Italy, Walter Willett, the head of nutrition at the Harvard School of Public Health, suggests that we can continue consuming fat, to which we all seem addicted, at our current rate of roughly 35 percent of total calories, as long as it is primarily olive oil. This would mean daily consumption of olive oil and olives, which are also high in antioxidants, today's nutritional miracle. Others reply that although olive oil seems less harmful to the heart than other fats, American fat consumption is a public-health disaster, and we should aim for just 10 (or at most 20) percent fat consumption.

While the debate continues, the world of the olive is being carefully studied. That world is the Mediterranean, where table olives come in as many varieties as olive oil seems to—more, in fact. Most Americans would never guess how rich and varied olives are: they know only California "black-ripe" olives, inert impostors robbed of their flavor and manipulated to change color to boot, and green martini olives, hard and tasteless and stuffed with a lurid strip of extruded red peppers.

The textures and flavors of real olives range from flinty and sharp and bitingly salty to soft, voluptuous, and sweetly fruity. These are the olives that both children and adults who live around the Mediterranean, where olives are a ubiquitous part of the diet, eat like popcorn.

At dinner parties, before the meal I now serve only olives, which go with a variety of wines: if I were happy to see guests fill up on hunks of bread and wedges of cheese, I wouldn't bother to cook dinner. Conversely, olives, cheese, a few cut-up vegetables, and a loaf of bread make an ample board at a cocktail party. Olives also have more uses in cooking than enlivening the few pasta sauces I have always strewn them into.

Olives are the classic acquired taste—mostly, I think, because Americans aren't used to anything bitter. The only bitter substance we regularly consume is coffee, usually very weak and often masked with milk and sugar. The bitterness can be ameliorated by boiling olives in water for twenty to forty seconds and then draining them, although this treatment should be reserved for especially bitter olives. Another impediment is saltiness; for those who don't like salt, a preliminary rinsing will re-

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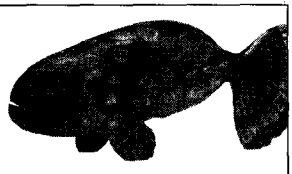

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move much of it without removing flavor.

Also, some people think that because of their rich flavor and because they are pressed for olive oil, olives must be all fat—as caloric as nuts, that other cupboard standby to go with drinks. They're not. Small green olives typically have two to three calories each, large green four to six; small black have three to five calories, large black eight to twelve. With the reported health benefits of olives and the new varieties being imported from the Mediterranean countries, there's no reason *not* to eat them like popcorn.

AMERICANS ARE used to tasteless olives because that's what industrial processes yield. California olives are treated with lye to remove a very bitter substance called oleuropein (from *Olea europea*, the olive's botanical name). The lye also removes most of what gives the olives flavor, and leaves them bland and hard without being crunchy. Lye-treated olives need help to taste like anything: spices and herbs in the brine, a stuffing with mushrooms or almonds or anchovies or pimentos.

Whereas olives that will be treated with lye can be picked unripe and hard, able to withstand careless handling, real olives must be handpicked and processed immediately so that they won't spoil. They are repeatedly rinsed in plain water, often for ten days (lye treatment takes a few hours or less), and are then preserved in brine or under dry salt. While the olives are in their brine, they ferment: airborne yeasts change their sugar to lactic acid, which gives them a sharpness and helps to preserve them. The process is similar to brining cabbage for sauerkraut or any vegetable for a pickle.

The anthropologist Barbara Kirshenblatt-Gimblett recently observed that fermented foods like wine and cheese best preserve the taste of a particular region: they convey the flavor not just of the earth and the water but also of the very air. Olives, which rely on spontaneous yeasts, exemplify her theory even better than wines, most of which are fermented with commercially produced yeasts, or cheeses, which often are inoculated with bacteria.

Greek cooks use olive brine to salt vegetable stocks and to thin olive-cheese spreads, and as a nostrum for a variety of ills. Most large packagers rinse the olives and pack them in a less salty, clear brine. Sotiris Kitrilakis, the man behind Peloponnese-brand foods, who imports many varieties of handpicked, carefully cured olives from Greece, doesn't throw out the precious "mother brine": he dilutes and filters it, so customers won't be alarmed by seeing too many particles floating in the bottle.

The many colors of real olives—not shrill green or a phony black, which is produced by bubbling oxygen through green olives in a lye bath—are a sign of the stage at which they were picked. The bright green starts fading as the olive ripens; gradually the color darkens, although more to a mottled brown-black, often with shades of rose and violet, than to an even pitch-black. These prettily veined olives often look like purple-stained quail's eggs. At its darkest an olive achieves its maximum oil content of 12 to 30 percent (far from the 100 percent many people illogically suppose), and this is when olives for oil are usually picked.

Table olives generally contain less oil than the varieties used for oil. Green olives, with their low oil content, will be hard and crunchy, with a definite tang. Black olives will be softer, with a sweeter, mellower flavor. The percentage of salt in the brine, how long and at what temperature the olives ferment in the brine before they are ready to eat, and whether the brine includes any aromatics such as garlic, orange, lemon, fennel seed, and cracked peppercorns are tricks of the trade kept secret by artisans.

I RECENTLY tasted several dozen kinds of olives, of every color, size, and cure, and assembled a basic olive inventory. Despite a number of books on olive oil, no comprehensive olive glossaries exist. Paula Wolfert, an authority on foods of the Mediterranean and the author of definitive books on the cuisines of Morocco and southwestern France and of the recent *World of Food*, is at work on an olive cookbook that will clear up many mysteries. For now the best source is Maggie Blyth Klein's *The Feast of the Olive*, which omits many kinds of olives that are today imported but were not when the book was published, in 1983.

I list only olives I could find that weren't processed with lye, not out of snobbery but because a lye-treated olive makes itself apparent so fast: in the middle of the first bite the initial

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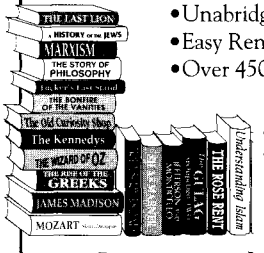

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rush of salt from the brine and any pepper, garlic, or herbs the olive might contain stops dead. The flavor of naturally cured olives keeps changing as you keep chewing. The greatest variety of naturally cured olives, and the highest quality, I found were from Peloponnese (510-547-7356). Sotiris Kitrilakis has helped to create a market for real olives, and the competition from other importers is good news for consumers, if not for him.

I'll start with the olives that can convert anyone doubtful about eating them by the handful: "oil-cured" olives, first buried under layers of salt and then washed and lightly coated with oil. Shriveled and blackened, they look like little prunes, and are bottled without liquid ("dry-cured," which Klein proposes, is a better term than "oil-cured"). Because of their long dehydration their flavor is powerfully concentrated, and they have the chewy, pleasing texture of dried apricots. At their best, oil-cured olives are far more sweet than bitter, and not very salty. It's easy to eat them like raisins. The best seem to come from Morocco, a country that produces dozens of traditional kinds of cured olives, of which extremely few reach us. Oil-cured olives are superb baked with rosemary and garlic, as Dean & Deluca, in New York, prepares them (and will ship them; call 800-221-7714). Dean & Deluca also has exceptionally sweet, opulent oil-cured brown-black olives from a French company.

Oil-cured olives don't always have to be rinsed, but brine-cured olives do, so that you can really taste them; it's like defogging a windshield. Black olives are the easiest to like, because they are lusher than green. The fleshiest are the big purple Amfissa, which in Greece are so big that they seem like plums and are sweet-salty—similar to Chinese preserved plums, in fact. Amfissa are sold in bulk at many delicatessens. A similar variety is the Chilean Alfonso, which can be so large as to be flaccid.

Kalamata are the best-known Greek olives, and are unmistakable for their elegant almond shape that comes to a sharp point, like a comma, and their lustrous eggplant color. They are picked ripe, scored on both sides, and steeped in a brine that includes red-wine vinegar. Because of their winey snap—they are crunchier and less sweet than the other black olives I've described—they go well with a fruity red wine such as a Nebbiolo, and they are the classic olive for a Greek salad of feta cheese, tomatoes, and cucumber, with, of course, plenty of olive oil. In fact, they leave an aftertaste remarkably like that of feta cheese, which is also cured in brine.

Spain, the world's largest olive producer, has a fantastic variety of home-cured and flavored olives, lovingly described by Colman Andrews in *Catalan Cuisine* and by other travelers. Unfortunately, almost all the Spanish table olives one finds in America have been treated with lye—the plump green Gordal; the small, hard green Arbequina; the green Manzanilla, also grown in California; and the green Sevillana (this variety, transplanted to California, gave rise to the classifications "jumbo," "colossal," "super colossal," and "special super colossal," the basis of a classic comedy monologue by Marshall Efron).

The lye problem also afflicts French olives, including the famous varieties I sampled from stores in this country: Niçoise and Nyons, black olives also used for oil, and the green Picholine. Niçoise—small, unctuous, and mild—are of course necessary for the famous Provençal salad of tuna, hard-boiled eggs, lettuce, tomato, anchovy, and any number of other ingredients, depending on who is in the kitchen, dressed with the mild olive oils of Provence. The olive I would recommend for it instead of lye-treated Niçoise is the Greek Elitses olive, smaller than the Niçoise but with more flavor.

Or better yet, an olive discovery: ripe Souri, the classic Israeli olive, imported by Greater Galilee Gourmet, a company in Santa Monica run by Ehud Yonay, a transplanted Israeli journalist (the telephone number is 310-459-9120). These small, mottled beige-pink olives look like pinto beans, and are mild, nutty, and firm but fleshy. They are a perfect beginner's olive, good in a variety of dishes, easily separated from their pits with the teeth or the fingers. Souri have all the delicacy and character that Niçoise are supposed to have (and do have, if you visit the right markets in Provence).

Green olives have a brighter, more assertive flavor than black. You can ease your way into green olives with Peloponnese Ionian olives, which are mild but not namby-pamby, or with Barese Dolce ("sweet") olives from Italy, medium-sized and blessedly low in salt but not flavor, imported by Bal-

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ducci's, in New York (718-786-9690). The only Spanish Manzanilla and Arbequina olives I could find that had not been treated with lye come from VEA, importers of extremely good olives; they are sold by Zingerman's, in Ann Arbor (313-663-3400), among other places. The Manzanilla are medium-sized and lightly nutty, and would be ideal for braised chicken dishes; the Arbequina, popular olives used for oil, need soaking to rid them of enough salt to get a sense of how they taste.

We'll have to wait for a wider variety of good green olives from Spain. Other things to wait for are the sensational Tunisian olives—medium green and black, and small black—that Dean & Deluca plans to sell once it can secure a steady supply, and Dean & Deluca's own home-cured California black and green olives (no lye, of course), which it says will be ready this month.

MARINATED olives and tapenade, the grainy spread that is the essence of olive, are invaluable staples, and making your own is a good idea not just because you can choose the olives but also because you can rinse them first—an essential step you can't trust any deli to take. It's best to buy olives in plain brine, because they will keep for so long—easily two years. Table olives don't improve with age, however (neither do olive oils), and are best consumed within a year. After you open a bottle, you can store it in the refrigerator, although this won't significantly lengthen the life of the olives, which in any case taste best at room temperature. If you don't live in a very hot climate, try keeping olives unrefrigerated. Once a bottle is opened, the brine exposed to air can develop a harmless white mold, which will not reach the olives below (be sure they are fully immersed) and which can simply be lifted off with a spoon. Or you can float olive oil on the brine to protect it from air.

Once garlic, orange, or lemon, to name a few favorite accompaniments, is added, refrigeration is wise, and the storage time will be more limited. The best recipes I know for marinated olives are in Barbara Kafka's encyclopedic, practical *Party Food*. Her standard marinade for two cups of rinsed and drained olives consists of ten cloves of garlic, smashed and peeled (she is an incorrigible garlic-lover), one

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Myths about Israel and the Middle East (2)

Should we re-examine endlessly repeated platitudes?

In a previous installment in this series of clarifying messages about Israel and the Middle East, we examined certain myths which, by dint of constant repetition, had acquired currency and acceptance. We looked at the myth of "Palestinian nationhood", the myth of the Gaza Strip and Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") being "occupied territory", the myth that Jewish settlements in these territories are "the greatest obstacle to peace", and the myth that Israel is unwilling to "yield land for peace". And we cleared up the greatest myth of all, namely that Israel's administration of the territories and not Arab determination to destroy the state, is the root cause of the conflict between the Arabs and Israel. But these are not all the myths; there are more.

What are some of these myths?

Myth: The Arabs of Israel are a persecuted minority without civil and political rights. **Reality:** The 700,000 non-Jews (mostly Arabs) who are citizens of Israel have the same civil rights that Jews have. They vote, are members of the Knesset (parliament), and are part of Israel's civil and diplomatic services. Arabs have full access to the Israeli legal, health and educational systems, including Arabic and Moslem universities. The only difference between the "rights" of Arabs and Jews is that the Jews must serve three years in the military and at least one month a year until age 50. The Arabs have no such obligation. For them, military service is voluntary, but very few avail themselves of the privilege. **Myth:** Israel should give up Judea and Samaria (the "West Bank") because strategic depth is meaningless in this age of missiles. **Reality:** Israel is a mini-state—about half the size of San Bernardino county in California. If another, even smaller mini-state were carved out of it, Israel would be totally indefensible. That is the opinion of 100 retired U.S. generals and admirals as conveyed to the President of the U.S. If the Arabs were to occupy whatever little strategic depths Israel has between the Jordan River and its populated coast, they would not need any missiles. Artillery and mortars would suffice, since Israel would be only nine miles wide at its waist. Those who urge such a course either do not understand the situation or have a death wish for Israel. **Myth:** If Israel would allow a Palestinian state to arise in Judea/Samaria and in the Gaza Strip it would be a democratic state and would be totally demilitarized. **Reality:** There is no prospect at all that anything resembling a democratic state could be created. There is not a single democratic Arab state—all of them are tyrannies of varying degrees. Even today, under Israeli administration, the PLO, the Islamic fundamentalists, and other factions fight for supremacy and ruthlessly murder each other. A country torn apart by civil strife like Lebanon is likely to be a much better prospect. As for demilitarization, it is totally unlikely that—with Syria, Iraq, Jordan and Saudi Arabia, all of which are in a declared state of war with Israel at its borders—a power vacuum would be possible. Despite pious promises, the arms merchants of the world would find a great new market; and the neighboring hostile Arab countries would be happy to supply anything else that might be needed. **Myth:** Israel should make "confidence building" gestures for the sake of peace. **Reality:** What really is it that the world expects Israel to do for the sake of peace? Twenty-one of the twenty-two Arab countries consider themselves in a state of war with Israel and don't even recognize its "existence". That has been going on for forty-five years. Wouldn't it be about time that the Arabs made some kind of a "gesture"? Could they not for instance terminate the state of war? Could they not finally abolish the economic boycott against Israel that has been in place for over forty years—long before Israel came into the administration of the "West Bank"? Could they not stop the yearly charade of attempting the expulsion of Israel from the United Nations? Any single one of these would be such a "gesture", but none is forthcoming.

Now that the parties to the conflict in the Middle East are engaged, for over a year, in an on-again/off-again peace conference, the old clichés are being trotted out again and the old myths resurrected in order to pressure Israel to make "concessions". Israel is America's staunchest ally and certainly its only true ally in that area of the world. It is in our national interest that stark reality, not myths, govern any peace negotiations.

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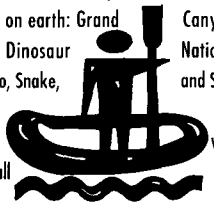

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tablespoon of olive oil, four strips each of orange and lemon zest, and a half teaspoon each of cumin seeds, coriander seeds, and fresh lemon juice. Kafka specifies large green olives, but this mixture will do for any kind. She also gives recipes for Moroccan spiced olives, with a bit of vanilla to smooth out the seasonings, which include cinnamon, nutmeg, fennel seed, red pepper, and other spices and citrus juices; and "martini" olives, steeped in flamed white vermouth with juniper berries.

Tapenade can be as easy as grinding in a food processor three cups of rinsed fleshy black olives such as Amfissa, Alfonso, Kalamata, or the Italian Gaeta and drizzling in one third cup of good olive oil with the machine running. The olives must, of course, be pitted. Cherry-pitters and other devices are more trouble than they're worth: the olives stick in them, and the hole-punchers too often punch a fingertip rather than an olive. Plain fingers make surprisingly quick work of black olives. Harder green olives should first be arrayed on a cutting board in one layer, covered with a towel, and whacked with the side of a meat cleaver or hammer to crack them. Or you could decide to make tapenade exclusively with Kalamata olives—not a bad idea in any case—because Peloponnese sells pitted Kalamatas.

Kafka gives a recipe for French tapenade using a cup of pitted oil-cured black olives, a quarter cup of tightly packed fresh basil leaves, six drained anchovy fillets, a tablespoon of lemon juice, a clove of garlic, and half a dried red chile, all blended in a food processor with a quarter cup of olive oil. Either spread, served with melba toast or raw vegetables, will disappear remarkably fast.

The most famous salad using olives, after Niçoise and Greek, is one with black olives, oranges, and onion. This turns up in places like Corfu, Sicily, Turkey, and northern Greece. "Everyone claims it's theirs," but everyone is wrong, according to Paula Wolfert. She thinks that the salad originated in Morocco and that Sephardic Jews dispersed it. Wolfert recently researched a number of olive recipes at the request of the International Olive Oil Council, and adapted this one for orange salad from *The Gentle Art of Cookery*, a widely cherished 1925 book by two English women, C. F. Leyel and Olga Hartley.

Toss together three and a half ounces of oil-cured black olives (about three quarters of a cup), rinsed, drained, and pitted, with a teaspoon of grated orange zest, a pinch of red pepper flakes, and three tablespoons of olive oil; cover and let stand at room temperature for at least several hours. Peel two to four sweet oranges with a knife, cutting away all outside membranes. Slice the oranges thinly and arrange them on a flat dish. Rub a teaspoon of coarse salt into a peeled and thinly sliced medium yellow onion; rinse, drain, and press out all the liquid. Arrange the onion slices over the oranges, top with the olives and additional red pepper flakes to taste, and serve immediately.

Another appealing salad appears in Diane Kochilas's *The Food and Wine of Greece*: in a bowl combine two lightly steamed zucchini, quartered and cut into quarter-inch slices; two or three hard-boiled eggs, quartered; five or six chopped scallions; three tablespoons of finely chopped dill; fifteen cracked green olives; and two teaspoons of grated sharp cheese, such as the Greek kefalotyri or Parmigiano-Reggiano. Dress with a simple vinaigrette made with lemon juice in place of vinegar.

To get a good idea of how much olives can enrich a cooked dish, throw a handful of rinsed black olives into a bean soup a few minutes before serving it, or some Gaeta olives into a tomato-and-vegetable sauce for pasta, or green olives into a chicken stew. Olives will absorb the flavors of the food they are simmered with and give their own back. As a rule it's best not to cook brine-cured olives more than fifteen minutes; oil-cured olives should be added to a dish only at the last minute.

This supposes, of course, that you don't mind coping with pits, since aside from Peloponnese Kalamata very few real olives are available pitted. When serving olives at a cocktail party always be sure to place little dishes in more places than might normally occur to you, and while experimenting with olives in the main course you could even put a few on the dinner table. There is actually a virtue to the seeming laziness of not pitting olives beforehand: like meat with the bone in, whole olives offer the most flavor, and certainly best preserve an olive's firm texture. And chewing on the pits is fun. It prolongs the pleasure of eating a good olive. □

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Books

An Artist of American Violence

by Jack Miles

JESUS' SON
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RESUSCITATION OF A HANGED MAN
by Denis Johnson.
Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $19.95.

DENIS JOHNSON, who began as a poet, has found a new, poetically charged way to turn American violence into prose fiction. To link his work even loosely with crime fiction, as a few reviewers have done, is to mislead the reader. His work has nothing in common with lurid re-creations of "true crime," that overgrown bastard child of journalism, and little or nothing in common with the fiction of even the best conventional crime novelists. Johnson's subject is broader than theirs. It is not just crime but American violence, including drug addiction less as a crime than as a self-inflicted wound, and including disturbed sexual and social relations even when they fall short of crime. He finds wild, delicate, jolting language for the psychological dislocation and panicky anger of people left at the bottom of American society, outclassed by it, baffled, crushed. Johnson preserves, without sentimentalizing, the voice and perspective of these people and seduces his readers into an intimacy with them that is the more disturbing because of his refusal to make them conventionally appealing.

Violent criminals are not, by and large, capable of much in the way of prose. Molière, in *The Bourgeois Gentleman,* reminded us that prose is what we all speak all the time, but those who live outside law-abiding society also live outside the more developed, abiding forms of the common language. Most of the time when we hear them speaking in extended prose, we sense either enormous poverty of expressive means or a degree of falsification. Thanks to Norman Mailer, we have now heard Jack Abbott at length, but who really believed Abbott's prose? The events (few enough) that his *In the Belly of the Beast* reported may have been authentic, but the language in which he delivered his report was not. Abbott, with Mailer's encouragement, had falsified himself. As for deliberate fictions, long fictional statements from inside the imagined criminal mind rarely accord very well with the encounters with violent criminals which, in America, so many of us have had. We remember those who have threatened us as disjointed and broken in speech and brain—intense, perhaps, but too anger-blinded for Aristotelian beginnings, middles, and ends.

What the criminally violent are capable of, however—and Johnson seems to begin here—is a fragmentary kind of poetry: the isolated, disconnected, shattered and shattering one-liner that provides simultaneously a glimpse into the criminal's mind and a glimpse into the society that helped make him. Johnson's gift is the ability to remember or coin such lines and set them in his narrative to revelatory effect. Don DeLillo, to name another fine writer who has dealt effectively with violence and with the menacing, menaced side of American life, has written some sentences that land like blows. The Johnson sentences I have in mind are more crystalline. They splash and shatter on impact, like a drink flung in the face. They dazzle and slice. This is so because the speaker in a Johnson story, when he manages such a line, immediately loses his own conscious control over it. He himself may be overcome by what he has just said, but his awareness is so momentary that he doesn't know why he is overcome. He cannot, as we say, "hold the thought," not even when its passage through his mind leaves him deeply disturbed. In this way, as I said at the start, Johnson preserves the voice and perspective of the

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criminally violent. He doesn't turn those miraculous one-liners into any richer, more reasoned, calmed down, smoothed out, reliably and progressively self-explanatory inner monologue. The monologues he produces are excited, even overexcited, but truncated. His diction, sentence by sentence, may soar above the vernacular, but, by his design, nothing his characters ever see or say quite goes anywhere. Their speeches stall on takeoff—and therein lies the deeper realism of his imagination of them.

In "Car Crash While Hitchhiking," the first story in Johnson's new collection, *Jesus' Son*, the narrator, the hitchhiker of the title, describes a moment in the hospital after the crash:

> Down the hall came the wife. She was glorious, burning. She didn't know yet that her husband was dead. We knew. That's what gave her such power over us. The doctor took her into a room with a desk at the end of the hall, and from under the closed door a slab of brilliance radiated as if, by some stupendous process, diamonds were being incinerated in there. What a pair of lungs! She shrieked as I imagined an eagle would shriek. It felt wonderful to be alive to hear it! I've gone looking for that feeling everywhere.

The speaker of these words, thinker of these thoughts, is pathologically without compassion: his moral capacities, if any, are switched off. He is also high on drugs: his perceptual capacities are switched on. He is the kind of guy who, sitting in a hospital corridor, would sadistically savor the moment when an unsuspecting widow went into a doctor's office: "Here it comes, man. Get ready," he would confide to a stranger shrinking from the ugly, unsought intimacy. He would laugh at the sheer impossible volume and pitch of the bereaved woman's cry: "Fuck, man, d'you hear that? Fuckin' *eagle*, man!" I have met guys like that—brain-fried redneck surfers in emergency rooms. Johnson gets the deeply obscene mentality eerily right. But the language he uses is utterly beyond what would be heard on the scene and at the time. We rightly admire the best crime writers for capturing the lines perfectly at that level—Elmore Leonard's ear for the lowlife vernacular, and so forth. But Johnson is listening for something beyond the vernacular, especially when he closes with the mysterious and poignant "I've gone looking for that feeling everywhere."

The passage is linguistically unrealistic. And yet, in its brokenness, its brevity, and the sense it conveys of the speaker's opacity to himself, it is uniquely realistic about the character's inner life, not least his groping, plaintive openness to something still ahead. Moreover, that line—"I've gone looking . . ." —gives the story a sudden forward buck. After all, a man looking for the thrill of a widow's scream might do almost anything. What will it be? Johnson's stories are filled with a mood of ominous expectation, his own distinct kind of narrative suspense. If you've ever been in a store when someone walked in who you thought was going to rob the place, you have felt the kind of suspense I am talking about. Johnson's characters are dangerous in that way and compelling in that way: they compel your curiosity about them. Only on the last page of "Car Crash While Hitchhiking" does the narrator tell us in so many words that he is an addict. The brief conclusion to the story opens: "Some years later, one time when I was admitted to the Detox at Seattle General Hospital . . ." A nurse gives the narrator an injection.

> "These are vitamins," she said, and drove the needle in.
>
> It was raining. Gigantic ferns leaned over us. The forest drifted down a hill. I could hear a creek rushing down among rocks. And you, you ridiculous people, you expect me to help you.

We were expecting no such help. Midway in his half answer to our question about his narrator's identity, Johnson forces us to another question: What kind of man is this, that he thinks we expect him to help us? But even as the strangeness of the narrator is underlined, his connection to us is insisted on by his direct address to us: "You, you ridiculous people."

Johnson is not writing about spectacular grotesques; he is writing about society. His second novel, *Fiskadoro*, opened with the following unlikely paragraph of acknowledgments:

> A good deal of the inspiration for this story came from the works of Ernest Becker, Bruno Bettelheim, Joseph Campbell, Marcel Griaule, Alfred Metraux, Oliver Sacks, and

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Victor W. Turner. With the caution that this book doesn't offer to represent their thinking, I want to acknowledge my debt to these students and teachers of humankind.

Though the least didactic or bookish of storytellers, Johnson has an anthropological vision. He sees his hitchhiker as a member of a class, cut off from other classes and from normal life, to be sure, but engaging in a kind of intermittent commerce across the border. The criminal population of the United States may well be what is anthropologically most distinctive about our society. Johnson seems to me to have this possibility continually and vividly in mind.

In opposing Johnson's fragmented, poetic prose to what most others write about crime in America, I am aware that neither as a fact of life nor as a technique in art is fragmentation headline news. "Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold": yes, yes, how many times do we have to be told? But what separates Johnson from, say, William Burroughs, another writer who has gone deep into the drug-altered criminal mind, is Johnson's determination not to celebrate the mentally or socially centrifugal. Burroughs exults in all this; Johnson does not.

What Johnson refrains from doing is thus just as important as what he does. Burroughs, not to reduce him to a foil, has always struck me as a thrill-seeker. What is grating about his work is the absence from it of ordinary violence, the kind that comes prowling after people like you and me, the kind whose possibility we are always allowing for, changing our route to avoid, adjusting our schedule to anticipate. This is the anthropologically significant, American-to-the-core violence, the kind that every year strikes down a cohort of inadequately coached foreigners. Johnson's violence is just that kind—nothing exotic, the kind of violence suburban neighbors shake their heads over. And rather than revel in the moment when criminals and drug addicts cast off all restraint and plunge nihilistically into this violence, Johnson describes it with tremendous restraint, often more by allusion than by direct description.

He builds greatest emotion into the occasional poignant moments when his plungers, drowning, try to swim back to the surface. In the story "Dundun" the narrator, whose nickname (which he regrets rather than rejects) is "Fuckhead," has evanescent hopes of this sort. Dundun has shot McInnes, who gave Fuckhead his nickname. Fuckhead, as he drives Dundun and McInnes to the emergency room, thinks to himself,

> I was happy about this chance to be of use. I wanted to be the one who saw it through and got McInnes to the doctor without a wreck. People would talk about it, and I hoped I would be liked.

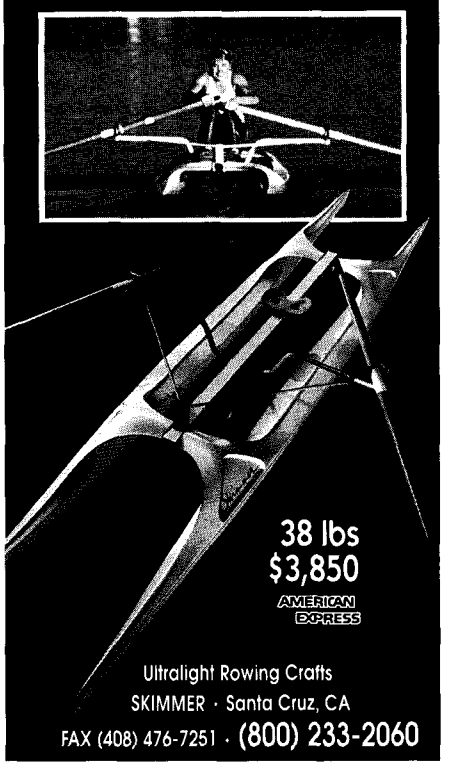
Or consider the following, from the story "Emergency":

> "I want to go to church," Georgie said.
> "Let's go to the county fair."
> "I'd like to worship. I would."
> "They have these injured hawks and eagles there. From the Humane Society," I said.
> "I need a quiet chapel about now."

The cross-purposes in that exchange remind one of Pinter, but of a Pinter with a little more heart than the actual Pinter usually seems to have.

Moments like these say something as well about Johnson's sympathy with religion. "God is a crutch," I read once on a men's-room wall at Loyola University of Chicago, "but mankind has a broken leg." Johnson's characters have breaks in worse places, and religion appeals to them as a result. We are accustomed to narratives—like Norman Maclean's in *A River Runs Through It*—that look back nostalgically on a childhood of faith from the vantage point of a sad but serene adulthood without even the possibility of faith. That seems somehow a familiar, almost an inevitable, journey. But Johnson writes of men who are pre- rather than post-religious, nostalgic for and despairing of the human as the post-religious are nostalgic for and despairing of the divine. For such as Johnson writes about, it is easier to believe in God than to believe any longer in man. There are two kinds of faith to lose, in other words, and each kind, lost, can conduct toward the other kind. In the story "Emergency" the narrator catches a glimpse through falling snow of a drive-in movie screen and thinks for an ecstatic moment that he is seeing a heavenly vision. That's how ready he is for such a vision, such a release. That readiness I call pre-religious. Post-religious is

I hate jogging,
I hate push-ups,
I hate sit-ups...



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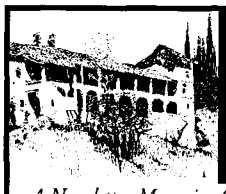

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seeing a heavenly vision (or, say, an El Greco painting of one) and thinking, "That's like something out of a movie."

Is this sentimentalism of another kind? If Burroughs moons over the badness of bad boys, does Johnson not sentimentalize the sweet, yearning dream of the good boy inside every bad boy? No, I don't think so. While reading *Jesus' Son*, I had occasion to read Randall Jarrell's Second World War poem "Eighth Air Force." Let me use it to make a point about Johnson.

> If, in an odd angle of the hutment,
> A puppy laps the water from a can
> Of flowers, and the drunk sergeant shaving
> Whistles *O Paradiso!*—shall I say that man
> Is not as men have said: a wolf to man?
>
> The other murderers troop in yawning;
> Three of them play Pitch, one sleeps, and one
> Lies counting missions, lies there sweating
> Till even his heart beats: One; One; One.
> *O murderers!* . . . Still, this is how it's done:
>
> This is a war. . . . But since these play, before they die,
> Like puppies with their puppy; since, a man,
> I did as these have done, but did not die—
> I will content the people as I can
> And give up these to them: Behold the man!
>
> I have suffered, in a dream, because of him,
> Many things; for this last saviour, man,
> I have lied as I lie now. But what is lying?
> Men wash their hands, in blood, as best they can:
> I find no fault in this just man.

A brilliant poem; but Johnson does not forgive his criminals as Jarrell forgives his soldiers, and for good reason: soldiers are not criminals. Soldiers have been forced into temporarily actualizing the potential for violence that is in us all: "Behold the man!" But criminals, social conditioning aside, may well have made the temporary permanent and the violent potential the only one allowed actualization.

THE SENTIMENTALISM toward criminals that we find in Jean Genet or Truman Capote is of just this sort. I mean that they regard criminals as if they were soldiers, brave boys coerced by *force majeure* into taking up arms. Johnson neither excuses nor befriends his criminals. And the achievement seems to me the more considerable because he has as much tenderness toward them as those other writers have toward theirs. He is simply more exquisitely conscious of this tenderness, conscious enough of it that he can redirect it from the melodramatic surfaces of violence to the tragic core, from what criminals look like in action to who they are. Johnson makes no more of his characters' violence than he does of their ineptitude; in a way the violence is a part of the ineptitude, and therefore nothing remotely like a proof of valor or masculinity. In "Out on Bail" the narrator is talking to Kid Williams, a black former boxer with mutilated hands.

> He was in his fifties. He'd wasted his entire life. Such people were very dear to those of us who'd wasted only a few years. With Kid Williams sitting across from you it was nothing to contemplate going on like this for another month or two.

That is a telling, almost irrefutable way to have the "hero" admit that he is hopelessly screwed up.

Johnson makes a rare strength of what is otherwise his obvious limitation as a writer—namely, his disconnection from most of ordinary life. It is not only the Johnson protagonist—so often male, white, and near-criminal—who looks on the average American family as the average American might look on a family grouping of apes in a zoo. This is also the hypersensitivity of the writer in action. Many a writer has found the happy twaddle of family life rebarbative. Many an American writer has found real American families as gross and vulgar as television sitcom families. Johnson's characters are also strangers to the brisk and busy world of American work. But, again, many an American writer has recoiled from that world, feared it, disdained it, viewed it from afar. However, a fusion of the writer's antisocial tendencies with the criminal's sociopathic ones—if that is what we have here—works better in brief, icy blasts than over the longer cycle of

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the novel. In the longer form those cultural absences (or, at best, inverse presences) begin to cost more and pay less.

Nevertheless, I find Johnson's fourth novel, *Resuscitation of a Hanged Man* (1991), his most perfectly realized work. Its protagonist, Leonard English, is a paranoid schizophrenic who, recovering after a failed suicide attempt (he tried to hang himself), found his way into audio electronics in Lawrence, Kansas. At an equipment convention he met and was hired by a private investigator from Provincetown. Soon after the story opens, the strangeness of the Provincetown sexual culture begins to rub English's sexual anxieties raw, but of greater final moment is the paramilitary organization he stumbles upon. Johnson plays that larger, collective paranoia brilliantly against English's personal fears. The interplay, moreover, creates a context of craziness in which a Kierkegaardian question can arise about illusory health and paradoxical sickness in religion. English begins falling in love with a lesbian whom he meets after church (and later observes, incidentally, on his first surveillance assignment). Talk with her turns to religion.

> "I don't care about infallibility. I'm not really interested in abortion. It confuses me, all that shit. The Pope confuses me. I just—" He thought he might as well. "There's really only one question."
>
> "What's that?"
>
> "Did God really kill Himself?"
>
> Leanna wasn't smiling now. She was staring at him, but softly. "Who are you?" she asked him.
>
> Whatever she meant by the question, he didn't want to answer it. He wiped his face with his napkin, and in reference to the warmth of the place said, "Man."
>
> "If you took off your jacket, you'd be cooler."
>
> "For some reason, I usually keep it on. I don't know why."
>
> "It's your armor. You're a knight, huh?"
>
> "I'm a knight of faith," he confessed suddenly. He'd never said anything like this to anybody before.
>
> She looked at him. A frail light shone out of her, this he would have sworn. "I know you are," she said. She sipped her tea, but he happened to know her cup was empty.

In this dialogue everything moves a little more slowly than it does in the

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extraordinarily condensed exchanges and sudden reverses of *Jesus' Son*. The slower pace is necessary for the novel; and yet perhaps for most readers the strangeness of the character—a failed suicide secretly preoccupied with the Crucifixion—and of his interactions with others is too much to endure at novelistic length. *Jesus' Son* is barely half as long as *Resuscitation*; and though reviewers have properly noted connections from one story to the next, it is at least equally important that climax and release come at the end of each brief unit. The intensity is such that the release is necessary. The less intense *Resuscitation* may have lost readers by providing no such moments of escape.

A FINAL WORD about how characterization and style interact in *Jesus' Son*. Without ever being chummy, Johnson's characters are prone to making intermittent, abrupt, unnerving direct addresses to the reader. The presence of these moments in the text makes those other, more shattering, poetically charged moments seem secret and intimate rather than public and formal, as the compression and heightening of the language otherwise would make them. In the story "Beverly Home," which is particularly rich in such moments and perhaps, on balance, the most striking story in the collection (it recently appeared in the *Paris Review*), Johnson's narrator describes a patient in a nursing home.

> His name was Robert. Each day Robert dressed himself in a fine suit, or a blazer-and-trousers combination. His hands were eighteen inches long. His head was like a fifty-pound Brazil nut with a face. You and I don't know about these diseases until we get them, in which case we also will be put out of sight.

How different the effect of this paragraph would be without the use of the second-person pronoun. And yet how completely clear of faked intimacy the style is. You feel at this point closer to the narrator than you might like to feel, but to have created that sense of simultaneous closeness and recoil is a stunning achievement on Johnson's part. "Fifty-pound Brazil nut with a face" is just the kind of cruel, brief, inspired line that a sociopath might speak. The line is realistic in that regard but set within the narrative in a way that creates both an extraordinary reach, or address, to the reader and a heartbreaking sense of the buried capacity in the speaker for another kind of relationship with the sufferer, Robert, and with himself.

Or consider, from the same story, the following description:

> He was only thirty-three, I believe he said, but it was hard to guess what he told about himself because he really couldn't talk anymore, beyond clamping his lips repeatedly around his protruding tongue while groaning.
>
> No more pretending for him! He was completely and openly a mess. Meanwhile the rest of us go on trying to fool each other.

The subject matter of the first sentence is so horrifying that the verbal perfection of it goes almost unnoticed. In sentence after sentence Johnson marries each word beautifully to each preceding or following word, with never an unpronounceable consonantal doubling (like "America's smallest state"). And the rhythms, the music, are as smooth as the images are fresh.

> A bus came. I climbed aboard and sat on the plastic seat while the things of our city turned in the windows like the images in a slot machine.
>
> It was still daytime, but the sun had no more power than an ornament or a sponge.

Perhaps only John Updike can match the sheer virtuosity of this, but Updike never veers so near the wild, schizophrenic edge. Updike does this sort of thing genially, as a happy, generous performer might offer a second encore. Johnson has a character do it, at least in the first-person stories of *Jesus' Son*, and the character doesn't know quite why he's doing it, even when he addresses us directly. As a result, the beauty has a sinister, surreal sheen to it.

Denis Johnson's path as a writer—from poetry to the novel to the short story—is as untypical as his vision, but *Jesus' Son* may eventually be read not just as a moment in his evolution but as a distinctive turn in the history of the form. He is doing something deeply new in these stories, and the formal novelty brings us into a new intimacy with the violence that is rising around us in this country like the killing waters of a flood. □

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Shakespeare's Most Riddling Creation

by John Simon

SHYLOCK:
A Legend and Its Legacy
by John Gross.
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VILLAINS, on the whole, do not have critical books devoted to them. Not even villains created by Shakespeare. Richard III, royal scoundrel that he is, is still written about mostly by wrangling historians, debating whether or not he did in the little princes in the Tower. For a mere literary villain—and one who, unlike Lucifer or Mephistopheles, is not supernatural—to earn book-length appraisal is a remarkable feat; in the whole Shakespearean canon it has happened only to Iago and Shylock. Both of them continue to fascinate the learned and the layman alike: practicing critics and academic theoreticians, novelists, playwrights, poets, and journalists of every stripe.

Yet Iago and Shylock are very different characters. Iago preoccupies our minds because his malignity seems to be, if not exactly motiveless, vastly disproportionate to any offense incurred. Shylock, on the other hand, is now thought to have many plausible reasons for acting as he does, some of them cogent enough to make him hardly a heavy at all. With Iago, the problem is to find the motivation; with Shylock, to disentangle the true cause from an embarrassment of riches.

Interestingly, both these cynosures of exegetic enthusiasm are embroiled in matters of race or religion. Iago is obliged to serve a black superior; Shylock is a Jew forced to endure Christian contumely. It may be that this added spice helps keep them at the forefront of popularity. But not that alone: Marlowe's Barabas, in *The Jew of Malta*, and Shakespeare's own Aaron the Moor hold, and have held, only modest interest. And because Iago's evil is beyond dispute, whereas Shylock is often counted on the side of the angels (if that isn't too Christian a way of putting it), the Jew emerges as more interesting than the ensign.

Shylock and the play that houses him continue to exercise their spell as the ambiguity of his status, like that of his real-life coreligionists, refuses to be resolved. It is now nigh on two millennia that anti-Semitism, which is perfectly reflected in anti-Shylockism, has continued to thrive, if not on the scale of pogroms, diasporas, and holocausts, then in various more subtle yet sinister ways that show no sign of abatement. And *The Merchant of Venice*, and the Jew at its center, are its literary fulcrum. By a teasing coincidence, the American publisher of John Gross's absorbing *Shylock: A Legend and Its Legacy* has recently also brought out Philip Roth's latest, *Operation Shylock*. And Wendy Wasserstein's new Broadway hit, *The Sisters Rosensweig*, contains a saucy allusion to Shylock. Meanwhile, attempts to ban Shakespeare's play from production, high-school curricula, and even public-library shelves never cease. Shylock is as honored in the breach as in the observance.

What makes Gross's book so valuable is that it is a true work of popularization. Deluded souls often equate popularization with vulgarization, although the difference is enormous. Vulgarization oversimplifies and indulges in grandstanding; popularization does not pretend to solve the insoluble but merely lays out the difficulties clearly, makes the complexities accessible. It also transcends specialization, the chief obstacle to popular interest. The joy of this *Shylock* is that it is several books in one: despite its relative brevity, it covers the ground of several types of study.

PART ONE is a survey of what Shakespeare actually wrote in *The Merchant of Venice*, what his sources were, how he altered them, and what his own very particular contribution was. The play is analyzed and explicated not only from Gross's point of view but also from that of Shakespeare's contemporaries, and we get persuasive accounts both of how the various plots and subplots interact and reinforce one another and of how they struck the Elizabethan audience.

In Part Two, Gross sketches in, with broad but not slapdash strokes, the stage history and critical-scholarly annals of the play and its most problematic character: Shylock, the Jewish moneylender. We get brief but evocative accounts of how the play was mounted in Britain, the United States, and sev-

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eral other countries over the next two or three centuries; who the main interpreters of Shylock were and how they portrayed him; and what were the scholarly underpinnings and critical and popular reception of these conflicting—often even self-contradictory—interpretations, given that actors often created widely varying Shylocks in the course of their careers.

Clearly, what is at stake here is whether Shylock is a total dyed-in-the-gaberdine villain, a villain with qualifications, a heroic personage with more or less serious flaws, or an almost faultless figure whose only blemishes are his hatred of Christians and inordinate love of money, to both of which excesses a Christian society has driven him. Shylock and his fellow Venetians are caught in a timeless seesaw: as the esteem for Shylock goes up, that for the Christians goes down, and vice versa. And the interpretations on the stage and in the study are, of course, interpenetrative.

Part Three brings us to modern times, when the rise of communism, fascism, and Nazism, and, eventually, genocide change the backdrop against which the play and its Jew are enacted and evaluated. Here the book takes on a hallucinatory relevance. But Gross, an exemplarily circumspect assessor—as just as Portia, as Jewish as Shylock, and abler to see both sides of the question than anyone in the play and most outside it—never overdramatizes. Although he brings in his own views when appropriate, he never becomes self-important; better yet, he never becomes boring. The study ends with a summary of his opinions and conclusions: modest, intelligent, and tactful. He resolves what can decently be resolved, and leaves the rest up to the reader—who is now, thanks to Gross, immensely more qualified to make up his own mind.

Before I go into specifics, I must stress one more virtue of this monograph: its courage to digress, to become a multigraph. If there was something especially interesting about an actor or a writer involved with the topic at hand—something, however, not having direct bearing on the play or on Shylock—Gross does not shy away from relating it, concisely and racily, as the whole book is written. Surely a study of the history and art of Pompeii by the same token gains from a description of the wildflowers sprouting among the ruins. Thus, while talking about, say, the novelist Israel

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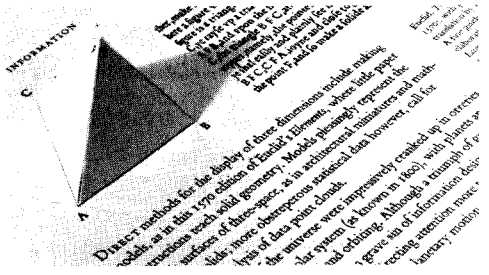

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Zangwill's involvement with one actor's portrayal of Shylock, Gross cannot resist quoting the actor Herbert Beerbohm Tree's description of Zangwill: "his face shining like Moses, his teeth like the Ten Commandments, all broken."

THE MAIN motifs of *The Merchant of Venice* are old, if not ancient. Though a couple of them go back only as far as the fourteenth-century Italian collection *Il Pecorone*, the pound-of-flesh story harks back to ancient India or Persia. By Shakespeare's time Jews had for centuries been banned from England and, with the added fear of the unknown, were hated all the more. Further, the terms "Jew" and "usurer" were virtually synonymous to Elizabethan ears. Considering all this, Shakespeare did fairly well by Shylock: he did not make him repulsive physically or even horrible psychically. Had he been a mere stereotype, like Marlowe's Barabas, Shylock would not have held the stage for 400 years.

Though Gross gives us plausible derivations for Shylock's unusual name, he admits that none of them is wholly compelling. But what sets Shylock off even more than his name is a style much plainer than that of the other characters: he is, in fact, the first Shakespearean figure to speak prose for noncomic purposes. Although Gross admires the "Hath not a Jew" speech, and appreciates its humanizing value, he shrewdly observes that it is not a justification for everything its utterer does. And though Shakespeare's notion of legal procedure in the trial scene is totally bizarre, there is no dearth of legal experts huffing and puffing this way and that to defend contradictory aspects of the juridical confusion. And Gross reminds us that the conclusion of the play is not only as near to music as words can get (which is why Berlioz and Vaughan Williams, among others, set it) but also, in Lorenzo's famous speech, pure religious sentiment, the only instance of it in the text.

Part Two of the book is the most rollicking, as Gross adduces and assesses the conflicting literary interpretations that the play and its chief antagonist (Shylock is hardly the protagonist) gave rise to, and the amusingly diverse impersonations that Shylock underwent in the theater. In the study and on the stage his fortunes fluctuated as feverishly as the stock exchange in parlous times. On the boards the first great reversal occurred

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when Charles Macklin, in 1741, wrested Shylock away from the comedians, who had turned him into a mere sinister buffoon, and made him into a creature of fulgurating ferocity—eliciting from George II, who wished to scare the House of Commons into submission, the query to Walpole, "Vat you tink of sending dem to see dat Irishman play Shylock?" But no sooner had the public enjoyed this frisson than along came the coldly dignified, though still dangerous, Shylock of John Philip Kemble, of whom William Hazlitt remarked that he was "an icicle on the bust of tragedy."

Next came the rascally Shylock of G. F. Cooke, the actor who inspired Edmund Kean not only to emulate him but also to rescue his coffin from an unadorned grave in New York and "during the reburial . . . to abstract one of his toe bones," later to compel "other actors at Drury Lane to kneel down and pay homage to it," Gross writes. "After that he kept it permanently displayed on his mantelpiece, as a kind of sacred relic, until Mrs. Kean threw it away in disgust." Crazy people, these thespians—another of the entertaining subtexts of the book. Kean was to be the great Romantic Shylock, horrifying but magnificent; Samuel Taylor Coleridge remarked that watching him was "like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning." Kean's complex interpretation was the impetus for new scholarly perceptions of the good sides of Shylock, and Gross cites evidence that by the middle of the nineteenth century the idea of an impressive, half-sympathetic Shylock had taken hold at least of the intelligentsia.

The first genuinely philo-Semitic Shylock was that of the English actor Junius Brutus Booth, who performed him all over America, though he reverted in later years to a vicious Shylock, such as the less murderous but more talented of his famous sons, Edwin, was to embody all along. It was left to Henry Irving, however, to start out with a demonic Shylock and then over the years humanize him, until, in 1884, he perceived and interpreted him as, he declared, "the type of a persecuted race; almost the only gentleman in the play, and the most ill-used." For a moment he even snatched from Antonio the privilege of becoming the play's Christ figure. The reaction had to set in, and soon James Spedding and other scholars, and Henry James and other critics, upbraided Irving for this denaturing of Shakespeare's intent. In the end Irving, too, seems to have reverted to a harder, harsher Shylock.

Whereupon the academics picked up the gauntlet; it devolved upon George Sampson, the author of *The Concise Cambridge History of English Literature*, to affirm that "Irving's Shylock is implicit in the play." The idea developed among scholars that Shakespeare "builded better than he knew," as Brander Matthews, of Columbia University, argued, and in the theater Richard Mansfield was said by William Winter to be playing Shylock with one eye on the "Hebrew" section of the audience. In the 1930s J. Dover Wilson and H. B. Charlton evolved the prevalent modern view: that the play and Shylock were marked by a continual clash, as Charlton put it, between "the proposals of Shakespeare's deliberate will and the disposals of his creative imagination." In other words, Shakespeare's genius instinctively did something better than merely catering to the audience's notions, although that was its starting point.

I CANNOT HERE pursue in detail Gross's animated travelogue on the opinions and performances of a passing parade of writers and performers, fascinating reading though it makes. In Part Three of the book we enter modern times, and here the story and Gross's telling of it rise to such heights that one reads *Shylock* as if it were the biography of some major Jewish historical figure whose experiences encompassed everything from Freud's couch to Marx's political laboratory, from the Rothschildian world of high finance to the Nazis' death camps. Gross accompanies Shylock even beyond the Western world, to Africa and Asia. Most telling, perhaps, is the account of Karen Blixen (Isak Dinesen), in *Out of Africa*, of her conversation with Farah, her beloved Somalian retainer. Farah, though it is unusual for a Somali to take sides with fictional characters, sympathized with Shylock until the end, when he felt that the man let himself be cheated of that little bit of flesh for all that money. When Baroness Blixen remonstrated, Farah explained, "Memsahib, he could have used a red-hot knife. That brings out no blood."

Gross lustily catalogues the absurdities with which Marxists and Freudians saddled Shylock and the play. Though Marx himself made plenty of foolish re-

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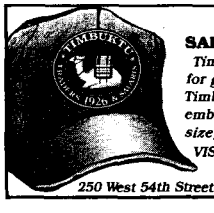

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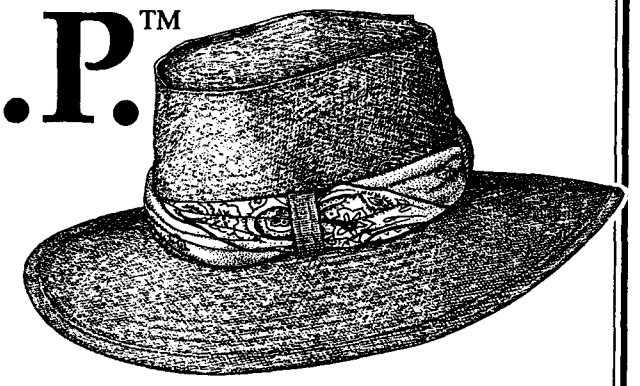

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S	P	A	T	T	E	R	S	X	Y	N	O
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H	E	R	N	A	N	C	O	R	T	E	S
A	R	E	A	S	G	A	R	M	E	N	T

"CONNECT THE DOTS"

Dotted letters spell SAYERS, PARKER, LAMOUR, HAMILL. 1. ODIST (anag.) 2. SOONER STATE (homophone of *Sioux nursed eight*) 2. SKINHEAD (anag.) 3. AN(TONY)M (*man* anag.) 4. BRU(NET)TE 5. ARE(A)S 6. TANIS (anag.) 7. PUP(UP)-LATTER 7. SP-ATTERS (*treats* anag.) 8. NATAS-HA (rev.) 8. ALAR-MED 9. BORE (double def.) 9. HERNAN CORTES (anag.) 10. R(EEK)ING 11. LEAR-NED 11. RE-MAR(R)Y 12. R-ENTER 13. BALS-A (*slab* rev.) 14. MIST-RA-L 15. H-ARM 15. G(ARM)ENT 16. STOOL-IE (*loot's* rev.) 16. ARIZONA (anag. – *G*) 17. RU(BE)N 17. ASEX(U-A)L (*axles* anag.) 18. T(R)OT 18. APPREHENSION (anag.) 19. HUR-LED 20. MARS-H 21. SPEARMAN (anag.) 22. SENIOR (homophone of *seen you're*) 23. LE(ANT)O 24. CAME-LOT 24. LI-L-Y

marks, Freud was—prudently or pusillanimously—silent about Shylock. Other Freudians, however, lost no time in reinterpreting—coming up with, among other things, a homosexual Antonio in love with Bassanio. But the most interesting pages, inevitably, concern the rise of deadly modern anti-Semitism, as reflected in attitudes toward Shylock. Whereas Israel Zangwill could still quote a Victorian gentlewoman's relatively benign remark that "of course Shylock is the only Jew most of us know personally," by 1920 an Englishman named E. S. Spencer had published a book titled *Democracy or Shylocracy?* which he called "a graphic exposure of Jewish corruption in Finance, Politics and Society." As Gross writes, "Shylock the usurer became Shylock the banker; Shylock the avenger was transformed into Shylock the conspirator. . . . After 1917, the Jewish devil became a Bolshevik and a plutocrat in equal measure." In due time Louis-Ferdinand Céline, in his horrible tract *L'Ecole des Cadavres*, described New York as "the most clamorous Shylockery in the world."

It may be surprising that Shakespeare was the only enemy author not banned by the Nazis in 1939; but, then, they subscribed to the notion that he was a crypto-German. What is not surprising is that *The Merchant of Venice* was one of the most performed plays in the Third Reich. Yet the Nazis did not do the kind of violence to the play that various modern mountings by such new-style directors as Jonathan Miller, Bill Alexander, and (in Germany) Peter Zadek have wreaked. Then, too, there are the revisionist authors and poets. Gross is at his most diverting describing a poem by a British poetess in which Shylock ends up "as a vehicle for the *chagrin d'amour* of Fiona Pitt-Kethley." As for modern scholarship, this is a time when "qualified and multifaceted views seem more rewarding." Thus, "where the key words were once 'justice' and 'mercy,' 'gold' and 'love,' they are now (among others) 'skeptical,' 'tension,' 'discrepancy,' 'distancing' and 'demystify.'" There are even reputable scholars who would abandon the play altogether.

In summarizing his own views, as derived from his study of so many others', Gross concludes that Shakespeare, "a shrewd and successful businessman," may have "had a lurking sympa-

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thy with Shylock's economic realism." And Shakespeare,

> though he may often have started from stereotypes, seldom ended up with them. . . . Shylock might easily have been a small character—someone, say, like the villainous Don John in *Much Ado About Nothing*. But he is a big character, like Falstaff—someone who bursts the bounds of the play in which he appears.

You might say that bounds, like bonds, can be broken when an advocate as skilled as Portia or John Gross argues the case.

Although there are tiny slip-ups here and there (Hofmannsthal did not emphasize "atmosphere" by capitalizing it —*all* German nouns are capitalized; one doesn't "ogle at" a lead casket, one simply ogles it; Dr. Lopez was hanged, not "hung"; in 1550 there were fewer, not "less," than a thousand Jews in the ghetto), *Shylock* is about as lucid, elegant, witty, judicious, and informative an inquiry as ever was packed into roughly 350 pages of generously large print. But easy to read above all, because of John Gross's unostentatiously flowing style. □

Brief Reviews

READING AND WRITING *by Robertson Davies. University of Utah, $12.95.* Mr. Davies, a novelist and the master of Massey College of the University of Toronto, gave these two talks in the 1991 Tanner Lectures series at Yale. The tone is relaxed, courteous, and slyly humorous. Much of the content is academic heresy. Of reading: "If you don't like the book, you do not have to read it." "And you must read a lot of rubbish before you die . . . because an exclusive diet of masterpieces will give you spiritual dyspepsia." Of writing: a writer who knows only other writers "is then reduced to the literary desperation of writing a book about a man who is writing a book, and when he does that we know he is finished." Of critical distinctions and style: enthusiastic, or possibly accidental, minimalists "henceforth are increasingly minimal (if you will pardon the contradiction in that phrase) until finally they achieve total nullity." "The Fowler brothers, God be with them, were writing for the guidance of, most probably, civil servants, and among civil servants *shamantsvo* is an undesirable quality." Mr. Davies is firm about "shamantsvo"—the power to spellbind a reader—and the impossibility of teaching or learning what is basically an unaccountable gift.

THE DAYS OF THE CONSULS *by Ivo Andrić. Forest Books/Dufour Editions, $27.00.* Andrić (1892–1975), the winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1961, was born in Bosnia, and his novel, although set in the Napoleonic period, involves all the religious and ethnic suspicions and grudges currently tearing the country to pieces. The events of the novel are seen principally through the eyes of the French consul at Travnik, a decent, well-intentioned man, chronically worried by what he considers the icy guile of the rival Austrian consul and the vagaries of the viziers who rule the still-Turkish province. The indigenous inhabitants of the town, whether Muslim, Catholic, or Orthodox, indiscriminately and simultaneously detest viziers, consuls, all foreigners, and each other. The novel may seem old-fashioned in its dependence on detached third-person narration, but its content is as immediate as the daily news.

BROADCAST BLUES *by Eric Burns. HarperCollins/Asher, $22.00.* Mr. Burns became fascinated by television as a lonely small boy and followed the enchantment into a career as a news broadcaster. He clearly did not have that itch to learn what goes on (it may be no more than a hangover from the days when it was necessary to know promptly whether a rustle in the brush was a rabbit or a saber-toothed tiger) that makes a newsman. Mr. Burns was not happy, or ultimately successful, in what was really the wrong profession, but he collected, and now reports, information that will confirm the suspicions of cynical viewers about the alleged independence of the public broadcasting network and the authenticity of folksy local-color programs. His account of the fakery involved in making a rural worthy out of a racist redneck

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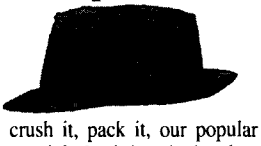

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PUZZLER CONTEST

Send your solved Puzzler "Chain Reaction" (found on page 135) to: *The Atlantic Monthly*, June Puzzler Contest, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, MA 02116. *The Atlantic* will randomly draw three names from among all correct entries received by June 14. The winners' names will be published in the August issue. In addition, each of the winners will receive a complimentary one-year subscription to *Tough Cryptics*.

Rules: Only one entry per person allowed. No purchase necessary. No entries can be returned. All decisions are final. *The Atlantic* is not responsible for late or lost mail. Contest open to residents of the U.S. and Canada, 18 years or older, except employees of *The Atlantic* and their immediate families. Winners will be notified by mail. Contest void where prohibited and subject to all state, federal, and local laws and regulations.

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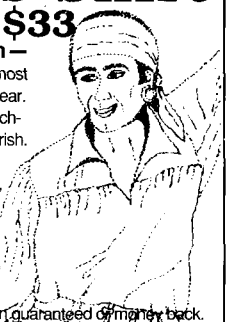
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is quietly amusing—perhaps more so than the author realizes, for the reader comes to sympathize with the redneck's unshakable honesty. Mr. Burns's memoir has an ambivalent effect, arousing a certain mild pity for the author's troubles while constantly raising the question Why on earth was he doing all that?

MISREADINGS *by Umberto Eco. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich/Wolff, $12.95.* Mr. Eco's terse satirical pieces and parodies are sometimes too Italianate for easy comprehension. Most, like his spoof of publisher's reader's reports—on the Bible, "come up with a better title. How about *The Red Sea Desperados*?" and on *Finnegans Wake*, "I'm the English-language reader, and you've sent me a book written in some other, godforsaken language"—are provocatively on target.

PULIGNY-MONTRACHET *by Simon Loftus. Knopf, $24.00.* As a wine merchant and an author of wine catalogues, Mr. Loftus is not immune to the *précieux* jargon of his trade, but he is also a good writer and a careful observer. His account of life in a Burgundian village devoted to the production of ineffably superior wines covers the people, the methods, a decent amount of history, and the splendid, uproarious, drunken, pious, traditional, commercialized binge celebrating the final harvest. The book is informative and good reading, but it does provoke a thirst.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN CENTRAL AMERICA, CHIAPAS, AND YUCATAN *by John Lloyd Stephens. Smithsonian, $33.00/$11.95.* Stephens's account of his travels, illustrated by Frederick Catherwood, was a bestseller in 1841 and remains one of the world's great travel books. It can also be considered the foundation of Mayan archaeology. This version, abridged by Karl Ackerman, is intended in part to direct modern travelers to Mayan sites, but it remains a superb narrative and a highly intelligent interpretation of what was, to Stephens, a wholly unknown civilization.

A SUITABLE BOY *by Vikram Seth. HarperCollins, $30.00.* Mr. Seth's novel appears at the start to be a domestic comedy involving four families whose pedigrees are handily diagrammed. They are the Mehras, financially discomforted by the recent partition of India; the Kapoors, headed by an influential politician; the Khans, exceptionally humane zamindars threatened by land reform; and the Chatterjis, whose communal breakfasts are an uproar of teasing, squabbling, extempore verse satire, and conflicting demands for the family car. Total personnel: thirty-one adults, four children. The four family trees prove to be the fringe of a forest, for India, as everyone knows, is a huge and diverse country. Those thirty-one adults have friends, enemies, lovers, political associates, business and professional connections, tutors, clients, servants, and casual acquaintances, many of whom have their own camp followers. What begins as an attempt by the devoted maternal bully Rupa Mehra to arrange a proper marriage for her reluctant daughter proliferates into the legislature, the shoe trade, religious riot, academic intrigue, and an election campaign complete with dirty tricks—to name only some of the elements in Mr. Seth's sweeping portrayal of India in the 1950s. The author is equally skillful with running narrative and such set pieces as a tremendous party full of babble about the essential character of the country or the malicious skewering of a literary society at which the members regale one another with their dreadful verse. Mr. Seth is a poet, and a good one, but he can concoct truly ghastly greeting-card slop or patriotic blather when he needs it, and does so with unmistakable and wicked glee. Enormously varied, unfailingly interesting, funny, sad, exasperating, and appealing, this novel becomes a real passage to India.

THE PORCELAIN DOVE *by Delia Sherman. Dutton, $22.00.* Ms. Sherman's mixture of motifs from folktales and fairy tales and a quite practical French eighteenth-century setting becomes an amiably entertaining mélange of the impossible and the incongruous. She writes well.

IN AN ANTIQUE LAND *by Amitav Ghosh. Knopf, $23.00.* Mr. Ghosh, a Hindu anthropologist, lived for a time in a small Egyptian village. He was there to study Egyptian rural society. The Egyptians studied him. The cultural crisscross that Mr. Ghosh describes is blended with history, current affairs, and the passage of time to form a travel book quite unlike the usual anthropological report.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

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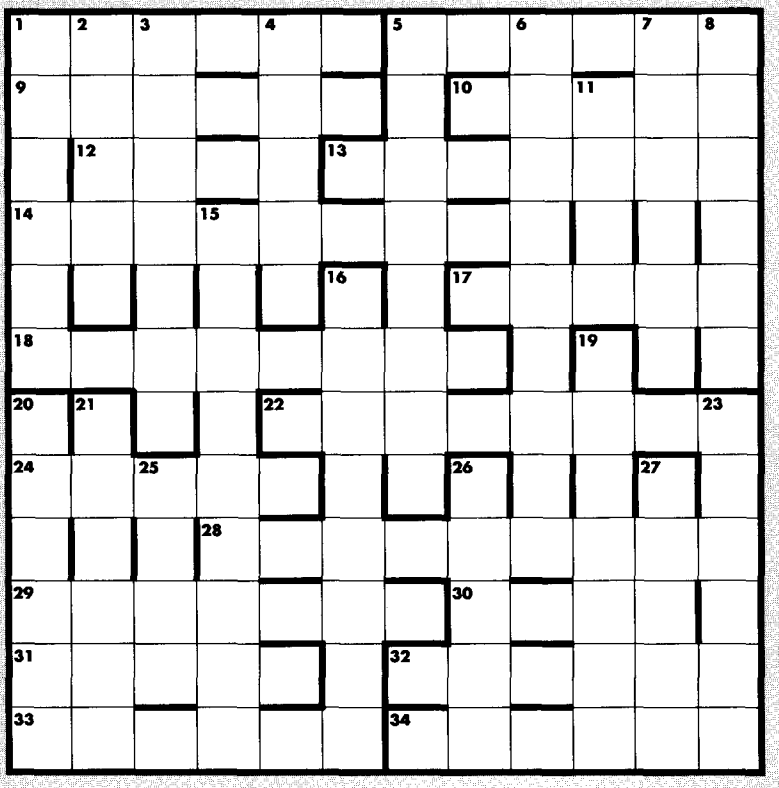
THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

CHAIN REACTION

Eleven of this puzzle's answers are too long for their places in the diagram. These answers can be arranged in an unbroken chain such that the last letter of the first word is the same as the first letter of the second word, and so forth (e.g., CAT-TOP-PIN-NEW). The chain's components can be entered in the diagram once their first and last letters (in the example given, C-T-P-N-W) have been removed to the blanks under the diagram. If written in the order in which they occur in the chain, these letters will identify the chain reactor. Clue answers include five proper nouns.



See page 134 for Puzzler contest details. The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 132.

ACROSS

1. Promise hot water
5. Rough night described by shaken nun
9. European city father finally hosts piano player
10. Dancer embracing victory celebrant
12. Fake gold found in two thirds of our molars, shockingly
13. Call operator and request a little chicken?
14. Mustang's rebuilt motor in bucket
17. Never-attempted diet run amok
18. Guide old lady into road ahead
22. Around beginning of Lent, give out cash or opulence
24. Ceiling over chicken
28. Truck painter's medium—graffiti, perhaps
29. Unopened, bound copy
30. In *Juggernaut*, Europeans see film's creator
31. Teacher in Siam, after laughter, offers word of praise
32. Place in Japan has trouble with a British writer
33. Outside lodge, start climb
34. Insect let loose in competition

DOWN

1. Seized by police department, clothing is searched
2. Hungarian actor learning about movie rating
3. One M&M in the mouth is not kosher
4. Leadership positions for North Carolina politician
5. Dance about wearing spinning hula hoops, making a commotion
6. Sweetheart returned feeling stung in a sickening way
7. Going back, stir around #9 potion
8. Street in poor condition made an outdoor home
11. Jug shared by nine werewolves
15. Psychedelic singer holding soldier back in opera (*two words*)
16. Exemption from Solidarity for children?
19. Rolling die, gets extremely tense
20. Chairman gets outside help for idiots
21. Platter bearing one pastry
23. Many papers hurt by announcement in new edition
25. Remove seeds from a kind of bread
26. Measure gold in cell the wrong way
27. Frequent wild luaus

NOTE: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped long envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 745 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

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WORD WATCH

BY ANNE H. SOUKHANOV

A selection of terms that have newly been coined, that have recently acquired new currency, or that have taken on new meanings, compiled by the executive editor of The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language, Third Edition.

frozen rope *noun*, a highly significant intelligence message that has been intercepted: "The senior technician . . . put on his headphones. The conversation was being taken down on high-speed tape. . . . 'Tell Meade that we finally caught a *frozen rope* down the left-field line.' A '*frozen rope*' was the current NSA [National Security Agency] nickname for a very important signal intercept" (Tom Clancy, *Clear and Present Danger*).

BACKGROUND: The term *frozen rope*, though not new, recently made a semantic leap to the intelligence community from the world of sports. In baseball it has long been a slang expression for a straight, sharply hit line drive.

insurance technician *noun*, under the "managed care" system of health insurance, a representative of an insurance company, such as a registered nurse sometimes reporting to a physician in the company's employ, who compares the ongoing treatment of patients with company guidelines, in order to determine the extent to which benefits will be paid. Also called *utilization reviewer*. "The insurance company was on the phone again. 'It was a physician,' [Dr. Joseph] Nelson said. 'He identified himself and seemed very short with me. He made a point to say I had hung up on his *insurance technician* and that he thought I was rude in doing so'" (*Roanoke* [Va.] *Times & World-News*).

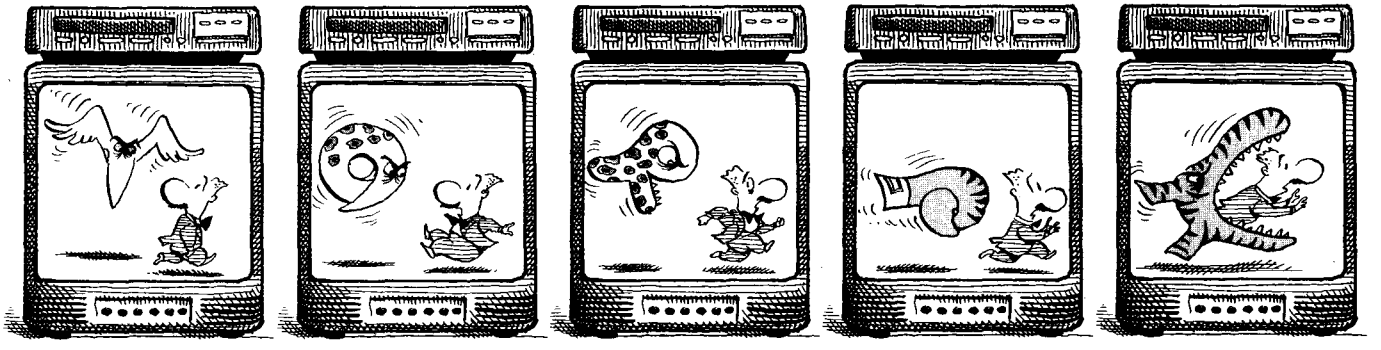
BACKGROUND: We have as yet only one citation, from 1992, for this sense of *insurance technician* (the term is also used for insurance actuaries, adjusters, and underwriters). However, the practices it is associated with have become widespread in recent years as health insurers, seeking to hold down costs, are increasingly managing patient care through such policies as pre-screening for hospital admissions and placing limits on length of stay. Doctors commonly complain about "the *hassle factor*" in managed care, because of the amount of paperwork and justification of treatment plans it involves. Physicians and hospital personnel often say that the resulting cost to them in time and energy may even outweigh the savings to insurers and employers from eliminating unnecessary care. Others argue that the managed approach sometimes dangerously imperils the quality of patient care, because the *insurance technician* making recommendations or decisions about a patient's treatment may have little or no medical experience and only a limited, secondhand knowledge of the patient's condition. In the case cited above, Dr. Nelson's patient was a woman in her early sixties who was experiencing chest pains and shortness of breath—classic symptoms of a heart attack—but whose electrocardiogram, chest x-ray, and laboratory tests appeared normal. While the *insurance technician* questioned the doctor on the phone about why the woman had been kept in the critical-care unit for three days in the absence of a firm diagnosis, the patient had a heart attack and died.

mersh *adjective, slang*, financially profitable: "If nothing else, 'Nick and Hillary' is not likely to be accused of being *mersh*" (*New York Times*).

BACKGROUND: This word, which can also be used as a noun meaning "a hit," is part of the specialized language of Madison Avenue: *mersh* is a phonetic respelling of the second syllable of the word *commercial*. In the citation above, it refers to an ailing television series from 1989. The word also appeared as part of the title of a 1985 punk-music album by the Minutemen, called *Project: Mersh*. This album's cover depicted three record-company executives anguishing over the group's sales figures, with one of them exclaiming, "I got it! We'll have them write hit songs."

morph *verb*, to change from one image into another on screen: "As the computer displayed several pictures of Marilyn Monroe *morphing* smoothly from one to the other, or a little girl transforming into a poodle—and back—the crowd oohed and aahed" (*Washington Post*).

BACKGROUND: One obvious application of *morphing* is the manipulation of images in television commercials (as when a fast car turns into a bounding tiger) and shows (the character Odo's various transformations, in the current science-fiction serial *Deep Space Nine*). *Morphing* is also commonly used in movies and music videos. The process is popular but pricey: a single high-quality *morph* created for commercial reasons requires extremely powerful computer hardware and software and can cost tens of thousands of dollars. With the release last year of a Macintosh-compatible software package called *Morph*, a version of the technology became accessible by personal computer for considerably less. (A Windows version of the software is scheduled for release early this summer.) Although the technological meaning of *morph* is relatively recent, the word has well-established senses specific to linguistics and biology dating from the mid-1940s. Its various permutations may have evolved along somewhat different linguistic paths—the high-tech meaning is extracted from *metamorphosis*, while the etymology of the others is less certain—but they clearly have a common ancestor, the Greek word *morphē*, meaning "form."



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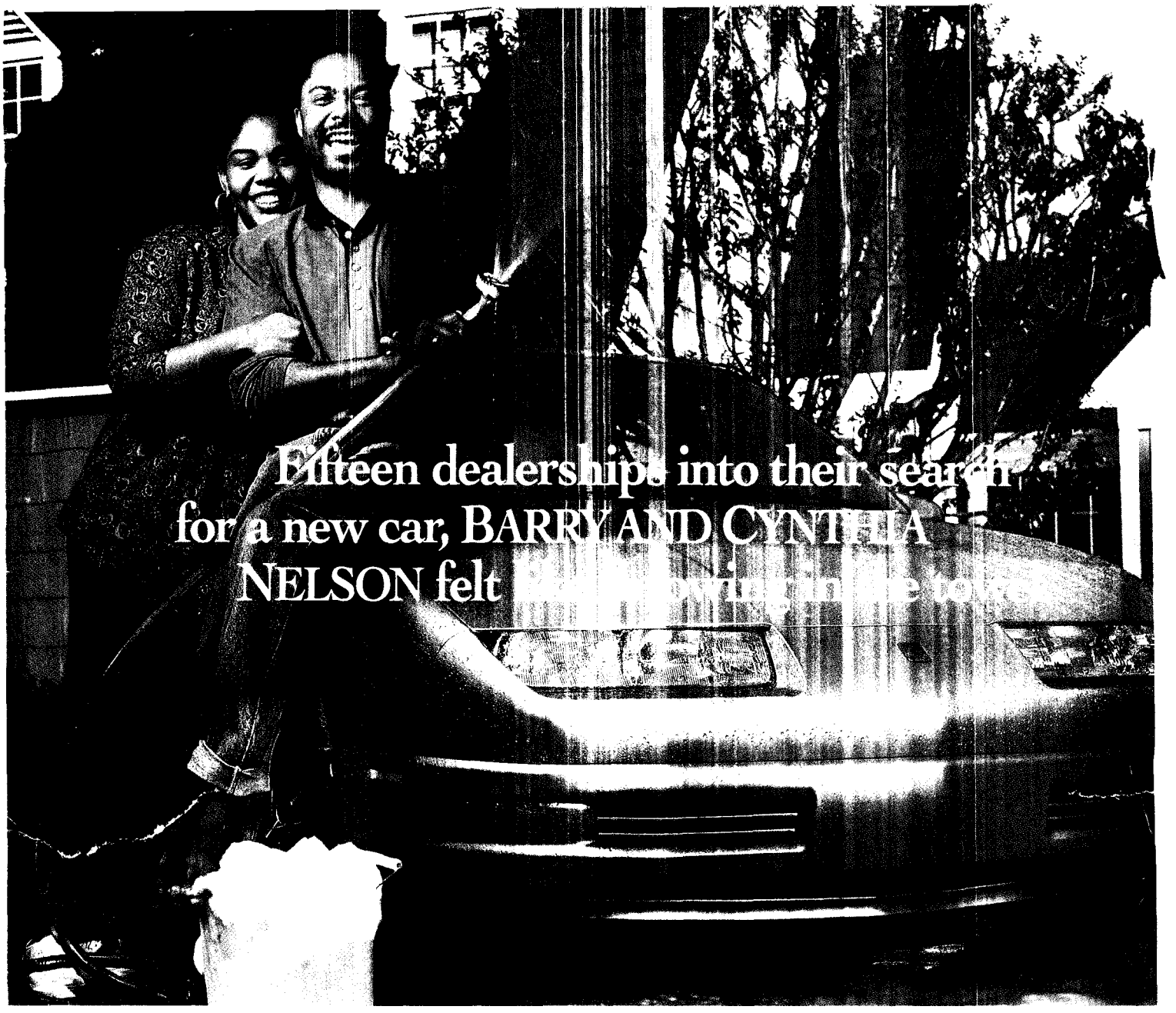

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